

Brendan Benson**"Jetlag"**

Visit "[Jetlag](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My so-called friends
Where are they now?
I guess a love that bends
Isn't worth much anyhow
The come and go
They talk their shit
And when I really need to know
All I get is spit in my eye
But the less I know,
The better, the faster I go, jet-setter
I chase around the world
But I never get the girl

But I don't let it bother me
I cut out any part of me
That's been bruised, and refused, and misused or
confused
Oh, some people wanna know
All about my history
And no one seems to care
That none of it's noteworthy
But I talked so much, as it were
That I made the local news:
"The boy has got the magic touch
And he can't ever lose"
My present situation
Is no longer inspiration
My precious generation
Is killing their time
And behind their backs
I'm slipping through the cracks
And it doesn't really matter if
You won't have any part of this
My scheme I've devised
Where my team is disguised
And we seem like ordinary guys
But surprised
I'm hardly phased anymore
By your classless ways
It takes more than that to amaze me
These days I'm so messed-up

Never know what time it is
Jet lag's the price to pay to play show biz, kid
And I stayed up late
The night before
I slept the whole way on the plane
And now my neck is sore

(C'mon now)
Da da da da da da, ahh...

Visit [Brendan Benson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.