

Brendan Benson

"Metarie Benson"

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(Benson/Falkner)

Met a girl, introduced myself
I asked her go to with me and no one else
And she said "I'd really like to see you everyday
But I'm afraid of what my friends might say
You need a bath, and your clothes are wrong
You're not my type; I can tell we wouldn't get along."
I just laughed - what else could I do?
Just then her friends chimed in, sayin' "Get a clue.
Get a life, put it in your song." (Put it in your song)

There's something I've been meaning to say to you
I've run out of gas and I'm stuck like glue

I'd had enough; I couldn't take it anymore, yeah
So I turned and I ran straight for the door
Bought some mags on my way home
For later on, ya know, when I'm all alone
Bottle of wine and some cigarettes
A racing form, maybe, maybe I'll make some bets
I know a guy lives in Los Angeles
Sometimes his life there makes me so jealous
I'd like to move out of this place
Change my name, get a new face
Get a life, put it in my song

There's something I've been meaning to say to you
I've run out of gas and I'm stuck like glue

I'd like to move out of this place (Ah)
Change my name, maybe get a new face (Ah)
Sleep all day, stay up all night (Ah), yeah
Everybody I meet thinks I'm alright (Ah)
Get a life.

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