

6 Eve

"Jet Pac"

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You're the one stepping on the back of my shoes
You're the one using me as a muse
You're the one with the jet pack strapped to your back
ready to go

It's you and her and nobody else the lights are low and
she's so ready
You're already on your way to the door
You're at the bar the tender gives you a free drink and
winks, she's perfect
You sweat bullets, spill the drink and you leave
Everyone leaves the party except a gorgeous twenty
something, you turn and run
You call me up

You're the one stepping on the back of my shoes
You're the one using me as a muse
You're the one with the jet pack strapped to your back
ready to go

So the way you act, is it just an act or some strange
courtship ritual
A habitual nervous reaction
Hey it's just me, set yourself free, why don't you let me
know what's going on
Inside your cluttered head

You're the one stepping on the back of my shoes
You're the one using me as a muse
You're the one with the jet pack strapped to your back
ready to go

What the hell are you talking about is that what you
would say
If I were to wonder out loud would it make you turn
away
Just a curious question

If it was you and me and nobody else would you want
me to want to be ready to go
Would you want to take the lights down low

You're the one stepping on the back of my shoes
You're the one using me as a muse
You're the one with the jet pack strapped to your back
ready to go

Hey it's just me, set yourself free, why don't you let me
know what's going on
Hey it's just me, set yourself free

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