

# Brandtson, Some Kind Of Jet Pilot

Sleepy eyed and bed headed  
Nine a.m. traffic jam and I'm late for work again  
There are planes overhead and people going places  
And I'm dreaming I'm on my way with them  
I just want to be driving through  
I got my sunglasses and the radio on  
I'm feeling good  
Just like I could roll up my sleeves and take on the world  
But if this city had its way  
It would swallow me whole  
I won't let it swallow me  
I just want to be driving through the night to be with you  
Or maybe on my way to New York  
Or toward the western sky  
I don't really care  
I'd just drive