

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