

# Brendan Benson, Jetlag

(Benson)

My so-called friends  
Where are they now  
I guess a love that bends  
Isn't worth much anyhow  
They come and go  
And 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 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 surprise!  
Some people want to know  
All about my history  
And no one seems to care  
That none of it's noteworthy  
But I talked so much as if 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 thru the cracks  
I'm hardly phased anymore  
By your classless ways  
It takes more than that to amaze me  
These days  
I stayed up late  
The night before  
I slept the whole way on the plane  
And now my neck is sore  
And it doesn't really bother me  
I just cut out any part of me  
That's been bruised