

Jet, You Were Right

Spoke to my friend
He says why you feeling down
You gotta get off your love life
And find the shoe that fits you

Spoke to my dad
He said is it me that makes you mad
You gotta put your head down
And bury your frown in your day job

You were right
And there is no time
To drag out the photographs
And make it bright

So I'm doing fine
As long as it's open to make
Well I'll make it now

Spoke to