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