

Some Kind Of Jet Pilot

Brandtson

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.