

Metarie

Brendan Benson

Met a girl, introduced myself
I asked her to be with me and no one else
And she said, I'd really like to see you everyday
But I'm afraid of what my friends might say
You need a bath and your clothes are wrong
You're not my type I can tell we wouldn't get along
I just laughed what else could I do
And her friend chimed in singin' get a clue

Get a life, put it in your song
There's something I've been meaning to say to you
I'd had enough couldn't take it anymore
So I turned and I ran straight for the door
Bought some mags on my way home
For later on ya know when I'm all alone
Bottle of wine and some cigarettes

Watch TV and go to bed
I know a guy lives in Los Angeles
Sometimes his life there makes me so jealous
I'd like to move out of this place
Change my name, get a new face
Sleep all day stay up all night
And everybody I meet thinks I'm alright
Pat my back say I like your song