

Jet Lag

Frank Turner

I've heard it said the trick
Is to set your watch when you hit the plane;
And that way you can trick
The workings of a tired brain.
But sometimes I feel sick,
Sometimes I just feel so drained,
And cut down to the quick,
Longing for that voice again.

On the phone
You always ask if I'm OK,
But it's not the same as being happy.

I traveled 40,000 miles last year
And I'm working on the same again.
I fell for 15 different girls
And nearly lost all of my friends.
But while I am jet set, jet lag, jaded,
You're always 16 hours ahead,
Quietly reminding me how I used to be.

Airports make me sad;
I'm sure they shouldn't all be the same.
But they're just landing pads
For boring tourist shopping chains.
I remember times we had,
Drinking while we wait for your plane,
Feeling kinda bad,
Wondering which one of us has changed.

Because we used to be slick,
With subtle young hips, romantic young kissable lips,
Unbearably sharp, unbreakable hearts,
Wide eyes and faith
That life could never pull apart if we were OK.
But distance kills the best of intentions.
I never intended to be this way.

I'm trying to remember how I used to be.
I Used to be slick.