Racing Like A Pro

The National

You?re pink, you?re young, you?re middle-class
They say it doesn?t matter
Fifteen blue shirts and womanly hands
You?re shooting up the ladder
Your mind is racing like a pro now
Oh my God, it doesn?t mean a lot to you
One time, you were a glowing young ruffian
Oh my God, it was a million years ago
Sometimes you get up and bake a cake or something
Sometimes you stay in bed
Sometimes you go, la, di, da, di, da, di, da, da
Till your eyes roll back into your head
Your mind is racing like a pro now
Oh my God, it doesn?t mean a lot to you
One time, you were a glowing young ruffian

Oh my God, it was a million years ago
You?re dumbstruck, baby
You?re dumbstruck, baby, now you know
You?re dumbstruck, baby
You?re dumbstruck, baby, now you know
Your mind is racing like a pro now
Oh my God, it doesn?t mean a lot to you
One time, you were a glowing young ruffian
Oh my God, it was a million years ago
You?re dumbstruck, baby
You?re dumbstruck, baby, now you know
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