

Running Out

Scissor Sisters

1, 2, 3, 4, gimme more
'Cause I think we're going down
What you need it for?
Buzz the world around We're going right back to the borderline
Now, you should save yourself
I'm on my own
No Huston, no one else 'Cause every time I think I'm fine
You keep on dreaming up
A hundred different ways
To cause hysteria Am I insane, am I blind?
I just can't seem to trust
Too many regulations
Coming back at you We're running out
Of money, of love, of luck
We're running out
Of languish, of fame, of bread
We're running out Something tells me that I'm fine
But when I get enough
Another one
Wouldn't be too much And still I chew it up
And spit it out
It's too big to swallow
Got enough for everyone
So here we go Oh, let's see how far
That we can run
Before this gig is over
I hear the warning signs
On everybody's stereo Do you love what you like?
What would you do for more?
You kept on dancing
Underneath the burning floor We're running out
Of money, of each other, of confidence
We're running out
Of drugs, of patience, of air
We're running out We're running out
Of money, of love, of luck
We're running out
Of languish, of fame, of bread We're running out
Of money, of each other, of confidence

We're running out
Of drugs, of patience, of air
We're running out

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