

# Running Out of Time

Liz Meyer

Witless, humorous conversatoin  
Has filled me up like an old gas station  
I'm wallowing in a pool of gasoline  
Self appointed sherrif of a popular ghostown  
I'm open to bribes but I've arrested no one  
I'm galloping to meet my bride to be  
She'll woo the saloon then sing us both to sleep  
But... I'm running out of time  
I'm running out of time  
I'm running out of time  
I've run out of time  
Drop dead gorgeous art history drop out  
Thought of her fatherought to pay her to clear the whole shop up  
She carries her cameras in hand to complete the look  
Screenplay players co-writing screenplay  
Cotton candy fot the eyess but cotton balls for the brain  
He thinks to himself, "Thank God the bar's not too high"  
Just look at his face and then you'll see why  
  
But... I'm running out of time  
I'm running out of time  
I'm running out of time  
I've run out of time  
Hollywood waiter with a chip on his shoulder  
Only break has been his back and yet he's just getting older  
He's washing his clothes in a sink of self pity  
Retired ball playerguest hosting a talk show  
Earned a trophy and a wife and twice he's won the lotto  
I'm running aways but don't know who from or why  
Just look in his eyes and then you'll see why  
I'm running out of time  
I'm running out of time  
I'm running out of time  
I've run out of time  
I'm running out of time  
I've run out of time

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>