Pumped Up Kicks

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Robert's got a quick hand.
He'll look around the room,
he wont tell you his plan.
He's got a rolled cigarette
hanging out his mouth.
He's a cowboy kid.
Yeah! He found a six-shooter gun
in his dad's closet, with the box of fun things.
I don't even know what,
but he's coming for you. Yeah, He's coming for you!
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, outrun my gun.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, faster than my bullet.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, outrun my gun.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, faster than my bullet.
Daddy works a long day.
He be coming home late, and he's coming home late.
And he's bringing me a surprise.
'cause dinner's in the kitchen and it's packed in ice
I've waited for a long time.
Yeah the sleight of my hand is now a quick-pull trigger.
I reason with my cigarette,
Then say, "Your hair's on fire, you must have lost your wits, yeah?"
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, outrun my gun.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,

You better run, better run, faster than my bullet.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, outrun my gun.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, faster than my bullet.
(Run, Run, Run, Run. Run, Run.
R-Run, Run, Run.
R-Run.
R-Run, Run, Run.

R-Run.
Run, Run.
Run, Run.
Run, Run, Run.)
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, outrun my gun.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, faster than my bullet.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, outrun my gun.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, faster than my bullet.
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You better run, better run, faster than my bullet.

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