

# 5 4 3 2 Run

## Shedaisy

Stares all night at the plaster peeling  
Off of the shadows she painted on the ceiling  
Trying to find some philosophical meaning to life  
But the truth is Ruth is ready to hatch  
She's gotta break the door down, gotta bust a latch  
She's gotta super-sized itch that's gotta be scratched, alright  
She stands up and gets down  
And digs her heels out of that pea-pickin' town  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, yeah, what a waste  
There's more to life than just takin' up space  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, this is s'posed to be fun  
5 4 3 2 ready, run  
So she sold her diamond ring and bought a Winnebago  
Found her way to Heaven on the way to San Diego  
Chased her ruby red boots anywhere that they'd go, anytime  
She got sidetracked and backpacked her way to Atlanta  
Picked a pocketful of posies, got here busted in 'bama  
Truck stop trollop, selling roses from a van for a dime  
She woke up and broke down  
Collect call to that pea-pickin' town  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, yeah, what a waste  
There's more to life than just takin' up space  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, this is s'posed to be fun  
5 4 3 2 ready, run  
Run, run, run, run all the way back home  
Run away from the great unknown  
It felt good for a minute, 'til she got  
Stuck in it, stuck in it  
Her yellow brick road crashed  
Right through the rose-colored glass  
Rose-colored glass  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, yeah, what a waste  
There's more to life than the thrill of the chase  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, this is s'posed to be fun  
5 4 3 2 ready, run  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, yeah, what a waste  
There's more to life than the thrill of the chase  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, this is s'posed to be fun  
5 4 3 2 ready, run

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