

Hit the ground running.

Smog

I had to leave the country
Though there was some nice folk there
Now I dont know where Im going
All I know is Ill hit the ground running Only cowboys and southern gentlemen
Betting women that will never mend
They ride the roads as they bend
As they bend to their dead ends I had to leave the country
Though there was some nice folk there
And now I dont know where Im going
All I know is Ill hit the ground running I was raised in a pit of snakes
Blink your eyes, I was raised on cake
I couldnt memorize a century of slang
Or learn to tell the same story
Again and again and again, oh I had to leave the country
Though there was some nice folk there
Now I dont know where Im going
All I know is Ill hit the ground running The bitterness is a lowest sin
A bitter man rots from within
Ive seen his smile, yellow and brown
The bitterness is rotting down I had to leave the country
Though there was some nice folk there
Now I dont know where Im going
All I know to do is hit the ground running Hit the ground running
Hit the ground running
Hit the ground running

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