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 runningOnly cowboys and southern gentlemen
Betting women that will never mend
They ride the roads as they bend
As they bend to their dead endsI 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 runningI 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, ohI 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 runningThe bitterness is a lowest sin
A bitter man rots from within
Ive seen his smile, yellow and brown
The bitterness is rotting downI 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 runningHit the ground running
Hit the ground running
Hit the ground running

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