

# Marathon Man

## Bear Hands

Sick of the static, I'm sick of your lies  
Think you're the baddest bitch, think twice  
After escape and your grasp, I'm coming back to life  
Running away, running low on time  
Counting the eggs in my basket  
Terrible tasting and I still believe in magic Nothing ever happens  
Mo more new X's on the calendar  
I run all I can  
Marathon man  
Heading for disaster  
Oh, it's a miracle I lasted  
All I am, who I am  
Marathon man Drinking you in, spitting out the seeds  
Asking nice, waiting patiently  
As the clock ticks down  
I feast despite the famine  
Am I a hawk, are you a dove  
Cold consensual bloodlust  
Master masking your love  
It's hard to gauge your reaction  
But I can imagine it  
But I can imagine it Nothing ever happens  
No more new X's on the calendar  
I run all I can  
Marathon man  
Heading for disaster  
Oh, its a miracle I lasted  
All I am, who I am  
Marathon man Who's trading places Who's playing both sides  
Old friends again  
I'm staying alive  
Like pulling teeth  
Like telling a lie Like young and reckless  
Like certain deathwish, murder, suicide  
Nothing ever happens No more new X's on the calendar  
I run all I can  
Marathon man  
Heading for disaster  
Oh, it's a miracle I lasted

All I am, who I am  
Marathon man

Songwriters

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