

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 death
 wish, 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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