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 magicNothing 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 manDrinking 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 itNothing 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 manWho's trading placesWho's playing both sides
Old friends again
I'm staying alive
Like pulling teeth
Like telling a lieLike young and reckless
Like certain deathwish, murder, suicide
Nothing ever happensNo 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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