

# Running Just to Catch Myself

Mark Schultz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I am driving  
I am late for work  
Spilling coffee  
Down my whitest shirt  
While I'm flossing  
And I'm changing lanes  
Oh Yeah  
Now I'm driving  
Through the parking lot  
Doing eighty  
Hey what the heck why not  
Watch it lady  
'Cause your in my spot  
Once again  
It's early to work  
And here's a surprise  
I got a McMuffin for just 99 cents today  
I think they ran a special  
CHORUS:  
I can't stand still  
Can I get a witness  
Can you hear me  
Anybody, anybody  
I think I am running just to catch myself  
Maybe someday I could fly away  
Go to Key Largo or Montego Bay  
Sport my speedo, maybe grab a tan  
A dream vacation, wild elation  
Now I'm running  
Straight into my boss  
And he's angry  
Oh and he calls me Ross  
Which is funny  
'Cause that ain't my name

And that's lame  
I'm still running  
Running very late  
For a meeting  
Wait, that was yesterday  
Guess I'm early for the one next week  
Oh how sweet  
I get on the ladder  
I corporately climb  
I wave at my life as it passes me by every day  
My name's not Ross  
CHORUS  
Life in my cubicle is discreet  
Life in my cubicle is neat  
I've got some pictures of my friends  
Some sharpened pencils...where's my pen  
Ten O'clock I'm in a meeting  
Paper cut I think I'm bleeding  
Check my hair it's still receding  
Hey what a life  
Break for lunch  
There's nothing better  
Run outside and don my sweater  
Like Fred Rogers let's be neighbors  
I've lost my mind  
I'm over worked  
And underpaid  
And non-appreciated  
It's just a perk of being of being  
Middle class  
And educated  
One... spinning circles in my chair  
Two...win a game of solitaire  
Three... And I ponder where my stapler's gone  
Four O'clock and I stare at the door  
And I stare at my watch  
Then I stare at the door  
I stand by my desk like I'm going to war  
There's just one thing I'll be needing  
Grab my paycheck as I'm leaving  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh hhhhhhhhhh  
It's five o'clock  
It's time to go  
There's crowds to fight  
And horns to blow  
It's talking fast on my cell phone  
Hey watch out that's reckless driving

Five O'clock  
It's time to leave  
To hit the couch  
And watch TV  
Set the clock and go to sleep  
It's 8 am on Monday morning  
Again and again and again and again and again  
Driving around  
Nowhere to go  
And so I hang with my lady Oh,  
And chill with my bro's  
It's okay, in my Cabriolet  
I can't stand still  
Can I get a witness  
Can you hear me  
Anybody, anybody  
I think I am running just to catch myself  
When I meet God  
I will have a question  
I just forgot my question  
I think I am running just to catch myself  
Oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh

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