

I'm Gonna Run

The Fiery Furnaces

I slit my wrists with my swingline
Copied myself 500 times
I pierced my ears with a 3-hole punch
Ate 12 dozen donuts for lunch
But next week I'm a walk, next week I'm a walk:
And the week after that I'm gonna run.
I swam in an Olympic-size pool;
Had a picnic with a ventriloquist
Saw my brother coming up the hill:
He wrapped a beach towel round my wrist
So next week I'm a walk, next week I'm a walk:
And the week after that I'm gonna run.
I dumped Surel for an older man;
Now I'm doing it for Dante.
Gimme some of that nasty water,
I'll take it one sip at a time.
So next week I'm a walk, next week I'm a walk:
And the week after that I'm gonna run.
Next week I'm a walk:
And the week after that I'm gonna run
On one of those things:
It's something like a treadmill I think.
So next week I'm a walk, next week I'm a walk:
And the week after that I'm gonna run.

Lyrics provided by

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