

Racing Like a Pro

The National

 Youre pink, youre young, youre middle-class
 They say it doesnt matter
 Fifteen blue shirts and womanly hands
 Youre shooting up the ladderYour mind is racing like a pro now
 Oh my God, it doesnt mean a lot to you
 One time, you were a glowing young ruffian
 Oh my God, it was a million years agoSometimes you get up and bake a cake or something
 Sometimes you stay in bed
 Sometimes you go, la, di, da, di, da, di, da, da
 Till your eyes roll back into your headYour mind is racing like a pro now
 Oh my God, it doesnt mean a lot to you
 One time, you were a glowing young ruffian
 Oh my God, it was a million years agoYoure dumbstruck, baby
 Youre dumbstruck, baby, now you know
 Youre dumbstruck, baby
 Youre dumbstruck, baby, now you knowYour mind is racing like a pro now
 Oh my God, it doesnt mean a lot to you
 One time, you were a glowing young ruffian
 Oh my God, it was a million years agoYoure dumbstruck, baby
 Youre dumbstruck, baby, now you know
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 Youre dumbstruck, baby

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