

Running Thoughts

Deerhoof

They were called The Runners Four.
Always slipping through the back door
When they come ashore,
Sneaking through their precious load,
Cheating customs in a speedboat. When they come in from far away,
Oh, they never can stay.
They fly away to other skies
With the sun in their eyes. Make their entrance two by two
Bringing us a thought that's so new,
Whistling secret tunes
And smuggling through their precious smile,
Breaking customs for a short while.

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