The Foot Race Is On

Lightnin' Hopkins

What you look at me for? Look out man,
What's the matter with you, I fixin to, whooo.
That man gonna jump on me,
And I just got to move on out of his way,
That's all there is to it.
But, I'm goin.Tell me, baby, what you tryin to do?
Tryin to mistreat me and I ain't done nothin to you.
Mama told me now understand,
Just keep a-truckin like a man.I'm gone, sure gone.
I ain't jokin, no time waitin on.
Just keep on goin.Look it here, baby, what you tryin to do?
Tryin to love me and my brother too.
Mama told me now understand,
Sit and listen with a plate in her hand.I know, gotta go.
Gotta go, pretty baby,
God knows I ain't lyin.See, that's when it's gettin soft,
See, I was gettin tired,
And I just slowed down a little bit.
Foot race is on though.Looka yonder what I do see,
Whole lotta somethin comin after me,
But, I'm gone,
They'll have a hard time catchin ole Lightnin,
Now that I got a little air.
Feel a little better now.Keep on runnin.You know they run me, edge of town,
They got tired and they turned around.
I sure felt good, I didn't have to run no more.
I ain't jokin, I ain't jivin,
God knows I ain't carryin on.

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