

# Hit The Ground Running

Smog

I had to leave the country  
Though there was some nice folk there  
Now I don't know where I'm going  
All I know is I'll hit the ground running

Only cowboys and southern gentlemen  
Betting women that will never mend  
They ride the roads as they bend  
As they bend to their dead ends

I had to leave the country  
Though there was some nice folk there  
And now I don't know where I'm going  
All I know is I'll hit the ground running

I was raised in a pit of snakes  
Blink your eyes, I was raised on cake  
I couldn't memorize a century of slang  
Or learn to tell the same story  
Again and again and again, oh

I had to leave the country  
Though there was some nice folk there  
Now I don't know where I'm going  
All I know is I'll hit the ground running

The bitterness is a lowest sin  
A bitter man rots from within  
I've seen his smile, yellow and brown  
The bitterness is rotting down

I had to leave the country  
Though there was some nice folk there  
Now I don't know where I'm going  
All I know to do is hit the ground running

Hit the ground running  
Hit the ground running  
Hit the ground running