

PUMPED UP KICKS

3TEETH

Robert's got a quick hand
He'll look around the room, he won't tell you his plan
He's got a rolled cigarette
Hanging out his mouth, he's a cowboy kid
Yeah, he found a six-shooter gun
In his dad's closet, in the box of fun things
I don't even know what
But he's coming for you, yeah, he's coming for you

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, outrun my gun
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, faster than my bullet

Daddy works a long day
He be coming home late, and he's coming home late
And he's bringing me a surprise
'Cause the dinner's in the kitchen and it's packed in ice
I've waited for a long time
Yeah, the sleight of my hand is now a quick-pull trigger
I reason with my cigarette
And say, "Your hair's on fire, you must've lost your wits", yeah

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, outrun my gun
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, faster than my bullet
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, outrun my gun
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, faster than my bullet

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, outrun my gun
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, faster than my bullet