Pumped up Kicks

Charlotte Sometimes

Robert's got a quick hand.
He'll look around the room,
he wont 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, hidden in a box of fun things.
I don't even know what,
but it's coming for you. Yeah, it's coming for you, hey!

All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You better run, better run, out run 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'd better run, better run, out run my gun.
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks,
You'd better run, better run, faster than my bullet.

Daddy works a long day.
He'll be coming home late, yeah he's coming home late.
And he's bringing me a surprise.
'cause dinner's in the kitchen and it's packed in ice

I've waited for a long time.
Yeah the slight of my hand is now a quick pull trigger.
I reason with my cigarette,
And say, 'Your hat's on fire, you must have lost your wits' yeah

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You'd better run, better run, faster than my bullet.

(Run, Run, Run, Run. Run, Run.
R-Run, Run, Run.
R-Run.
R-Run, Run, Run.
R-Run.
Run, Run.
Run, Run.
Run, Run, Run.)

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