

Running Thoughts

Deerhoof

They were called The Runners Four
Always slipping through the back door
When they came ashore
Sneaking through their precious load
Cheating customs in a speed boat

When they come in from far away
Oh, they can never 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

Oo-ooh, oo-oo-ooh oo-ooh, oo-oo-ooh oo-ooh
Oo-ooh, oo-oo-ooh oo-ooh, oo-oo-ooh oo-ooh