

Roadrunner Blues

John Grant

Missed you Monday morning
Hit that reset button
Get that hot delivery to your head
You don't wanna mess around with that, honey
You gotta get up there and make a lot of money
Even if you feel like an extra in The Walking Dead

It feels like everybody's crazy
But I don't wanna let it faze me
I'm feeling like the wind is shifting to my back
I won't be one of your instruments
A cog in your car, to be beaten by the winds
I just keep on trying till I hit the neck

Everything you say dates you
Well, it's a miracle that anything would date you
'Cause you got the circus going on in your head
If it weren't so tragic, it might be sorta funny
And if you think about it, you're eyes get sorta runny
Maybe you should just watch Aliens again instead

It feels like everybody's crazy
But I don't wanna let it faze me
I'm feeling like the wind is shifting to my back
I won't be one of your instruments
A cog in you car, to be beaten by the winds
I just keep on trying till I hit the neck

All your words will date you
Well it's a miracle that anything would date you

Early Sunday morning
This is your final warning
Crawl out of the quicksand in your bed
Let's go back to a time you were alive
Cut to the scene where we see our hero fight
When you're done with them, they're gonna wish they were dead

It feels like everybody's crazy
But I'm not gonna let it faze me
I'm feeling like the wind is gonna knock me down
I am not one of your instruments
A cog in your car, to be beaten by the winds
I just keep on trying till I hit the neck
I just keep on trying till I hit the neck