

Human Racing

Nik Kershaw

Closing in on empty spaces
winners laugh too soon.
Their paper world with paper faces
beneath a paper moon.

There's a man
a real pace setter
coming after me.
And after him there's someone better
and after him there's me.

Oh well he'll offer you a cigarette
he'll offer you a light.
But he hasn't finished with you yet
on another long knife night.

So look behind you
there's the man you're chasing.
Look behind you
let's go human racing, human racing.
Let's go racing now.

Open arms and open purses
open season's here.
Well they fill your head with clever verses
and then they disappear.

Silent vows in secret places
they'll get you somehow.
Cause you never win them human races
so who's the loser now.

Look behind you
there's the man you're chasing.
Look behind you
let's go human racing, human racing.
Let's go racing now.

Na na na na na na.
Human racing.
After me, after him.
Now na na now.
Who's the loser...