

Rat Race

Stephen Bishop

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They come from everywhere
They're in your pants
They're everywhere
And they are looking for
Their little piece of cake

Yeah, there's one in every crowd
Who doesn't want to shut his mouth
But he better get his butt
Out of the way

Rat race

They push and pull and stick you
Then they knock you down and lick you
When you turn your back
They catch you by the tail

If your perfect plan's a bungle
It's the law in every jungle
If they ask you, just say you don't inhale

Rat race

Now I see the gates of heaven
Hear the angels sing
They're calling me

They give to me
A Maserati
But I lose the key

Rat race

Runnin' out of time...