

Runner's High

The Hold Steady

He stopped by and I didn't even recognize.
He looked shaky and sweaty and puffy and petrified.
He said that thing in California is kind of compromised.
I was hoping you'd help me.
Man, I'm so sick of running.

The doctors said that it was all in his head.
Then they discovered the blood.
Tried to duck out but we still got stuck.
Like a sneaker in the Mississippi mud.
Speeding through your story of guns and guts and glory.
I'm hoping what you're saying is true.
Dude you've got to slow down if you want me to save you.

He jerked around when we joked about the runner's high.
He said now that is one high I've never tried.
He said that thing in California is kind of compromised.
Someone must have said something.
Man I'm so sick of running.

The doctors said that it was all in his head.
Then they discovered the blood.
Tried to duck out but we still got stuck.
Like a sneaker in the Mississippi mud.
Prancing all around like some Kansas City clown.
I'm praying what you're saying is true.
Dude you've got to sit still if you want me to save you.

So quickly from city to city.
We never knew what state we were in.
They got me at some hospital and made me take medicine.
It rolled over me slowly and then it pretty much did me in.
Warm water and the nurses just floating.
When I came to in Houston.
I felt absolutely nothing.
No voices no visions.
I feel absolutely nothing.
No pressure no Jesus.
No crashes no hassles.
I remember a dream about you.
Getting hit on the head
And left to bleed to death in the vestibule.

And then it came true.

The pills they prescribed they made me fragile and fried.
I felt full body fuzzy then touchy.
I want you to help me.
Man, I'm so sick of running.
Someone must have said something.