

Deerhoof, Running Thoughts

They were called The Runners Four
Always slipping through the back door
When they come ashore

Sneaking through their precious load,
Cheating customs in a speedboat

When they come in from far away
Oh they never can 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