

# Anya Marina, Cut It Out

You better cut it out  
You gotta work it out  
You been giving it up  
All you got  
Gotta knock it off  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
You been standing there so sad  
Watching the clock all night long  
And I can do it like, oh oh oh  
Yeah, a little like oh oh oh, oh ah, oh oh oh  
And I can love you like  
Oh oh oh, oh oh oh, oh ah ah ah, oh oh oh  
And they'll all come running  
They all come running  
They all come running  
Running back to you  
They'll all come running  
(Strut it like a son of a gun)  
They'll all come running  
(Show 'em how to get it done)  
They all come running  
Running back to you  
One foot out the window  
In some kind of limbo  
Oh ah, ba ba ba da  
But maybe the answer  
Is to become a dancer, oh ah

And they'll all come running  
(Strut it like a son of a gun)  
They'll all come running  
(Show 'em how to get it done)  
They all come running, running back to you  
(See them, see them run)  
And they'll all come running  
They all come running  
They all come running  
Running back to you  
Oh ah  
See them, see them run  
And they'll all come running  
They all come running  
They all come running  
Running back to you  
They'll all come running  
(Strut it like a son of a gun)  
They'll all come running  
(Show 'em how to get it done)  
They all come running, running back to you  
(See them, see them run)  
One foot out the window  
In some kind of limbo