

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