

Catherine Wheel, Ballad Of A Running Man

For years I avoided caffeine
For years I was clean
I was calm and complete
Then the world fell down round my ears
Had a change in my state
Bug eyed and awake
I was grinding my teeth in my habitat
I couldn't stand still I was running back
But it was gone
Smack smack smacking my hands
Flap flapping my hands
Lick licking my wounds
Will it help me
Rip rip ripping my skin
Clip clipping my wings
Pick picking my bones
Will it help me
Hip hip hip to the beat
I can't find my own feet
Can't see where I stand
Ballad of a running man
Jam Jam marathon man
For years I was wrapped up in blue
On sunny afternoons
Sunbathed but unmoved
On the ground I found me a stooge
He was clear out of school
With a theory to prove
He said he understood so I told him
It was just like I'd read in a magazine
Said I thought it was weird to be
stumbling
And that it felt like a race
I was running in
That's already run
Smack smack smacking my hands
Flap flapping my hands
Lick licking my wounds
Will it help me
Rip rip ripping my skin
Clip clipping my wings
Pick picking my bones
Will it help me
Hip hip hip to the beat
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