

# Jabba Hot, Running Around

Lying in my bed, it's morning  
Thinking of my life  
Sure, this life is pretty boring  
Ready to go to the knife  
People in the hall are fighting  
Everyone are losers  
You can't sleep coz the are shouting  
All they are accusers  
She came over yesterday  
Told me how to do  
She doesn't have the time to say  
How our love can blow  
Wonder if she like me yet  
What'ya think about it?  
Soon one month then we met  
Don't you think we fit?

What is that? Why is that? Where is that? Who is that?

Chorus:

You sat at the floor and ate some flaming pies  
The lights hasn't changed and the man in the car do dies  
I'm running around at a globe, where I live forever  
I don't think it's funny when you are so clever  
I went into my life to see  
I understood my hollow  
I hoped the hollow not belonged to me  
I just want you to follow  
The dustman swiped around the ground  
He died on his birthday  
His rests were never found  
Coz they lied in Pamela's bay

What is that? Why is that? Where is that? Who is that?

You sat on the floor...

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