

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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Sure, this life was pretty boring
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Everyone were losers
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What is that? Why is that? Where is that? Who is that?
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