

Jeff Finlin, Marathon Man

Getting tired of talking about it
You turn your dreams to rage
Pack your day dreams, run home to papa
And live in a sugar-coated cage

Don't you think I get tired dear
When these ragged days never seem to fade
And that above my head says turn, turn, turn
Go ahead and turn the other way

No making fun of me what they can
Make me feel like a mouse in the body of a man
I'll adhere to my best laid plans
I'm a marathon man

The saints on the street they can fight me
Show me the prophet of the blade
And the signs in the sky can reach out and fight me
Tell me tomorrow is today

Even you, girl, you can stand there with your
With your time clock shooting sparks in the shade
I can still see you there with the breeze in your hair
Telling me our love would never fade

The cadillacs can all make way
To burn my regrets down the roads they've laid
Deep down I thought you'd always understand
I'm a marathon man

No, they could shove at me what they can
Make me feel like a mouse in the body of a man
But I'll adhere to my best laid plans
I'm a marathon man
I'm a marathon man