

# Linoleum, Ray Liotta

Running to the station  
And you're feeling just like Ray Liotta  
Eyes are blacker than your shades  
You're wearing pretty thin

Tearing through the crowd  
'Cause you won't wait  
And you can't face a weekend  
Staring at the ceiling  
The walls are closing in

Life's too slow  
So you run away  
And you know  
Life's too slow

Turn into the market  
And you catch him on the stairs  
Man, you kept me waiting  
And it's giving me the fear  
He takes you 'round the corner  
And he passes you the gear  
You bitch about the money  
He says that's the cost of living

And life's too slow  
I'll have you run away  
And you know  
You can run away

Back into the open  
And you're feeling kind of nervous  
Wanna get there quick  
So get a cab  
Rushing for the door  
It seems you're never gonna get there  
Now you're sitting again without your friend

You're looking in the mirror but it's not at your reflection  
And a hit between the eyes starts your weekend  
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