

Raised Fist, Running Man

Remember when this was a game.
Where did I lose it.
I'm so ashamed.
We lost the touch somewhere on this ride.
You're better than us.
You're the old school pride.
Always competing you never relax.
If we make ten then you make eleven tracks.
I'm wondering can't you have some fun.
If I'm just walking why do you have to run.
When we started it was supposed to be fun.
It lasted for three good years in the sun.
Business came in and took over the lead.
That is where you came together with greed.
We don't really care about what you do.
If you make a record real good.
Then lucky you.
But now I see panic in your eyes.
You better slow down my friend.
OK let me help you take my hand.
You spit in my hand.
You spit on me.
So sad to see this makes me sick.