

# Smog, Hit The Ground Running

I had to leave the country  
Though there was some nice folks there  
Now I don't know where I'm going  
All I know is I'll hit the ground running

Only cowboys  
The Southern gentlemen  
Betting women  
That will Never mend  
They ride the roads as they bend  
As they bend to there dead ends

I had to leave the country  
Though there was some nice folks there  
And now I don't know where I'm going  
All i know is that I'll hit the ground running

I was raised in a pit of snakes  
Blink your eyes I was raised on cakes  
I couldn't memorize a century of slang  
Or learn to tell the same story again again and again

I had to leave the country  
Though there was some nice folks there  
Now I don't know where I'm going  
All I know is I'll hit the ground running

Bitterness is a lowest sin  
A bitter man rots from within  
I've seen his smile  
Yellow and brown  
The bitterness is rotting down

I had to leave the country  
Though there was some nice folks there  
Now I don't know where I'm going  
All I know to do is hit the ground running

Hit the ground running