

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