

Stephen Bishop, Rat Race

Rat Race

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They come from everywhere

They're in your pants

they're everywhere

and they are looking for

their little piece of cake

Yeah, there's one in every crowd

who doesn't want to shut his mouth

but he better get his butt

out of the way...

RAT RACE

They push and pull and stick you

Then they knock you down and lick you

when you turn your back

they catch you by the tail...

If your perfect plan's a bungle

It's the law in every jungle

If they ask you, just say you don't inhale.....

RAT RACE

now I see the gates of Heaven

Hear the angels sing

they're calling me..

They give to me

A Maserati

But I lose the key..

RAT RACE

runnin' out of time..