

# Tim Finn, Hit The Ground Running

San Francisco New York City  
strangely silent strangely empty  
His graffiti filled the subway  
But where's my brother  
He could keep you up for hours  
in a town of wilting flowers  
I can more or less continue my life  
I can give in or I can try  
Hit the ground running  
Hit the ground running for your life  
Deadly virus so few survivors  
creeps up quickly leaves you darkly  
But where's my brother  
when you're standing shoulder to shoulder  
Fear and anger make you bolder  
I can more or less continue my life  
I can give in or I can try  
Hit the ground running  
Hit the ground running for your life  
He could keep you up for hours  
He could keep you up for hours  
I can more or less continue my life  
I can give in or I can try  
Hit the ground running  
Hit the ground running for your life  
I can always hit the street swaying  
but there's no one there to catch you when you fall  
Hit the ground running  
Hit the ground running for your life  
I went to the river on the Lower East Side  
cried and cried and cried and cried  
Went to the River on the Lower East Side  
I cry cry cry cry cried