

The Stampede

Biting Elbows

Right about now
As I'm screaming at the top of my lungs
Spits barely hanging on to my tongue
The hopeless efforts sure have stung

Run fast, or you'll get kicked apart
The stampede is off to a good start

When I see them running
I'm nowhere near a zoo
Don't I know when animals start rushing
Maybe I should too?

I am a little afraid
Of those that are coming to our aid
It's gonna get real critical
Real quick

Oh son, you better get the money and run
You better start thinking straight
Before you get knocked by

Fate or the masses
With heads up their asses
They're getting their stones out and sharpening knives
But you feel so alert that nothing escapes you
It's a plus that you don't belong

I am a little afraid
Of those that are coming to our aid
It's gonna get real critical
Real quick

I am a little afraid
Of those that are coming to our aid
A little too late