

# 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