

Forrest Gump

Digitalism

Direction swapped, compass is his
Sometimes it's much, yes, sometimes it is
She may be off, but you be on her list
No time to touch, no time to kiss

A total waste of capacity
Could be a taste of what it means to me
No one gives back, holding empty hands
She's got the script, for your romance

Some ways just don't end up here
Dead-end, shake up, and go clear
And so you run
And then you run
And then you run
It's not for good, but I think it should
You run
Just start to count, you go underground

A line in just, comply in just
Control, you got, control at last
Believe it out on it's time to talk
Sometimes you roll, this time you stop
And then she set you up
Yes, she set you up, oh, oh, oh, oh
Don't you let us down, we want you not
Don't you let us down

No time to wait, we're almost done
This ain't "get lays," no time to lose, but time to run

And so you run
And then you run
And then you run
It's not for good, but I think it should
You run
Just start to count, you go underground

And then you run