

# 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