

Running for Cover

Fun Lovin' Criminals

For forty days, and for forty nights, I been
walkin' down these streets tryin' to get it
right. But down there lies darkness, down
there lies the past, down there my
conscience... kinda kicked my ass.
You got me runnin' for cover, runnin' from
bein' me. You got me runnin' for cover, for
cryin' out loud.
I hear them moanin', from distant lands.
Have some hookers shut 'em up with some
swollen glands. Now beggin's changed, I
guess you'll do. Just a hoodrat all jacked
off and tangled up in blue. There's blood at
home, there's blood on my street. How am I
to smile in complete defeat. Well, I'm
jumpin' into limbo, tryin' to feel alive. I'm
jumpin' into limbo, and I like it.
You got me runnin' for cover, runnin' from
bein' me. You got me runnin' for cover, for
cryin' out loud.
Into the quiet dusk I see, curvy clouds
chokin' up on irony. I give it a pause, and I
break to the left. But I'm wasted and I can't
seem to catch my breath. Here I go, just one
more time. Findin' out whats goin' on with
the party line, well, I'm jumpin' into limbo,
tryin' to feel alive. I'm jumpin' into limbo,
and I like it.
You got me runnin' for cover, runnin' from
bein' me. You got me runnin' for cover, for
cryin' out loud.