

## 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.