

# Running Just To Catch Myself

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Myself

I am driving  
I am late for work  
Spilling coffee down my whitest shirt  
While I'm flossing and I'm changing lanes  
Oh Yeah

Now I'm driving  
Through the parking lot  
Doing eighty, hey what the heck why not  
Watch it lady, Cuz you're in my spot  
Once again, It's early to work  
And here's a surprise, I got a  
McMuffin for just 99 cents today  
I think they ran a special

I can't stand still Can I get a witness  
Can you hear me Anybody, Anybody  
I think I am running just to catch myself

Maybe someday I could fly away  
Go to Key Largo or Montego Bay  
Sport my Speedo, maybe grab a tan  
DREAM VACATION, WILD ELATION  
Now I'm running  
Straight into my boss  
And he's angry, Oh and he calls me Ross  
Which is funny, cause that ain't my name

And that's lame  
I'm still running  
Running very late, For a meeting  
Wait, that was yesterday  
Guess I'm early for the one next week, Oh how sweet  
I get on the ladder, I corporately climb  
I wave at my life as it passes me by everyday  
My name's not Ross!

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Life in my cubicle is discreet, Life in my cubicle is neat  
I've got some pictures of my friends  
Some sharpened pencils...where's my pen  
Ten O'clock I'm in a meeting  
Paper cut I think I'm bleeding  
Check my hair it's still receding, Hey what a life  
Break for lunch, there's nothing better  
Run outside and don my sweater  
Like Fred Rogers let's be neighbors  
I've lost my mind  
I'm over worked, and underpaid, and non appreciated

It's just a perk of being of being middle class and educated  
One... spinning circles in my chair  
Two...win a game of solitaire

Three... And I ponder where my stapler's gone  
Four O'clock and I stare at the door,  
And I stare at my watch, Then I stare at the door  
I stand by my desk like I'm going to war  
There's just one thing I'll be needing  
Grab my paycheck as I'm leaving  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh ohhhhhhhh  
Five O'clock it's time to go  
There's crowds to fight and time to blow  
It's talking fast on my cell phone  
Hey, watch out that's reckless driving!  
Five O'clock

It's time to hit the couch and watch TV  
Set the clock and go to sleep  
It's 8 a.m. on Monday morning  
Again and again and again and again and again  
Driving around, no where to go  
And so I hang with my lady,  
Oh, and chill with my bros  
It's okay, in my Cabriolet

I can't stand still Can I get a witness  
Can you hear me Anybody, Anybody  
I think I am running just to catch myself

When I meet God, I will have a question  
I just forgot the question  
I think I am running just to catch myself  
Oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh