

5 4 3 2 Run

SHeDAISY

She stares all night at the plaster peeling
Off of the shadows she painted on the ceiling
Trying to find some philosophical meaning
to life

But the truth is Ruth is ready to hatch
She's gotta break the door down,
gotta bust a latch
She's gotta super-sized itch
That's gotta be scratched, alright

She stands up and gets down
And digs her heels out of that
pea-pickin' town

Hey, hey, hey, hey - yeah, what a waste
There's more to life than just takin' up space
Hey, hey, hey, hey - this is s'posed to be fun
5 4 3 2 ready run

So she sold her diamond ring
and bought a Winnebago
Found her way to Heaven on the
way to San Diego
Chased her ruby red boots anywhere
that they'd go, anytime
She got sidetracked and backpacked
her way to Atlanta
Picked a pocketful of posies, got
here busted in 'Bama
Truck stop trollop, selling roses
from a van for a dime
She woke up and broke down
Collect call to that pea-pickin' town

Run, run, run, run all the way back home
Run away from the great unknown
It felt good for a mintue, 'til she got
stuck in it
Stuck in it

Her yellow brick road crashed
Right through the rose-colored glass
Rose-colored glass

Hey, hey, hey, hey - yeah, what a waste
There's more to life than the thrill of
the chase
Hey, hey, hey, hey - this is s'posed to be fun
5 4 3 2 ready run