

## 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 that the thrill of  
the chase  
Hey, hey, hey, hey - this is s'posed to be fun  
5 4 3 2 ready run