

Run, Run, Run

Sly & The Family Stone

Run, run, run, they don't like what we're thinking
At least we are not staggering from drinking

Say, dig!
Don't try to figure out
What's happenin' inside their head
Ain't too much goin' on
Inside the head of the dead

Run, run, run, to avoid the hasslin'
When he bugs you, you know his mind is wrestlin'

Say, dig!
What?
The groovy music, inside my head is soakin'
And the... to tell me what I should be smokin'

Bop-bop...

People, listen!
People, listen!
People, listen!

People, people

Run, run, run, they don't like what we're wearin'
The colors we like, they're doin' a lot of starin'

Say, dig!
What?
Things we do upset their flesh and blood and bone
But I got an idea!
Maybe what they oughta do is leave their flesh and blood and bone at home