

## Racing Like a Pro

The National

You're pink, you're young, you're middle class  
They say it doesn't matter  
Fifteen blue shirts and womanly hands  
You're shooting up the ladder

Your mind is racing like a pro now  
Oh my god, it doesn't mean a lot to you  
One time you were a glowing young ruffian  
Oh my god, it was a million years ago

Sometimes you get up and bake a cake or something  
Sometimes you stay in bed  
Sometimes you go la di da di da di da da  
Until your eyes roll back into your head

Your mind is racing like a pro now  
Oh my god, it doesn't mean a lot to you  
One time you were a glowing young ruffian  
Oh my god, it was a million years ago

You're dumbstruck baby  
You're dumbstruck baby, now you know  
You're dumbstruck baby  
You're dumbstruck baby, now you know

Your mind is racing like a pro now  
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