

So You Run

The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

You've got to be the rich man
You keep your momma worrying
They say that life's a bitch, man
So you run and you run and you run.

Got to be the fat man
To keep the pretty woman happy
'Cause if she get's the itch, man
She'll run and she'll run and she'll run.

You never hear the shot that brings you down
One day you wake up, a hole in your life
Don't know you've fallen until you hit the ground
Too many pieces to pick up and put back.

Got to be the chic man
Drive a Maserati
Don't want to be no geek man
So you run and you run and you run.

Your down friends are comin' around
One day you wake up, flat on your face
The only difference is you're all alone
Too many pieces to pick up and put back.

Run and run
Run and run.

You've got to be the rich man
You keep the finest all to yourself
They say that life's a bitch, man
'Cause you run and you run and you run.

Yes, you run and you run
Yes, you run and you run and you run
You run and you run
Yes, you run and you run and you run.

Run and run
Run and run
Run and run
Run and run.