

Pumped Up Kicks

Foster the People

Robert's got a quick hand
He'll look around the room he won't tell you his plan
He's got a rolled cigarette
Hanging out his mouth, he's a cowboy kid Yeah, he found a six shooter gun
In his dad's closet, in a box of fun things
And I don't even know what
But he's coming for you, yeah, he's coming for you All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, outrun my gun
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run faster than my bullet All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, outrun my gun
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run faster than my bullet
Daddy works a long day
He's coming home late, yeah, he's coming home late
And he's bringing me a surprise
Cause dinner's in the kitchen and it's packed in ice I've waited for a long time
Yeah, the slight of my hand is now a quick pull trigger
I reason with my cigarette
Then say your hair's on fire
You must have lost your wits, yeah All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run, outrun my gun
All the other kids with the pumped up kicks
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

