

Running

Jason Mraz

Running to catch up again, jumping higher and flying more often than not
Your trampoline has got holes in it but I can still see the top
Let me climb aboard and sample some of next year's fashion
I'll wear the coat if you can put the hat on, I will wear the coat,
Just let me clear my throat so I can say what's been delayed awaysLet me fall into your lap and
just lay here for awhile
Satisfied by your seduction like a handshake would do the job
Never know how long I have waited, anticipated your smile to be pressed against mine
Your smile pressed against mine, your smile pressed against mine
I feel it, well I feel it (oh boy)
Well I feel it and I'm gonna settle tight
She could pour me over this sugar hill or mountain
Until I get that cool breeze, tight squeeze, I'd do it over again
And I drink from her ever flowing fountain
And then I wake up I comb my hair and I hurry it up
But I arrive late I pack my things and I pick it up
Well I put down a good amount of deodorant this morning
And I found that I could drown a little bit of peace of mind
Cause it's no secret that to some degree they're gonna have to see you sweat
Strong enough for a man just do what you can to keep me soft and dry, I stink awhileI don't
know anything about those things
I almost don't wanna know anything about those things
And I don't care anything about those things
Cause if I did you know I'd share myself on those things, and I feel it
And I'll be here all night, I'll pick up the pieces and I put them back together now
They may not be the right way but that's okay as long as they're all the same
I wish you well that you'd get better, and I know you'll find that it's a wild world
And if you had noticed well would you have thrown the towel in
Before I missed out on all this love, and watch me roll away again
Watch me disappear under my skin
I don't believe it that things could get any worse than they did that time
You must have seen it I mean how could we get lost running in a straight line
Your cries of why's and why not's, may it all get back to you
And trickle and dance upon your headaches, years of biting cheeks are through
So I don't believe in it. But I feel it.

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