

# 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  
Till 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  
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.  
You're dumbstruck baby.

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