

Foster The People, Pumped Up Kicks

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
With a box of fun things,
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 be coming home late, and 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've lost your wits, yeah?"

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