

Linoleum

"Ray Liotta"

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Running to the station
And you're feeling just like Ray Liotta
Eyes are blacker than your shades
You're wearing pretty thin

Tearing through the crowd
'Cause you won't wait
And you can't face a weekend
Staring at the ceiling
The walls are closing in

Life's too slow
So you run away
And you know
Life's too slow

Turn into the market
And you catch him on the stairs
Man, you kept me waiting
And it's giving me the fear

He takes you 'round the corner
And he passes you the gear
You bitch about the money
He says that's the cost of living

And life's too slow
I'll have you run away
And you know
You can run away

Back into the open
And you're feeling kind of nervous
Wanna get there quick
So get a cab

Rushing for the door
It seems you're never gonna get there
Now you're sitting again without your friend

You're looking in the mirror but it's not at your
reflection

And a hit between the eyes starts your weekend
You're looking in the mirror but it's not at your
reflection
And a hit between the eyes starts your weekend

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