

Scissor Sisters "Running Out"

Visit "[Running Out](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1, 2, 3, 4, gimme more
'Cause I think we're going down
What you need it for?
Buzz the world around

We're going right back to the borderline
Now, you should save yourself
I'm on my own
No Huston, no one else

'Cause every time I think I'm fine
You keep on dreaming up
A hundred different ways
To cause hysteria

Am I insane, am I blind?
I just can't seem to trust
Too many regulations
Coming back at you

We're running out
Of money, of love, of luck
We're running out
Of languish, of fame, of bread
We're running out

Something tells me that I'm fine
But when I get enough
Another one
Wouldn't be too much

And still I chew it up
And spit it out
It's too big to swallow
Got enough for everyone
So here we go

Oh, let's see how far
That we can run
Before this gig is over
I hear the warning signs
On everybody's stereo

Do you love what you like?
What would you do for more?
You kept on dancing
Underneath the burning floor

We're running out
Of money, of drugs, of comforts
We're running out
Of drugs, of patience, of air
We're running out

We're running out
Of money, of love, of luck
We're running out
Of languish, of fame, of bread

We're running out
Of money, of drugs, of comforts
We're running out
Of drugs, of patience, of air
We're running out

Visit [Scissor Sisters](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.