

The Third Rail

"Run, Run, Run"

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(Oooooooooo)

(Oooooooooo)

Up in the morning at half past eight

You can't have your breakfast 'cause you'll be late

You tie your tie like a hangman's noose

Ain't no time to drink your juice

So you Run, Run, Run, Run

Yeah you Run, Run, Run, Run

Stand on the corner and wait for the bus

It's late again, you start to cuss

The paper's filled with all bad news

Fat lady stands on your polished shoes

So you Run, Run, Run, Run

Yeah you Run, Run, Run, Run

[Spoken]

... Of the latest quotations from the New York Stock Exchange:

Heart Attacks up two & three quarters

Mental Illness split three for one

Ulcers up one

General Chaos, that's General Chaos is up one quarter

The Great Society unfortunately is down five points

Down at the office all is still

The boss is at a funeral

A note on the door 'No Work Today'

Our chief competitor passed away

So you Run, Run, Run, Run

Yeah you Run, Run, Run, Run

Up in the morning at half past eight

You can't have your breakfast 'cause you'll be late

Tie your tie like a hangman's noose

Ain't no time to drink your juice

So you Run, Run, Run, Run

Yeah you Run, Run, Run, Run

Oh you Run, Run, Run, Run

Oh you Run, Run, Run, Run

[fade]

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