

Zach Swift

"The Foot Race Is On"

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What you look at me for? Look out man
What's the matter with you, I fixin' to, whoa
That man gonna jump on me,
And I just got to move on out of his way
That's all there is to it,
But, I'm goin'

Tell me, baby, what you tryin to do?
Tryin' to mistreat me and I ain't done nothin' to you
Mama told me now understand,
Just keep-a truckin' like a man.

I'm gone, sure gone
I ain't jokin', no time waitin' on
Just keep on goin'

Look it here, baby, what you tryin' to do?
Tryin' to love me and my brother too
Mama told me now understand,
Sit and listen with a plate in her hand

I know, gotta go

Gotta go, pretty baby,
God knows I ain't lyin'

See, that's when it's gettin' soft,
See, I was gettin tired,
And I just slowed down a little bit
Foot race is on though

Look-a yonder what I do see,
Whole lotta somethin' comin' after me
But, I'm gone,
They'll have a hard time catchin' ol' Lightnin'
Now that I got a little air,
Feel a little better now

Keep on runnin'

You know they run me, edge of town,

They got tired and they turned around
I sure felt good, I didn't have to run no more
I ain't jokin', I ain't jivin',
God knows I ain't carryin' on

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