

The National

"Racing Like a Pro"

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You're pink, you're young, you're middle-class
They say it doesn't matter
Fifteen blue shirts and womanly hands
You're shooting up the ladder

Your mind is racing like a pro now
Oh my God, it doesn't mean a lot to you
One time, you were a glowing young ruffian
Oh my God, it was a million years ago

Sometimes you get up and bake a cake or something
Sometimes you stay in bed
Sometimes you go, la, di, da, di, da, di, da, da
Till your eyes roll back into your head

Your mind is racing like a pro now
Oh my God, it doesn't mean a lot to you
One time, you were a glowing young ruffian
Oh my God, it was a million years ago

You're dumbstruck, baby
You're dumbstruck, baby, now you know
You're dumbstruck, baby
You're dumbstruck, baby, now you know

Your mind is racing like a pro now
Oh my God, it doesn't mean a lot to you
One time, you were a glowing young ruffian
Oh my God, it was a million years ago

You're dumbstruck, baby
You're dumbstruck, baby, now you know
You're dumbstruck, baby
You're dumbstruck, baby, now you know
You're dumbstruck, baby

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