

## **Kurt Vile**

# **"Runner Ups"**

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Hey old man, how many times we gotta tell you  
We don't want a number, where you been so long?  
Hey girl, come on over  
That'll be just fine

If it ain't workin', take a whiz on the world  
An entire nation drinkin' from a dirty truck  
My best friend's long gone  
But I got runner ups, yeah

When I walk in, my head is practically dragging  
Yeah, and all I ever see is just a whole lot of dirt  
My whole life's been one long running gag  
Two packs of red apples for the long ride home

Well you know, baby

See you walking till you took a wrong way train  
Then you sat down and couldn't get up

My best friend's long gone  
But I got runner ups

I don't know if it's real but it's how I feel  
Don't if you really came but I feel dumb in asking  
You should have been an actor, she's so domineering  
Take two eyed gold earrings for your troubles, man

Visibly dark points of future in a faze  
Instead of standing, I'm running around  
The sharpest tool in school doesn't know what's up

My best friend's long gone  
But I got runner ups, yeah

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