Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
"So You Run"

You've got to be the rich man
You keep your momma worrying
They say that life's a bitch man
So you run and you run and you run
Got to be the fat man
To keep the pretty woman happy
Cause if she get's the itch man
She'll run and she'll run and she'll run
You never hear the shot
That brings you down
One day you wake up
A hole in your life
Don't know you've fallen
Until you hit the ground
Too many pieces to pick up
And put back
Got to be chic man
Drive a Masarati
Don't want to be no geek man
So you run and you run and you run
Your down friends are comin' around
One day you wake up
Flat on your face
The only difference is
You're all alone
Too many pieces to pick up
And put back
Run and run
Run and run
You've got to be the rich man
You keep the finest all to yourself
They say that life's a bitch man
Cause you run and you run and you run
Yes you run
And you run
Yes you run
And you run
And you run
You run
And you run
Yes you run
And you run

And you run
Run and run
Run and run
Run and run
Run and run