

# Running Thoughts

## Deerhoof

They were called The Runners Four  
Always slipping through the back door  
When they come ashore Sneaking through their precious load,  
Cheating customs in a speedboat When they come in from far away  
Oh they never can stay  
They fly away to other skies  
With the sun in their eyes Make their entrance two by two  
Bringing us a thought that's so new  
Whistling secret tunes  
And smuggling through their precious smile  
Breaking customs for a short while

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>