

Robert's got a hand
He'll look around the room, but won't you his plan
He's got a rolled cigarette
Hanging out his mouth, he's a kid, yeah
He found a six-shooter gun
In his dad's closet, and with a of fun things
I don't even know.....
But he's coming for you, yeah, he's coming for you
All the kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run outrun my gun
All the kids with the pumped up kicks
You better run, better run than my bullet

Daddy works a day
He'd be coming home late, yeah, he's coming home late
And he's bringing me a
'Cause dinner's in the, and it's packed in ice
I've waited for a time
Yeah, the sleight of my hand is now a quick pull trigger
I reason with my
Then say, "Your hair's on fire, you must have lost your wits, yeah"