

# Runnin' Outta Luck

Alex Cameron

There's a light in your hair, an apocalyptic glare  
We're in love again, we're in love again  
And it looks just like a comet, fire coming from it  
Oh baby, let's just sit back and stare  
We're in love again, we're in love again  
And I can't stop thinking 'bout it  
My favorite kind of fever  
When you tell me not to doubt it, I tell you I believe you

I'm a man on a mission, you're a stripper out of luck  
And we're good in the back seat but we're better up front  
And there's blood on my knuckles 'cause there's money in the trunk  
Keep running out of luck, keep running out of luck

Now there's cash on a stage, doesn't matter what they paid  
We're in love again, we're in love again  
So please don't stand around me  
When she starts her dancing  
I'm feeling like I might catch a case  
We're in love again, I said we're in love again  
And I can't stop thinking 'bout it  
She's probably gonna leave you  
But she tells me not to doubt it  
And I'm starting to believe her  
Understand

I'm a man on a mission, you're a stripper out of luck  
And we're good in the back seat but we're better up front  
And there's blood on my knuckles 'cause there's money in the trunk  
Keep running out of luck, keep running out of luck

In a neon boneyard, raised from the dead  
We'll bet on forever but we both know the spread  
And the smoke from your fire's going straight to my head  
So keep running out of luck, keep running out of luck

Where you been?  
I been in the smoke  
Oh oh, oh

I'm a man on a mission, you're a stripper out of luck  
And we're good in the back seat but we're better up front  
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Keep running out of luck, keep running out of luck

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So keep running out of luck, keep running out of...

Keep running out of luck