

# Run That Reaper Down

What's your hurry, where are you bound?  
You want to run that reaper down.  
What's your hurry, where are you bound?  
You want to run that reaper down.

You think you feel him dogging your heels  
Hot breath right behind  
When you get there, what do you know?  
He was waiting at the finish line ...  
You want to run that reaper down.

You got a modem, a cellular phone  
You got a pager and a fax machine  
You're so connected, you're never alone  
You've got friends you've never seen.

You're so good at getting it done  
That your workday never ends  
You're so busy saving time  
You've got no time left to spend ...  
You want to run that reaper down.

You got your ticket, and welcome aboard  
It's the Devil's own treadmill  
You try and beat it, the faster you run  
The thing goes faster still.

You keep it turning, and every day  
You push it just a little more  
Before you know it, you're risking your life  
Driving to the grocery store ...  
You want to run that reaper down.

So what's your hurry, where are you bound?  
You want to run that reaper down.  
What's your hurry, where are you bound?  
You want to run that reaper down.

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Hot breath right behind  
When you get there, what do you know?  
He was waiting at the finish line ...  
You want to run that reaper down.