

# Running Man

Al Stewart

Before the phone hits the receiver  
You're halfway to the door  
The voice said 'get out while you can,  
There's just ten minutes, nothing more'  
Time only for the essentials  
Better gather them and run  
The false name inside the passport,  
The gold bars and the gun  
And once again they've come out of the past  
And though your mind is cool your heart is beating fast  
You've been through it all before  
Each time you wish a little more that you could ask

What do you want from me?  
What do you need from me?  
There's no rest for the running man  
Why can't you let him be?'

It's a long and twisting journey  
From the sweeping northern plains  
To the outcrops of the jungle  
Bowed beneath the tropic rains  
In the customs hall the officer  
Takes you to one side  
And his eyes reveal no feeling  
As you hand over the bribe  
And once again you've bought a little time  
And once again you're fading out of sight  
Still the fox is growing older  
As he calls over his shoulder to the night:

What do you want from me?  
What do you need from me?  
There's no rest for the running man  
Why can't you let him be?

Here, come over here  
Beneath a sympathetic moon  
We'll sit and talk over old times without a fear  
Another beer, from the cafes of the night  
The tumbling rhythms of guitars ring loud and clear

One by one they've nailed the others  
But you always got away  
What it is that keeps you just that step ahead  
No one can say  
In one last raid the agents  
Of the dawn break down the door  
Of a house where you were standing  
Maybe just an hour before  
And still the thread continues to unwind  
You take the hidden roads that only you can find  
And should they come upon your tracks  
There's just a question hanging back you left behind

What do you want from me?  
What do you need from me?

No rest for the running man  
Why can't you let him be?

What do you want from me?  
What do you need from me?