

# Run, Diana Run

Don McLean

Run Diana run  
Think they're getting nearer  
Run Diana run  
They're in the rearview mirror  
Run Diana run  
Don't it make you frantic  
Run Diana run  
They're crossing the Atlantic

Oh well there once was a princess  
Who lived a fairy tale  
Her love was very strong  
Her heart was very frail

The camera really loved her  
Oh she always caused a stir!  
She dressed in silks and silver  
Which looked quite good on her  
I said she dressed in silks and silver  
Which looked quite good on her

The camera shot her every day  
In fact it shot her dead  
They never really touched her  
Just took her soul instead

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The lens is in focus  
The flash is really hot  
Man, they swarm around like locusts  
Just to get a better shot  
She's such a public figure  
I'll bet they just can't get enough  
The princess has it easy  
The readers have it tough!  
I say the princess has it easy  
The readers have it tough

They like to feed on fantasy  
Like lions feed on meat  
They like to shoot her every day  
And bring her home to eat

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Photographers can kill you  
The camera is their gun  
They shoot their victim down  
And then they start to run  
It's just assassination  
With aperture and flash  
But it feeds a voyeur nation  
On royalty for cash!  
I said it feeds a voyeur nation  
On royalty for cash!

The princess never found herself  
Except on tabloid pages  
You can be killed at certain times  
By photographic rages

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