

Runaway

Imperial Teen

No need to talk it out
Around the walkabout
It takes your breath away
Takes it so far away

Nowhere we have to be
One for the company
Oh look, a runaway
A Roman holiday

We could trade places A B C
Cover the bases 1 2 3
I could be you and you'd be me
Go in, go out, go in, go out - yeah

Set the alarm for Fri, Sat, Sun
Beating the countdown, jump the gun
Paradise lost and look who won
Go in, go out, go in, go out - yeah

The bastard of the brood
Living in solitude
They threw it all away
And took a holiday

You ask so pretty please
To get ahead of me
Oh yes, oh probably
So much for subtlety
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If I had it my way, my way again
It would come in a spray
Make tomorrow today, today again
Make tomorrow today

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