

Fugitive

Lucky Dube

I've been sitting here for many days now
They've been looking for me for many days too
From where I'm sitting
I can see their angry faces
It's only a matter of time
They'll be on to me
The sirens, helicopters and tings
The bloodhounds are on my tail, Oh God
Just in minutes
They'll be tearing me apart
If I don't do now
What I've been doing all my life
I'll be running... all my life

I'm the running man
The fugitive

Seeking political asylum is not easy down here/FONT>
My father had friends in high places
And in low places too
Everytime we asked him to stop running
We would say
"Leave all to me, I'll make it right"
Today he's gone, I'm still running
Coyotes and vultures closing in on me
I take it a warning
I'll be running
I'll be running
'Cause I can