

# Runnin' For Cover

Prism

Malibu... a ribbon of paradise  
A bird on a board, unaware of the world outside  
But his heaven on earth, is shattered by violent times  
His beach is no longer secure, there's freedom in flight

(We're just) Runnin' for Cover... Runnin' for Cover... Runnin'  
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Australia, on her beach at Bondai  
A bird on a board, in search of a rising tide

Escape on a radical wave, the ultimate ride  
Fate has him destined to be the last surfer alive

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