

Run

Seth Sentry

I used to think that the whole town was against us
Punching through hedges and jumping over fences
A couple cops on our tails, sweating and getting breathless
Yelling out threats to us, "You little fuckers, we'll get yas!"
Man, just for skating some ledges
And plus we used to rack a bunch of stuff in '98
Jackets with a hundred pockets full of chocolates
Looking like a human piñata stumbled out of the IGA
Grew up by the beach, face-planting on skate ramps
And laughing at tourists using spray-cans
Of fake tan as if they hate sand
Just a bunch of vague little vagrants in a cultural wasteland
With a bono tucked in my waist-band (It's not mine!)

And those cops are still chasing us
Eight of us laughing while they fell further behind
Kinda dangerous when you got a schoolbag of paraphernalia
And a good behaviour bond, so motherfucker, the chase is on

I'm sorry but it's not my fault
There's something inside me that I can't let go
No, I just can't let go (Go, go, go, go)

But you don't know, don't know
And I just wanna run (Run, run, run)
But you don't know, don't know
I just wanna run

So last night I found a job site
That had enough ply to make a half-pipe
So while the tradesmen were starting bar fights
And smashing glass pints
We were climbing barbed-wire fences under floodlights
Hey man, I wonder if that dog bites?
I bet your brand new pants that it just might
Yo, fuck the ramp, let's steal another slab of Hahn Ice
So I'll go around the back while you distract the bottle-shop guy
Warm weather meant sweet waves and beach babes
In winter, everything changed, so we became creative
Teenagers pouring bong water through a tea strainer
Seemed a waste to roll the week's wages into three papers
And we seem baked even without the weed vapours
Like the breeze changes we were blazing
And just freeze-framed us street skaters
Cliché dreams of maybe being famous
Knees grazed 'cause all the streets are paved with fucking cheese-graters

It's been so long since the police chased us
Feel like going out and doing something that seems dangerous
I miss doing the wrong thing and giving false names
When the cops came and drew bats like Bob Kane

I'm sorry but it's not my fault
There's something inside me that I can't let go
No, I just can't let go (Go, go, go, go)

But you don't know, don't know

And I just wanna run (Run, run, run)

But you don't know

No you don't, don't, don't

I'm still there in the back of my head

Little kid telling you to shut up, shut up

I'm still there in the back of my head

Hear the (Woop! Woop!) gotta run on (Run on)

I'm still there in the back of my head

Little kid telling you to shut up, shut up

I'm still there in the back of my head

Hear the (woop! woop!) gotta run on (Run on)

I used to think that the whole town was against us

On second thoughts, maybe we were just against the town (Oh wow)

An environment that was pretty good for a childhood

And retirement providing that silence you get the fuck out

There's a bunch of Frankensteins up on the Frankston line (It's Frankenstein's monster)

Dead folks scratching their neck-bolts

It's not their fault 'cause they were just never given chances

Zombies in button-up Fila pants doing the "Thriller" dance

It's been a long time since Frankston was on a postcard

Most of the kids I know from the Peninsula stayed

But if you don't have a trade then everything is just so hard

Your last words are "Rosebud", like Citizen Kane (Nice reference!)

Man, it all feels like it was yesterday

I miss doing dumb shit and tryna get away

So when you see me running from the cops and getting tased

I ain't crying, I'm smiling through a face full of pepper spray

I'm sorry but it's not my fault

Something inside me that I can't let go

No, I just can't let go

I'm still there in the back of my head

Little kid telling you to shut up, shut up (I just wanna run)

I'm still there in the back of my head

Hear the (woop! woop!) gotta run on

And I just wanna run