

Breakaway

The Cars

The loud mornin' in the small town cries
You gotta get away
And someone's throwin' in the prize
They don't want to stay
The streets are quiet like the stars
Moonlight puts on a chill
You gotta get yourself outta here
You always do ha

Oh black rider feels alright
Oh persian dreams china white
Where you gonna go tonight

You gotta breakaway
Well you gotta breakaway

Uh people move between themselves
Without on purpose touching
Always nearly dark and frantic
In the corner people clutching
The dance-o-rama it burns
Hiding screams of passion
The nightwatch city it melts away
Oh keepin' up with fashion

Oh black rider feels alright
Oh persian dreams china white
Oo, where you gonna stay tonight

You gotta breakaway
You gotta breakaway

Oh black rider feels alright
Come on chase the dragon
Time is tight
Time is tight

You gotta breakaway
Breakaway
Oh time is tight
Yeah
Time is so tight

You gotta breakaway
You gotta breakaway