

Running Away

The Rumble Strips

There's a lot of teardrops falling,
There's a lot of bus stops calling,
Telling me that I could run away.

But all I've got is heartache, honey,
And all I've got is brown money,
So I ain't going no place far today.

But then again
I've got two feet
And although my legs
Ain't got much meat
I know
They'll sure as hell go
Where I say.

So I'll scrap it all on my running shoes,
Bypassing those bus-ride blues.
Times got hard, so I'm running away.

Petrol fumes in my face
I love that taste
Tastes like freedom

Run run run running away
Run run running away
Run run running away