

# Run Rudy Run Redux

The Toasters

Off into the orient on the road towards the heat  
With Mr. Vinyl turning on the road towards the east  
Straight ways don't run sideways running off towards the  
sun  
You hear nothing from your logic clock

Run Rudy run  
Run Rudy run  
Run Rudy run  
Run Rudy run

Hit the inner city before the main man hits the town  
Spent our cash on looking flash and heavy job job sound  
The clubs have turned their banters on the drunken  
lawless crowd  
You hear nothing from your logic clock

Juvenile delinquents given sentences of gold  
We push for radio city reach our drat and nasty goal  
Cups are gettin' empty the boys are getting old  
You hear nothing from your logic clock

Silence in the city on the night before the crash  
The cops have sold their ? in the diamond ? bash  
The clubs have turned their goon squad on the drunken  
struggling mass  
Nothing from your logic clock