

## Making Tracks

**Tygers of Pan Tang**

I've been a bad boy,  
I've been outside the law.  
I've been cheating,  
Evened up a score.

Gotta make tracks, gotta go.  
Gotta move on, gotta run.  
Gotta make tracks, gotta go.  
Gotta move on, gotta keep low

I've learned my lesson  
I cannot win in this town  
I've been messin'  
With things out of bounds.

She was his pride and joy  
I was too blind to see  
She was my toy  
Now they're after me