

Runaway

Adolescents

Hello?
Is my daughter there?
She's 15 years old
Blue eyes, blonde hair
She's been away from home 'bout two or three day
To locate Rikk Agnew in California

Write a letter to me on a random chance of receiving some reply
You get one, suddenly it's and insta-
romance, but you're a stranger in my eyes
Pull your rotting roots and proceed to bail on a journey guaranteed
Did ya' ever stop to think I could go to jail for your adolescent need?

Runaway, why don't you stay
Back where you belong
Feel ya' gotta run, feel ya' gotta play
But you're really much too young
I understand your impulsiveness
I've been there once before
But you're so blind to the fucking mess
That your loved one's can't ignore

Calls from worried mom, detectives, and your aunt
I don't really have the time
An innocent exchange of petty postal lust
Could turn into a nasty crime
So pull a U-Y, Louie, don't come my way
There's no place like home
No need to run, no reason to fly
But you still have to go, you still have to roam

I don't know your reasons
I don't know your rhymes
I don't have the patience
And I don't have the time
You make me see red
You make me feel black
Don't ever get near me
Don't ever come back
I know what you're doing
It's somewhere I've been
I've seen it all happen
Again & again
I'm gonna say it once
And I'll make it clear
Go home! Do ya' hear me?
Get the hell out of here!

Runaway, runaway, runaway...