

Runaway

Empires

Freedom gave
You too much time to go and misbehave
You are no longer anybody's slave
You're free young runaway
You got them holey feet
Two pin cushions, you think you're. so discreet
You're sick of sticking with the alley creeps
Now you're sticking with me

You say you're broken down
Beg me to help you out
Heart like a megaphone
I ain't your telephone
Why don't you go on home
Why don't you go on home
Why don't you go on home
The truth is I'm a runaway
I'm running from the modern day
The truth is that your paradise
Ain't my paradise

Your eyes I love
But I don't think they shine enough
I really wish that they would lighten up
Instead of looking all fussed
Beg me to break it down
You got a nervous sound
Heart like a megaphone
You're scared to be alone
Why don't you go on home

Run back to your mother
She will save you
She will be your lover
No more misbehavior
And I'll be your savior
Run back to your mother
She will save you
She will be your lover
No more misbehavior
I will be your savior

Heart like a megaphone