

Running Man

Al Stewart

Before the phone hits the receiver
You're halfway to the door
The voice said 'get out while you can,
There's just ten minutes, nothing more'
Time only for the essentials
Better gather them and run
The false name inside the passport,
The gold bars and the gun
And once again they've come out of the past
And though your mind is cool your heart is beating fast
You've been through it all before
Each time you wish a little more that you could ask

What do you want from me?
What do you need from me?
There's no rest for the running man
Why can't you let him be?'

It's a long and twisting journey
From the sweeping northern plains
To the outcrops of the jungle
Bowed beneath the tropic rains
In the customs hall the officer
Takes you to one side
And his eyes reveal no feeling
As you hand over the bribe
And once again you've bought a little time
And once again you're fading out of sight
Still the fox is growing older
As he calls over his shoulder to the night:

What do you want from me?
What do you need from me?
There's no rest for the running man
Why can't you let him be?

Here, come over here
Beneath a sympathetic moon
We'll sit and talk over old times without a fear
Another beer, from the cafes of the night
The tumbling rhythms of guitars ring loud and clear

One by one they've nailed the others
But you always got away
What it is that keeps you just that step ahead
No one can say
In one last raid the agents
Of the dawn break down the door
Of a house where you were standing
Maybe just an hour before
And still the thread continues to unwind
You take the hidden roads that only you can find
And should they come upon your tracks
There's just a question hanging back you left behind

What do you want from me?
What do you need from me?

No rest for the running man
Why can't you let him be?

What do you want from me?
What do you need from me?