

Running Free

Buzzcocks

Here in suburbia
There's nothing left to see
Just want to spend my time running free

I've had enough of the day job
I can see farther than that
Just want to spend my time running free

The air of tension still is rising higher
Screaming emotions are singing to you
(No no no time no no no time)
(No no no time no no no time)

Here in the engine room
A pulse shouts for a word
Just want to spend my time running free

I'll pull out condition
There's no need to face facts
Just want to spend my time running free

You better make a move before sleeping gets you
You better shape soon before the weak things make you
(No no no time no no no time)
(No no no time no no no time)

Here in proles' paradise
Experiments on the weak
Just want to spend my time running free

It's a trick of the torment
You tend to forget yourself
Just want to spend my time running free

Your conscience may be changed as the plan gets harder
It's just been rearranged to keep the strata
(No no no time no no no time)
(No no no time no no no time)

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