

# Runaway

Chris Rea

Sitting at the crossways  
Trying to keep my cool with the traffic lights  
I've been up and down this line so any times  
Girl, it's never right  
Me and this machine keep the crazy urban dream  
Locked in overflow  
Sometimes I swear I could spin these old wheels  
Just let it go

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Is it something that you hear  
Coming through the waves on the radio  
Or something that you see gently taps your memory  
And shoots you down  
Those hometown thoughts, school yard dreams and yesterdays  
Moving in I just put my head down and drift away  
And we're moving up and down, in and out of town  
We're all searching for that piece of higher ground somewhere

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