

Run, Diana Run

Don McLean

Run Diana run
Think they're getting nearer
Run Diana run
They're in the rearview mirror
Run Diana run
Don't it make you frantic
Run Diana run
They're crossing the Atlantic

Oh well there once was a princess
Who lived a fairy tale
Her love was very strong
Her heart was very frail

The camera really loved her
Oh she always caused a stir!
She dressed in silks and silver
Which looked quite good on her
I said she dressed in silks and silver
Which looked quite good on her

The camera shot her every day
In fact it shot her dead
They never really touched her
Just took her soul instead

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The lens is in focus
The flash is really hot
Man, they swarm around like locusts
Just to get a better shot
She's such a public figure
I'll bet they just can't get enough
The princess has it easy
The readers have it tough!
I say the princess has it easy
The readers have it tough

They like to feed on fantasy
Like lions feed on meat
They like to shoot her every day
And bring her home to eat

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Photographers can kill you
The camera is their gun
They shoot their victim down
And then they start to run
It's just assassination
With aperture and flash
But it feeds a voyeur nation
On royalty for cash!
I said it feeds a voyeur nation
On royalty for cash!

The princess never found herself
Except on tabloid pages
You can be killed at certain times
By photographic rages

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