

Runaround on the Underground

Erasure

I'm waiting at the bus stop
For a double decker ride
Supermarket checkout boy
Finds his way inside
A shady looking character
His beady eyes on me
I slip into a window seat
And then pretend to read

It's so wild
It's a wild
Wild, wild world
(The hardest thing is holding on)
(Holding on and take the strain)
They're coming at me
At angles that I never knew existed
They ain't gonna get me
I'm building up my colors of resistance
It's a runaround on the underground

A cybernetic shopper
With a slight sadistic grin
Pulls a zipper on her sleeping bag
Shuts herself within
A triple quilted chrysalis
Waiting for the sales
A bargain basement butterfly
Going off the rails

It's so wild
It's a wild
Wild, wild world
(The hardest thing is holding on)
(Holding on and take the strain)
They're coming at me
At angles that I never knew existed
They ain't gonna get me
I'm building up my colors of resistance

It's so wild
It's so wild
Wild, wild world
(The hardest thing is holding on)
(Holding on and take the strain)
(Take the strain)
They're coming at me
At angles that I never knew existed
They ain't gonna get me
I'm building up my colors of resistance
(The hardest thing is holding on)
(Holding on and take the strain)

They're coming at me
At angles that I never knew existed
But they ain't gonna get me
I'm building up my colors of resistance
(The hardest thing is holding on)

(Holding on and take the strain)

They're coming at me
At angles that I never knew existed (Woah)
But they ain't gonna get me
I'm building up my colors of resistance