

# Run Like Hell

Roger Waters

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run  
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run

You better make your face up in  
Your favorite disguise  
With your button down lips and your  
Roller blind eyes  
With your empty smile  
And your hungry heart  
Feel the bile rising from your guilty past  
With your nerves in tatters  
When the cockleshell shatters  
And the hammers batter  
Down the door  
You'd better run

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You better run all day  
And run all night  
Keep your dirty feelings  
Deep inside  
And if you're taking your girlfriend  
Out tonight  
You'd better park the car  
Well out of sight  
Cause if they catch you in the back seat  
Trying to pick her locks  
They're gonna send you back to mother  
In a cardboard box  
You better run

"Hey, open up! HaHaHaHaHaaaaaaaaaa