

Help Me Run Away

St. Lucia

It's an affliction, maybe a lie
Like science fiction or a third eye
You've got me covered? I need some gas
When we go driving, I'll be driving you fast now
Thought I was living, living undercover
Now I'm a child, child without a mother
Who was a stranger to the American way
But now I'm fully acquainted so
You gotta help me run away

Help me run away, help me run away
Help me run away, help me run away
Help me run away, help me run away
Help me run away from these voices in my head
I said help me run away, help me run away
Help me run away, help me run away
Help me run away, help me run away
Help me run away from these voices in my head

America
Pulled me out of the shadow
Pushed me up against tomorrow
Dressed me up in your sorrow
And I don't want to ruin your paradise
Screaming through your tunnels in the dead of night
Driving around and around and around
You gotta help me run away

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[illegible]

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