

Gotta Getaway

Stiff Little Fingers

Gotta gotta getaway, gotta gotta getaway

You know there ain't no street like home
To make you feel so all alone
Plenty of folk to tell you what to do
But they don't speak the same language as you

R:

They wanna have me here
Have me and hold me near
Hold me down fasten and tie
But the cars are all flashing me
Bright lights are passing me
I feel life passing me by

The fuss is buzzing in my head
My father argued and my mother begged
It's not their words ain't tugging at me
But gotta stretch them break them get myself free

R:

Gotta gotta getaway, gotta gotta getaway
I'm leaving home