

## Get Up And Run

Terence Trent D'Arby

B-Baby, put your clothes on and run...  
You better hide before your momma finds you  
And listen to me...  
B-Baby, can't you see that I am stung  
And didn't she tell ya that I was, yeah...  
Low down and mean.  
Baby, I guess - I brushed off the rules in my life  
I was born outside a stonewall jethouse  
And thrown back to the sea  
Baby, I've got to eat my steak raw...  
I'm only here to make a living  
I don't need your sympathy

Oh, get up and run...  
Better hide yourself  
From the man they call  
'The Devil With A Gun'  
Get up and run  
Can't see you fall into the hands  
Of the Public Enemy Number One

B-Baby, watch out  
I won't do you no harm  
I just need a little loving  
Some two-time company  
Baby, you've got your good looking charm  
Just keep me satisfied with your...  
Two-faced ecstasy

Oh, get up and run...  
Better hide yourself  
From the man they call  
'The Devil With A Gun'  
Get up and run  
Can't see you fall into the hands  
Of the Public Enemy Number One

Baby, you tried  
To hold me much too long  
I don't want no conversation  
I'm a simpleton - feel and do  
Baby, I guess you treated me wrong  
I'm a wildcat - you're a tiger  
But I wear my Devil shoes

Baby, get up  
And put them old red jeans on  
But be here before the night starts turning  
Back into the day  
Baby, why don't you get up and run  
If you listen very closely...  
I can hear your momma say

Oh, get up and run...  
You better hide yourself  
From the man they call  
'The Devil With A Gun'

Get up and run  
Can't see you fall into the hands  
Of the Public Enemy Number One  
Aahhh...