

Run Down

The Saints

You are just like a magazine
front cover stuff
you're a scream
posed in such a careful way
there is nothing you can't do
you think you have seen it all
got pictures habging on your wall
fame is nothing new to you
but the good old days are through
You're rundown now out of time
don't want to hear the same old line
c'mon now my little friend
don't you know now that this is the end
Call up the chaueffer & the hire car
down the west end to your favorite bar
talk is going to save you life
before the pills can go too far
You're lost in a masquerade
old girls live on they never fade
fame is nothing new to you
but the good old days are through.
You're rundown etc etc...
Call up you managers & your friends
no one wants to see you
but they pretend
You're such a star
& we all live for you
Night time can't bear to be alone
so find yourself a crowd until the dawn
fame is nothing new for you
but the good old days are through
You're rundown etc etc...