

## 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...