Run Down

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...

The Saints