

## Running Away

The Saints

On the train back to Paris it was raining in the  
carriage  
I was talking to the window it was ignoring me  
the ageing seargent major drinking whisky from brown  
paper  
terrorized the tourists who thought they were on TV  
this drunken son of empire threw up in the corner  
accosted everyone in sight all through the noisy night  
& they were all running away from home  
I'd done a runner from the asylum  
hitched a ride with the matron  
began selling cardboard cutouts of my own disease  
I'd no respect for the institution  
I wasn't seeking absolution  
there was talk of a revolution  
but I missed the wheels going round  
& as the rich get richer  
the ditches that you're digging  
are no deeper than the ditch  
you get eventually...  
& we were all running away from home  
They was a crowd at the station  
like a carnival of thieves  
the cripples & the gypsies wre begging on their knees  
ignored & abandoned I could not find relief  
I couldn't listen to their speeches  
I wasn't standing on my own two feet...  
I lost the plot in the graveyard  
drank some wine on the boulevard  
began talking in an american accent  
to see if they could undersdtand me  
three college girls on vacation  
seemed to adore the masturbation  
of the sycophantic sophomore  
I was pretending to be  
meanwhile back in the asylum  
with Joesephine & Napoleon  
I was just about to speak  
when she made it quite clear  
That we were all running away from home.....