(Words Willcox / Music Darlow) Praying to the silent man A new day dawns Behind acetylene tanks A dog's lament Wakes the new age But falls in splintered fragments Around his cage Like everyone said there'd be So much more to nineteen eighty-four Rebel run Don't shoot your gun Rebel run Run run run Now get down And stay down You've gotta learn To kiss the ground You see a city Well watch it fall We're the hobos Of planet patrol Lean machines Colliding Out of control Rebel run Don't shoot your gun Rebel run Run run run Now get down And stay down You've gotta learn To kiss the ground You've gotta get away You've gotta get away Rebel You've gotta get away You've gotta stay away... It's just a power game It's just a power game Rebel You've gotta get away You've gotta stay away