

Cut and Run

Ultravox

See the man on the phone with a gun in his hand
Sipping courage from a crystal cup
He's a man in the wrong with a gun at his head
Pushes on and now it's time to cut and run

Time, passing so slowly
Still, as he sits and he watches the sand slip through his hand
s
He demands something more, something strong
Something savage and pure
One more twist of the knife and it's time to cut and run

See the man on the phone with a gun in his hand
Sipping courage from a crystal cup
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He smiles, as he draws on his last cigarette
And he tries to forget all that forces every move
He commands something new, something strong
Something spiteful and true
One more twist of the knife and it's time to cut and run

Cries on his tape so they might understand
Signs his farewell with a squeeze of his hand

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