Runaway Return

Fugazi

Out of the ashtray, into the ashtray
Out of the ashtray
Out of the ashtray, into the ashtray
Out of the ashtray
There's nothing living, there's nothing given
Weekender's vision turns to working shoes
There's nothing living, there's nothing given
Weekender gives in, puts on his working suit
There's nothing waiting, there's nothing imminent
Nothing forgiven for your young idea
There's nothing waiting, there's nothing imminent
Nobody seems surprised
The runaway returns
Home, son, doing, gone
Near your childish idea
Welcome home, misplaced son
Guess what we were doing while you were gone?
Cocktail party's in gear, and we're glad that you're here, yeah
Why don't you sit down?
Out of the ashtray, into the ashtray
Out of the ashtray, into the family car
Out of the ashtray, into the ashtray
Out of the ashtray, into the family's arms
There's nothing waiting, there's nothing imminent
Nothing forgiven to your young idea
There's nothing waiting, there's nothing imminent
So sad, you've been misused
The runaway returns
Home, son, doing, gone
Near your childish idea
Welcome home, misplaced son
Party's in gear, so guess you're glad that you're here, yeah
Why don't you sit down?
Welcome back
Out of the ashtray, into the ashtray
Out of the ashtray
Out of the ashtray, into the ashtray
Out of the ashtray

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