Run Like Hell

The Bryan J.White Trio

Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, RunYou better make your face up in
Your favorite disguise
With your button down lips and your
Roller blind eyes
With your empty smile
And your hungry heart
Feel the bile rising from your guilty past
With your nerves in tatters
When the cockleshell shatters
And the hammers batter
Down the door
You'd better runRun, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, RunYou better run all day
And run all night
Keep your dirty feelings
Deep inside
And if you're taking your girlfriend
Out tonight
You'd better park the car
Well out of sight
Cause if they catch you in the back seat
Trying to pick her locks
They're gonna send you back to mother
In a cardboard box
You better run"Hey, open up! HaHaHaHaHaaaaaaaaaa

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