

No Place to Run (Live Chicago 1981)

UFO

Joey rides the subway
Fast from East to West
On the street he's number one
Some say that he's the bestGot something going on
In a honky tonk down town
He is expected
Word has got aroundThe other side of midnight
Or in the combat zone
Meeting no resistance
Joe stands alone[Incomprehensible] prowling
Out into the night
There's someone else out there
And they're looking for a fightBetween the rain soaked buildings
A distant whistle blows
Fate lies in waiting
It's hand, it never showsHeart beating like a drum
Out in this wasteland
And there's no place, baby, for us to run
Jungle landJungle land, jungle land
Jungle land, jungle landUnder the railway arches
Someone calls his name
Streams out the words
"Come on, boy, this ain't no game"One flash of bright, cold steel
In a stranger's hand
Kids dance away like shadows
There's no one to commandJoey's got his name
Pained on the walls
On the side of buses
Subways and tenement hallsHeart beating like a drum
Out in this wasteland
And there's no place, baby, for us to run
Jungle landJungle land, jungle land
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Songwriters

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