

Running Man

Al Stewart

Before the phone hits the receiver
you're halfway to the door
the voice said "get out while you can,
theres just 10 minutes, nothing more"
Time for only the essentials, better gather them and run
The false name inside the passport, the gold bars and the gun.
And once again they've come out of the past
and though your mind is cool, your heart's beating fast
You've been through it all before
each time you wish a little more than you can ask."what do you want from me?
What do you need from me?
There's no rest for the running man
Why can't you let him be?"Its a long and twisting journey, from the sweeping northern plains,
to the outcrops of the jungle bowed beneath the tropic rains
In the customs hall the officer takes you to one side
and his eyes reveal no feeling as you hand over the bribe
And once again you've bought a little time
And once again you're fading out of sight
Still the fox is growing older, as he calls over your shoulder to the
nightHere, come over here..beneath a sympathetic moon
we'll sit and talk over old times without a fear
another beer, from the cafes of the night
the tumbling rhythms of guitars ring loud and clearOne by one they've nailed the others, but you always got
away
What it is that keeps you just that step ahead, no one can say
in one last raid the agents of the dawn break down the door
of a house where you were standing maybe just an hour before
and still the thread continues to unwind
you take the hidden roads that only you can find
and should they come upon your tracks
theres just a question hanging back you left behind"what do you want from me? What do you need from me?"

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