

# Running White Face City Boy

[Gillan](#)

I was running through an empty street  
Turn the corner I could feel the heat  
I wore the look of a white face city boy  
Knew a knife was the only way  
For a kid living day to day  
Who cares for a white face city boy Raised in a hard town  
Nobody pushes me around  
I got trouble now I'm on the run  
Running, white face, city boy I was running through an empty night  
Just the sound of a lovers' fight  
And the feeling of the wind upon my face  
I was looking for a place to hide  
Scared and my eyes were wide  
No place for a white face city boy  
Live like a wild thing  
You can't tell me anything  
I got trouble now I'm on the run  
Running, white face, city boy  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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