

Billy Is a Runaway

Iggy Pop

Billy was a bird dog
He pulled up in a Bonneville
I went to see my manager
He usually handles these things Billy pulled his wallet
Full of hundred dollar bills
Took me for a joyride
Talkin' 'bout the stereo
Drivin' in the left lane
I'm thinkin' 'bout my burial We pulled into the liquor store
And he was underage
And all he said to me was
"Put your money away" 'Cause Billy is a runaway Billy's got a family
Gonna skin him alive
His dope dealing sister
Wants him to join the enterprise I leave him at the motel
They talk it all over
Sister's got a baby now
And Billy hardly knows her Well, I'm a friendly kinda guy
And I had to have him over
I gave him a drink, what do you think
His hands start shakin'
His boots start quakin' Billy is a runaway
Billy is a runaway
Billy is a runaway
Billy is a runaway
Runaway, runaway, runaway His hands start shakin'
His boots start quakin'
Runaway, baby Billy is a runaway
Billy is a runaway

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