Cut and Run

Ultravox

[Chorus:]
See the man on the 'phone,
With a gun in his hand,
Sipping courage from a crystal cup.
He's a man in the wrong,
With a gun at his head,
Pushes on and now it's time to cut and run.
Time, passing so slowly.
Still, as he sits and he watches the sand slip through his hands.
He demands something more,
Something strong,
Something savage and pure.
One more twist of the knife and it's time to cut and run.
(Chorus)
He smiles, as he draws on his last cigarette,
And he tries to forget all that forces every move.
He commands something new,
Something strong,
Something spiteful and true.
One more twist of the knife and it's time to cut and run.
Cries on his tape so they might understand.
Signs his farewell with a squeeze of his hand.
(Chorus - Repeat 4 times and fade)

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