Running Free

Buzzcocks

Here in suburbia
There's nothing left to see
Just wanna spend my time running freeI've had enough of the day job
I can see farther than that
Just wanna spend my time running freeThe air of tension still is rising higher
Screaming emotions are singing to you
No, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no timeHere in the engine room
A pulse shouts for a word
Just wanna spend my time running freeI'll pull out condition
There's no need to face facts
Just wanna spend my time running freeYou better make a move before sleeping gets you
You better shape soon before the weak things make you
No, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no timeHere in Prole's Paradise
Experiments on the weak
Just wanna spend my time running freeIt's a trick of the torment
You tend to forget yourself
Just wanna spend my time running freeYour conscience may be changed as the plan gets harder
It's just been rearranged to keep the strata
No, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no timeYour conscience may be changed as the plan gets harder
It's just been rearranged to keep the strata
No, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no timeNo, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no time

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