

# 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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