

Run Like Hell

Pink Floyd

Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run.
You better make your face up in
Your favorite disguise.
With your button down lips and your
Roller blind eyes.
With your empty smile
And your hungry heart.
Feel the bile rising from your guilty past.
With your nerves in tatters
When the conch shell shatters
And the hammers batter
Down your door.
You'd better run. Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run,
Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run.
You better run all day
And run all night.
Keep your dirty feelings
Deep inside.
And if you're taking your girlfriend
Out tonight
You'd better park the car
Well out of sight.
'Cause if they catch you in the back seat
Trying to pick her locks,
They're gonna send you back to mother
In a cardboard box.
You better run. "Hey, open up!"
"Hammer, hammer"

Lyrics provided by

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