

Run Like a Villain

Iggy Pop

Big Dick is a thumbs-up guy
He shot a missile in the sky
It functioned just as advertised
Until the fire made him cry
Look into it later When the dust is clearing off the crater
Run like a villain, let the good times roll
Run like a villain to the sugar bowl
Run like a villain 'cause you can't adjust
To a saccharine suburb in the mush I've got some lovin' arms around me
Darker than the tombs of Egypt
Dumber than the crudest fiction
Buried in a melting coffin
Nights like this appeal to me Tracy got an Afghan pedigree
Prescription shades and designer jeans
A Sony Walkman on her head
All she wants is to be fed Run, run, run 'cause you're soft
Run, run but don't get lost
The shining moon, the dead oak tree
Nights like this appeal to me
I've got some lovin' arms around me The shining moon, the dead oak tree
Nights like this appeal to me
I've got some lovin' arms around me
Trying to steal a moment of pleasantry
In this zombie birdhouse Run, run, run, run like a villain
Let the good times roll
Run like a villain to save your soul
It can't be done, I already know
So I run like a villain to the sugar bowl 'Cause who you are nobody knows
Who you are nobody knows you
Rings on your fingers
And bells on your toes

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