

Running on Empty

Polly

Friday night eyes on Monday morning,
The world is blurred, your hazy words are slurred
Bright lights, big tune
Boy I love the way you move,
I know you're gonna give me everything you got, yeah One, two, brogue shoes
Tell me whatchya gonna do
When they find you in the disco?
Three, four, Ivoesure
Who you taking down with you? And I'd give the world to you
You mean nothing if not everything to me, yeah
And I'll keep you running, running
I'll keep you running
Running on empty Left some of your sparkle in the middle of the dancefloor,
But looks don't mean a thing
When your head is in your hands
Bright lights, big tune
Boy I love the way you move
I know this time you'll give me everything you got, yeah One, two, brogue shoes
Tell me whatchya gonna do
When they find you in the disco?
Three, four, Ivoesure
Who you taking down with you? And I'd give the world to you
You mean nothing if not everything to me, yeah
And I'll keep you running, running
I'll keep you running
Running on empty

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