Runaway

I thought I had been every place a man could be,
'Till I met a lady who brought me to my knees.
The day I stop loving is the day that I die,
But now I'm running from her game 'cause that lady is a lie.

I've got a choice – I can run away or be torn to shreds.

I've got a life and I want to live, don't want to be dead.

I met her down in the underground,

Got a taste of the low life, just creepin' around.

I got what I came for and more, that's for sure,

'Cause now I'm running from her game, I can't take any more.

I've got a choice – I can run away or be torn to shreds. I've got a life and I want to live, don't want to be dead.

When I first met you, baby,
I knew you could come on strong.
But when you held a knife to me,
You know, that just ain't too friendly.
I've heard of liberated,
But that's so understated.
I should have listened to them
When they told me you were crazy
And you said I was a runaway.