

Chris Rea, Runaway

Sitting at the crossways
Trying to keep my cool with the traffic lights
I've been up and down this line so any times
Girl, it's never right
Me and this machine keep the crazy urban dream
Locked in overflow
Sometimes I swear I could spin these old wheels
Just let it go

Runaway

Is it something that you hear
Coming through the waves on the radio
Or something that you see gently taps your memory
And shoots you down
Those hometown thoughts, school yard dreams and yesterdays
Moving in I just put my head down and drift away
And we're moving up and down, in and out of town
We're all searching for that piece of higher ground
somewhere...
Runaway