

# Fugazi, Runaway Return

Out of the ashtray, into the ashtray.  
Out of the ashtray.

There's nothing living,  
There's nothing given,  
Weekender's vision turns to working shoes.

There's nothing living, there's nothing given,  
Weekender gives in, puts on his working suit.

There's nothing waiting, there's nothing imminent,  
Nothing forgiven for the young idea.

There's nothing waiting, there's nothing imminent,  
And nobody seems surprised,

The runaway returns.

Welcome home son,  
Guess what we we're doing while you were gone?  
Cocktail party's in gear and we were so glad that you're here,  
Why don't you sit down?

Out of the ashtray, into the ashtray,  
Out of the ashtray, into the family car,  
Out of the ashtray, into the ashtray,  
Out of the ashtray, into the family's arms.

There's nothing waiting, there's nothing imminent,  
Nothing forgiven for the young idea.

There's nothing waiting, there's nothing imminent,  
And nobody seems surprised,

The runaway returns.  
Welcome back.