

Paul Westerberg, Fugitive Kind

I've been bought
It's quite a scandal
Just got out alive
I gave 'em all
That they could handle
Then I took a dive
So take a chair
And make it snappy
Tryin' to lose these jerks
Say a prayer and make it simple
It's the only kind that works
On the outskirts
Of the sundown
I feel like Billy the Kid
Don't know where
I'll go or run now
Like I ever did
Is this where I belong
Hurry up, quick
And you can come along
We ain't got time for you
To grab your stuff
What's flowing through our veins
Is good enough
I'm the fugitive kind
You better make up your mind
I can't wait
You can run-run-run-run away with me
But never from your fate
You can run-run-run-run away with me
But never from your fate
I've got strange and grandiose ideas
I never know or care
What day it is
We can write down our dreams
and hide 'em under the bed
And walk down the street
with lightbulbs on our head
I'm the fugitive kind
You better make up your mind
I can't wait
You can run-run-run-run away with me
But never from your fate
You can run-run-run-run away with me
But never from your fate
I stood alone on that stage
Just like a stone on a grave
You could be my lover
I'd make you laugh
Or just another epitaph
I'm a bad idea whose time has come
And I'll never forget
Where I started from
I'm the fugitive kind
You better make up your mind
I can't wait
You can run-run-run-run away with me
But never from your fate
You can run-run-run-run away with me
But never from your fate
You can run-run-run-run away with me
But never from your fate