

Robert Calvert, The Teen Ballad Of Deano

He waved a real gun
And he went on the run
He found out how to live
Just like a fugitive
Life on the run is like
The edge of a razor
It was not a tragedy
Oh no, Deano

He stole a Yamaha
Made him an outlaw star
He stole a limousine
Drove through the TV screen
He rode on through the night

Tire tracks printing headlines
It was not a tragedy
Oh no, Deano

He robbed and got away
Until the seventh day
Road block and traffic light
Gave up without a fight
They put the handcuffs on
They shone just for the camera
It was not a tragedy
Oh no, Deano