

# 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