

Terence Trent D'Arby, Get Up And Run

B-Baby, put your clothes on and run...
You better hide before your momma finds you
And listen to me...
B-Baby, can't you see that I am stung
And didn't she tell ya that I was, yeah...
Low down and mean.
Baby, I guess - I brushed off the rules in my life
I was born outside a stonewall jethouse
And thrown back to the sea
Baby, I've got to eat my steak raw...
I'm only here to make a living
I don't need your sympathy
Oh, get up and run...
Better hide yourself
From the man they call
'The Devil With A Gun'
Get up and run
Can't see you fall into the hands
Of the Public Enemy Number One
B-Baby, watch out
I won't do you no harm
I just need a little loving
Some two-time company
Baby, you've got your good looking charm
Just keep me satisfied with your...
Two-faced ecstasy
Oh, get up and run...
Better hide yourself
From the man they call
'The Devil With A Gun'
Get up and run
Can't see you fall into the hands
Of the Public Enemy Number One
Baby, you tried
To hold me much too long
I don't want no conversation
I'm a simpleton - feel and do
Baby, I guess you treated me wrong
I'm a wildcat - you're a tiger
But I wear my Devil shoes
Baby, get up
And put them old red jeans on
But be here before the night starts turning
Back into the day
Baby, why don't you get up and run
If you listen very closely...
I can hear your momma say
Oh, get up and run...
You better hide yourself
From the man they call
'The Devil With A Gun'
Get up and run
Can't see you fall into the hands
Of the Public Enemy Number One
Aahhh...