

Udo Lindenberg, You Can't Run Away

Du sagst 'no future':
nur noch zwei Jahre,
dann werden wir alle krepieren'
Sagst, die gifte wrn' das einzig wahre,
damit willst du dich allmählich wegjonglieren'.
Du bist erst fünfzehn,
auf deiner Jacke steht 'no fun'
- wir nichts zu ändern - du fängst auch gar nicht erst mit irgendetwas an.
Du sagst 'Wie Hiroshima, die ganze Welt in Asche und Schutt'
und der Zug rast dem Abgrund entgegen,
und die Bremsen sind kaputt (yeah, hey)

You're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away from your stay.

Das schlimme ist, ich kann dich fast verstehen,
doch ich will diesen Weg nicht mit dir gehen.
Du hast alle Waffen abgelegt und aufgegeben,
und irgendwie aufgehört zu leben.
Wenn meine Hoffnung schon am Ende war',
dann gibst du mir auch nichts zu singen mehr,
denn was sollen denn noch solche Lieder und Gedanken,
wenn das Raumschiff Erde gesteuert wird von ein paar Kranken ?
Von ein paar irren Kamikaze-Piloten,
ja sind wir den alle solche Vollidioten ? (sind wir...)
Vergeblich all' die Bücher der Dichter und Philosophen,
und es regieren uns immer noch die Ganoven.

You're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away from your stay.
(can't run away...)

Nein, ich will kein Dichter sein, der Blumen bringt,
an das Grab der Vernunft, und der was schlaues singt.
Che Guevara und Luther King dürfen nicht umsonst gestorben sein,
sonst pack' ich mein Mikrofon für immer ein. (yeah, yeah)

You're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away boy,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away boy.
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin' away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away from your stay.
(can't run away...)