

Alan Parsons, You Can Run

I know you're out there
'Cause I can feel ya
I can feel ya try to pull me down
I know your kind
You kinda like it
When people tell you not to come around
Here's looking at ya!
Been nice to know ya!
I see the lines written on your face
I wish you well
I gotta tell ya
Ain't nothing human 'bout the human race

You can run
But you can't look behind you
You can hide
But the truth's gonna find you

Some people fight it
Like some disease
They carry secrets to an early grave
They try to fake it
Walk on their knees
Never knowing what they really crave
They got no values
They have no souls
No sense of purpose, nothing to believe
Call me your friend
Then steal me blind
To me you're nothing but a common thief

You can run
But you can't look behind you
You can hide
But the truth's gonna find you