

Banks Tony, Moving Under

Banks Tony
Fugitive
Moving Under

Into the night, but out of the dark,
To be cornered and yet to survive.
The jester performed, with his body he scorned,
With his voice he amused, and a little confused
His masters, the King and Queen.
The laugh of the King was clear and strong,
So out of fear the crowd laughed along,
And how I'd love to leave here.
Moving under.

Lost in space and with no hiding place
And no chance of staying alive,
His men turn to him with confident eyes.
They've been in trouble before, but still they're alive.
They're sure he'll think of something.
But slowly their eyes take on looks that accuse
As they realize, he know they must lose.
And how I'd love to leave here.
Moving under.

Doesn't anybody know that I am on the run?
How I'd love to leave here.
Always moving on.
Always moving on somewhere that doesn't mean a thing.
How I'd love to leave here.
How I'd love to be there.
Always on the run.
Always searching for some place that I can be alone.
Doesn't anybody know the reason why?

Into the night, but out of the dark,
To be cornered and yet to survive,
The Fugitive runs, though his hands are tied,
His legs are in irons, but his head's held high.
He knows how not to feel.

The time is right to move out of the night,
Into the light and stay out of sight,
How I'd love to leave here.
Moving under...

Doesn't anybody know the reason why?