

Erasure, Runaround On The Underground

(A. Bell / V. Clarke)

I'm waiting at the bus stop for a double-decker ride.
Supermarket checkout boy finds his way inside.
A shady looking character, his beady eyes on me.
I slip into a window seat, and then pretend to read.

It's a wild, it's a wild, wild, wild world.
The hardest thing is holding on,
holding on and take the strain.

They're coming at me at angles that I never knew existed.
They ain't gonna get me.
I'm building up my colours of resistance. (colours of resistance)

It's a runaround on the underground.

A cybermatic shopper, with a slight sadistic grin,
pulls a zipper on her sleeping bag; shuts herself within.
A triple quilted chrysalis waiting for the sales.
A bargain basement butterfly going off the rails
It's a wild, it's a wild, wild, wild world.
The hardest thing is holding on,
holding on and take the strain.

They're coming at me at angles that I never knew existed...woah
They ain't gonna get me.
I'm building up my colours of resistance. (colours of resistance)
It's a runaround on the underground.

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