

Gillan, Running, White Face, City Boy

I was running through an empty street
Turn the corner I could feel the heat
I wore the look of a white face city boy
Knew a knife was the only way
For a kid living day to day
Who cares for a white face city boy

Raised in a hard town
Nobody pushes me around
I got trouble now I'm on the run
Running, white face, city boy

I was running through an empty night
Just the sound of a lovers' fight
And the feeling of the wind upon my face
I was looking for a place to hide
Scared and my eyes were wide
No place for a white face city boy

Live like a wild thing
You can't tell me anything
I got trouble now I'm on the run
Running, white face, city boy