

Peeping Tom, Getaway

Gotta get away
I gotta get away...
16 seconds to make it
C'mon Mike

Escapin' the situation, I'm outta the trap zone
The ringer turned off on my cellular phone
The intern mystery detector
Hold up, the silver money fold up
Black of the cold must come in by midnight

You got to get away, you got to get away
You got to get away because were here to stay

My getaway is the boat
Pier 39 by the West Side Highway
My skill is on point, I'm more easy to route
Police on my trail
I gotta slide away, move like express mail

You got to get away, you got to get away
(Running, running, running)
You got to get away, because were here to stay
You got to get away, you got to get away
(Running, running, running)
You got to get away, because were here to stay

My imagination surprise you
Like the New York City subway
Third rail, one half is missing, three third fail
Can't be tracked down by the phone, definately not by email

We get up on it
The back alleys in
That look familiar in a highschool way
We gotta get away
They get up on us too
Sirens screaming red and blue
Lonely streetlights that don't love my name, looks burning
We get up on it

You got to get away, you got to get away
(Running, running, running)
You got to get away, because were here to stay
You got to get away, you got to get away
(Running, running, running)
You got to get away, because were here to stay