

# Q5, Teenage Runaway

Some of you may have high hopes  
You fill your heads with dreams, it ain't no joke  
You're waiting for that time you're on your own  
You think that it's a crime that you're unknown  
Someday you may be a teenage runaway  
Someday you may be a teenage runaway  
You can't wait to start on your own  
You're not scared of being alone  
You want to be a star, hear the people scream your name  
And you can't bear the thought of never having fame  
Someday you may be a teenage runaway  
Someday you may be a teenage runaway  
In your dreams you've got it made  
All you worked for finally paid  
But wait a minute, you're not dreaming  
Ten thousand people as one screaming  
Every day you bought those magazines  
That told you all about the Rock' n' Roll scene  
You had to imagine your face on every page  
You can't help thinking about all the times you've paid  
Someday you may be a teenage runaway  
Someday you may be a teenage runaway