

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