

# Stereophonics, Getaway

Remember when we were angels  
Before we stole cars  
And when sex and drugs  
Lived up in another world... not a care in the world

Hide and seek, kissing and running  
Till you were out of breath  
In the late night day sun  
Until you Mamma called you home... and you didn't wanna go

Fly  
High  
Be my getaway  
Gotta getaway

Fly  
High  
Be my getaway  
Gotta getaway

Coppers, robbers, cowboys and Indians  
Hanging round the corner  
Of the street you lived  
How come it felt so far away... just a stone throw away

Your best friend wasn't someone you worked with  
And money from your old man  
Would burn a hole in yer pocket all day...  
Not a single debt to pay

Fly  
High  
Be my getaway  
Gotta getaway...