

# Stray Cats, Runaway Boys

Get kicked out for coming home at dawn,  
Mom and Dad cursed the day you were born,  
Throw your clothes into a duffle bag  
shoutin' as ya slam the door home is a drag

Who can I turn to and where can I stay ?  
I heard a place is open all night and all day  
There's a place you can go where the cops don't know  
You can act real wild they don't treat you like a child

Runaway boys

Your hair's all greasy and you feel like a slob,  
You're only fifteen and you can't get a job,  
Go into the luncheonette and shoot a few games  
Losing all your quarters, man it's always the same

Steal a couple of bucks to buy a new toy,  
Slip into the alley with the

Runaway boys

Runnin' faster, faster all the time  
You're under age and God knows, that's a crime !

Runaway boys