

XTC, Runaways

(Colin Moulding)

Oh run-a, oh run-a, oh runaways,

(Please come home)

Oh run-a, oh run-a, oh runaways

(Please come home)

Daddy hit you in a temper,

But he's sorry now,

(Please come home)

Just a quarrel had with mummy,

Just a family row

(Please come home)

You caught mum chasing dad with a knife,

(Don't cry, don't cry)

You ran away to escape from the fights,

(Don't cry, don't cry)

Now you're lost in a maze of neon light,

And she's worried,

He's worried

She's worried, oh...

Oh run-a, oh run-a, oh runaways,

(Please come home)

Oh run-a, oh run-a, oh runaways

(Please come home)

Pacing street-lamps on the highway,

Haystack for your bed

(Please come home)

In the morning we will find you,

In papers to be read

(Please come home)

You heard screams from

The warmth of your bed

(Don't cry, don't cry)

You slumbered on without being fed

(Don't cry, don't cry)

Now there's no more tears to be shed,

And she's sorry,

He's sorry,

He's sorry, oh...

Oh run-a, oh run-a, oh runaways,

(Please come home)

Oh run-a, oh run-a, oh runaways

(Please come home)