

# Yngwie Malmsteen, On The Run Again

Now the battle is over, the clouds're hanging low  
Dead bodies lie on the ground  
Marched into slaughter, lost souls fought in vain  
No glory or pride to be found  
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around  
Trying to find my way home  
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around  
Trying to find my way home  
Fighting for honour and medals of gold  
But, they were to kill or be killed  
Slaying the enemy, not knowing why  
Keep low and fire at will  
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around  
Trying to find my way home  
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around  
Trying to find my way home  
Lost out in action, long gone forever  
Just a boy that died in vain  
His mother is crying, his father not proud  
Twisted gray faces in the rain  
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around  
Trying to find my way home  
Gotta get out of here, don't want to be around  
Trying to find my way home...