

Ultrababyfat

"You Can't Run Away"

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Du sagst 'no future':
nur noch zwei Jahre,
dann werden wir alle krepieren'
Sagst, die gifte wÄrn' das einzig wahre,
damit willst du dich allmÄhlich wejongliern'.
Du bist erst fÄnfzehn,
auf deiner Jacke steht 'no fun'
- wÄr nichts zu Ändern -du fÄngst auch
gar nicht erst mit irgendetwas an.
Du sagst 'Wie Hiroshima, die ganze Welt in Asche und
Schutt'
und der Zug rast dem Abgrund entgegen,
und die Bremsen sind kaputt (yeah, hey)

You're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away
from your stay.

Das schlimme ist, ich kann dich fast verstehen,
doch ich will diesen Weg nicht mit dir gehen.
Du hast alle Waffen abgelegt und aufgegeben,
und irgendwie aufgehÄrt zu leben.
Wenn meine Hoffnung schon am Ende wÄr',
dann gÄbs' fÄr mich auch nichts zu singen mehr,
denn was sollen denn noch solche Lieder und
Gedanken,
wenn das Raumschiff Erde gesteuert wird von ein paar
Kranken ?

Von ein paar irren Kamikaze-Piloten,
ja sind wir den alle solche Vollidioten ? (sind wir...)
Vergeblich all' die BÄ¼cher der Dichter und
Philosophen,
und es regiern' uns immer noch die Ganoven.

You're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away
from your stay.
(can't run away...)

Nein, ich will kein Dichter sein, der Blumen bringt,
an das Grab der Vernunft, und der was schlaues singt.
Che Guevara und Luther King dÄ¼rfen nicht umsonst
gestorben sein,
sonst pack' ich mein Mikrofon fÄ¼r immer ein. (yeah,
yeah)

You're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away
boy,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away
boy.
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,

you're runnin' and you're runnin' and you're runnin'
away,
you're runnin' and you're runnin' but you can't run away
from your stay.
(can't run away...)

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