

Blondie

"The Fugitive"

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Give it up baby.
Don't be so mean.
Give it up baby.
Why don't you come clean?
What harm can come from a stolen kiss?
How could ya leave me at a time like this?
Convicted by forbidden bliss, you hit the road like a
fugitive.
Give it up baby.
Give it to me.
I said give it up baby.
It's time come clean.
Were we just getting too intimate?
Like falling into a bottomless pit?
Committed crimes are pa-passionate and just when it
gets so primitive, you hit the road like a fugitive.
Work me now!
Work me now!
Show me how!
Work me now!
Running scared's no way to live.
Hesitant and tentative.
Something else has got to give.
It can be so primitive!
Oh!
All in one night we'll scheme our way to the heavens.
You're captive in my grip.
You're watching time crawl by.

Attending to my needs.
Emotion boiling over, I count the explosions.
Then you hit the road like a fugitive!
Hey!
Work me now!
Oh baby show me how!
Work me now!
Work me now!
Staring for a moment as I sneak attack.
You run away.
I watch your back.
You got to make your getaway.
You better get it good.

You're just a primitive, a fugitive.
Whoa! I said work me now!
Come on and work me now!
Oh baby, baby, show me how!
I said surrender, surrender give it to me.
Mmm, baby give it up, don't be so mean.
Ah baby baby can't ya, why don'tcha come clean.
Come on and show me how!
Baby, work me now!

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