

Buzzcocks

"Running Free"

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Here in suburbia
There's nothing left to see
Just wanna spend my time running free

I've had enough of the day job
I can see farther than that
Just wanna spend my time running free

The air of tension still is rising higher
Screaming emotions are singing to you
No, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no time

Here in the engine room
A pulse shouts for a word
Just wanna spend my time running free

I'll pull out condition
There's no need to face facts
Just wanna spend my time running free

You better make a move before sleeping gets you
You better shape soon before the weak things make
you
No, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no time

Here in Prole's Paradise
Experiments on the weak
Just wanna spend my time running free

It's a trick of the torment
You tend to forget yourself
Just wanna spend my time running free

Your conscience may be changed as the plan gets
harder
It's just been rearranged to keep the strata
No, no, no time, no, no, no time
No, no, no time, no, no, no time

Your conscience may be changed as the plan gets

harder

It's just been rearranged to keep the strata

No, no, no time, no, no, no time

No, no, no time, no, no, no time

No, no, no time, no, no, no time

No, no, no time, no, no, no time

No, no, no time, no, no, no time

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