

The Mynabirds

"Runaway"

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It's been a long week, I've got a slow leak in my left front tire.

I'm sick of where I work, my boss is such a jerk, don't care if I get fired.

My backs about to break, no money in the bank, and she don't call me anymore.

I'm down to my last ring, it's time to sell my things,

CHORUS:

And pack my bags, and never look back, run a parallel line with the railroad tracks, and make my get away.

I put the pedal to the metal as the sun goes down.

Leave everybody sleepin in this sleepy town tonight, and at the break of day, I'll be a runaway!

A hundred miles in, I got a stupid grin on my scruffy face.

With every cigarette, I'm burning my regrets.

Don't want to leave a trace.

And from the rear-view, I've got clear view of who I used to be.

A little bit faster now, don't wanna turn around.

I'm gonna pack my bags, and never look back.

Run a parallel line with the railroad tracks, and make my get away.

I put the pedal to the metal as the sun goes down.

Leave everybody sleepin in this sleepy town tonight.

And at the break of day, I'll be a runaway! I'll be a runaway!

I'll be a runaway, I'll be a runaway!

It's crazy, I know, to count on this road and give me what I need.

But with every state line, somehow I find, another part of me.

Yeah-e-yeah!

I'm gonna pack my bags, and never look back.

Run a parallel line with the railroad tracks, and make my get away.

I put the pedal to the metal as the sun goes down.
Leave everybody sleepin in this sleepy town tonight,
and at the break of day, I'll be a runaway! I'll be a
runaway! I'll be a runaway!

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