

Run Like Hell

Pink Floyd

Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run...
You better make your face up in your favorite disguise,
With your button down lips and your rolled blind eyes.
With your empty smile and your hungry heart,
Feel the bile rising from your guilty past.
With your nerves in tatters as the conch shell shatters
And the hammers batter down your door.
You better run.
Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run.
You better run all day and run all night,
And keep your dirty feelings deep inside.
And if you're taking your girlfriend out tonight,
You'd better park the car well out of sight.
Cause if they catch you in the back seat trying to pick her locks,
They're gonna send you back to mother in a cardboard box.
You better run.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>