

Spirogyra, Runaway

Run, run, run, runaway
Today's a holiday
Today we needn't worry
About the clothes we wear
No more geog' on the old school bog
no cracks about our hair
Janitor Giles, you cannot see me
Janitor Giles, it's great to be free

Hide, hide, hide, hide away
Today it's truant we play
Dodgy school inspectors
Will not suspect we're here
No more French on the old school bench
No clouts behind our ears
Janitor Giles, you cannot see me
Janitor Giles, it's great to be free

But life is what you make it
And you missed school today
Good old Smithy and his pals
What keeps them away

We're going round
We dare not make a sound
To the house of my best friend
To a shed that he has found
And oh you'll have to gasp
As he takes out and shows to you the photograph
Takes out and shows to you the photograph

What the picture shows
Is awfully clear to me
My friends older than I
Fest their eyes so greedily
But I shall run away and go upstairs and play with my model railway

What goes on at night
When there is no-one else around
Is the strangest part of growing up that I've yet found
Though what the doe and rabbit did today at school was real
It failed to answer questions about the way I feel
Maybe I'm a queer?

It could be by tomorrow
The answers will be found
In these pages of a magazine
The Vicars left around
And late into the night
We will wonder if the dialog was right
We will wonder if the dialog was right

Wonder if my parents worry about this kind of thing
Or am I artificial, has my dad lost his sting?
A lovely girl lives up the road
She's much older than I
I'd really like to know her
Give the whole theory a try
To see if it is real
To see just how it feels

Hush now the boy is sleeping
And we don't want him to wake him until the morning
He's got a hard day to take

At the school that he hates
And so let's leave him dreaming
Until the morning sun shines through his window
Let's leave him dreaming
Until the morning
Let's leave him dreaming