

Stereophonics, Getaway

Remember when we were angels
Before we stole cars
And when sex and drugs
Lived up in another world... not a care in the world

Hide and seek, kissing and running
Till you were out of breath
In the late night day sun
Until you Mamma called you home... and you didn't wanna go

Fly
High
Be my getaway
Gotta getaway

Fly
High
Be my getaway
Gotta getaway

Coppers, robbers, cowboys and Indians
Hanging round the corner
Of the street you lived
How come it felt so far away... just a stone throw away

Your best friend wasn't someone you worked with
And money from your old man
Would burn a hole in yer pocket all day...
Not a single debt to pay

Fly
High
Be my getaway
Gotta getaway...