

Run (feat. Rag'n'Bone Man)

Bugzy Malone

Tough these days You were knocking on the door
They're looking at you through the peeper
You say you don't love them, they say they don't love you either
You say you don't care, you're lying through your teeth-a
You're cut deep down and the wound is getting deeper
You're getting kinda hungry looking like a Wiz Khalifa
The roads are getting cold and now you're gonna catch a fever
Penny for your thoughts, that's because the door's staying closed
And your memories are getting no cheaper
Family first, but you're not a believer
It's been a nightmare for this daydreamer
They've done you dirty and it's getting no cleaner
Cos even though you're hurt they're calling it a misdemeanour Young boy run (run)
They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)
Young boy run (run)
You gotta love yourself these days
You gotta love yourself
Young boy run (run)
They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)
Young boy run (run)
You gotta love yourself these days
You gotta love yourself Panic sets in, you realise that you're standing there alone
You pick your bags up and your running for the stairway
Adrenaline running from your head into your toes
Because you know that people they escape rarely
What's sin when you're sinning only to survive
You're getting by but you're just getting by barely
You storm in telling them that they don't know the struggle
They don't understand that struggle can be scary
Bottom of the stairs you run out the fire exit
Backstreet boy you don't wanna get arrested
Running through the city's got this young boy breathless
And he better be careful 'cos they'll eat him for breakfast
Young boy run (run)
They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)
Young boy run (run)
You gotta love yourself these days
You gotta love yourself Young boy run (run)
They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)
Young boy run (run)
You gotta love yourself these days
You gotta love yourself You catch your reflection in the window of a building

He can hear the giggling of children
They walk past but they never help him
What he's seen in the window he could have killed him
Young boy run
That young boy should have ran
Should have ran as fast as he can
He's looking at himself, he's no longer a young boy
He's looking back at a grown man Young boy run (run)
They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)
Young boy run (run)
You gotta love yourself these days
You gotta love yourself Young boy run (run)
They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)
Young boy run (run)
You gotta love yourself these days
You gotta love yourself

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