

RUN, RUN, RUN      *Lyrics and music © Jack Williams*

The neighbor's dog is barkin' at the fog;  
A train whistle's blowin' out of town;  
The sky is as pink as my half open eyes;  
I wish I could go back and lie down..lie down.  
The church steeple catches the first morning sun;  
The houses lie sleeping down below;  
My car disappears in a low river haze.  
This might be the Savannah - I don't know.

At the crest of a hill, I meet the dawn  
Casting shadows like the bars of a cell.  
A truck speeds around me with four Christmas smiles  
And a tree bound for tinsel and bells... and bells.  
A crow flying straight down the river  
Calls all his friends on the way.  
A raccoon curled on the shoulder of the road  
Is gonna miss a beautiful day.

CHORUS

Maybe I'm a leaf on a sweetgum tree  
Hopin' that the rains won't come.  
Maybe I'm a kid with a ticket to ride  
Hopin' that the trains won't run.  
Maybe I'm a fool with holes in my shoes  
Hopin' that my time won't come.  
Maybe it was always meant to be this way  
Run, run, run. Run, run, run.

A pigeon makes a home in the overpass  
Where trucks rumble by every night.  
Some critters find poetry in motion  
And pleasure in the glory of flight...of flight.  
The haze on the river has lifted;  
The water looks cold but sublime.  
Rollin' down slow to forever,  
Like some kind of pitiful wine.

CHORUS