

## RUNNING KIND

I was born the running kind  
With leaving always on my mind  
Home was never home to me at anytime  
Every front door found me hopin'

I would find the back door open  
There just had to be an exit  
For the running kind

Within me there's a prison  
Surrounding me alone  
As real as any dungeon with walls of stone  
I know running's not the answer  
But running's been my nature  
And a part of me  
That keeps me moving on

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