

The Running Kind
Album: Other Songs

I was born the runnin' kind
Leavin' 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 has to be an exit for the runnin kind

Within me there's a prison
Surrounding me alone
As real as any dungeon with a wall of stone
I know runnin's not the answer
But runnin's been my nature
And a part of me that keeps me movin' on

Repeat Cho