

Running  
(Richard Hall)

Running from those Demons. A convict in flight.  
Gonna' chase that moon across the sky, 'tell the dawn's early light.  
Running from responsibility, running from society,  
Running from matrimony, running from sobriety

*(chorus)*

When you going to grow up boy, stop living this lie.  
You're way too old to act this way, you ain't too young to die.

Say you're chasing after your freedom, and it's just one step away,  
But your mind is the only prison, from which you cannot escape.  
Running from love, day after day.  
Run from affection, like the bubonic plague.

*(chorus)*

There ain't no slowing down, when you're on the fast track.  
So you better just keep on running, never looking back  
Another day in paradise, another day in hell.  
Get out the coffin, drive another nail.

*(chorus)*