

On The Run

1997

I grew up on the run,
I guess that you can say
I am my father's son
I'm haunted every day
By the choices I have made,
And that's something
I couldn't say to just anyone.

I spent my best years on the road.
Done my share of rambling,
Think I'll head back to my home.
But no where ever seems
Like it's the only place for me.
So as much as I don't want to be alone,
I gotta leave.

Sometimes you gotta hurt
To feel okay.
Sometimes you gotta run
To make your problems go away.
No one ever taught me
What I really need to know.
Like how to love some one,
And let em' go...

Let em' go, let em' go
How can you really love someone,
And let em' go?