

# Runaway Wind

Paul Westerberg

You don't blow like the breeze, you were born to be  
You die down in the trees and try and hide  
Will you witness the dark, all you need is a spark  
A cathedral of torches light the night

On your mark, here I am  
I'm your spark, runaway wind  
Run runaway wind

You trade your telescope for a keyhole  
And make way for the gray that's in your brown  
As dreams made way for plans  
See you watch life from the stands  
Come on I'll help you burn 'em to the ground

On your mark, here I am  
I'm your spark, runaway wind

He sees you like a river, deep and silent  
And he runs to you like a shallow noisy stream  
I see what you've become and try to hide it  
You need someone who sees what you were born to be  
Here I am

You don't blow like the breeze, you were born to be  
You don't know what to do with your life  
As day returns to dark, flame returns to spark  
Come on I feel I'm blowing out tonight

I'm your spark, here I am  
I'm your spark, here I am  
I'm your spark, here I am  
On your mark runaway wind

Watch you run  
Watch you run  
Watch you run