

Run, Baby, Run

Sheryl Crow

She was born in November 1963
The day Aldous Huxley died
And her mama believed
That every man could be free
So her mama got high, high, high
And her daddy marched on Birmingham
Singing mighty protest songs
And he pictured all the places
That he knew that she belonged
But he failed and taught her young
The only thing she'd need to carry on
He taught her how to

Run baby run baby run baby run
Baby run
So run baby run baby run baby run
Baby run

Past the arms of the familiar
And their talk of better days
To the comfort of the strangers
Slipping out before they say
So long
Baby loves to run

She counts out all her money
In the taxi on the way to meet her plane
Stares hopeful out the window
At the workers fighting
Through the pouring rain
She's searching through the stations
For an unfamiliar song
And she pictures all the places
Where she knows she still belongs
And she smiles the secret smile
Because she knows exactly how
To carry on

So run baby run baby run baby run
Baby run
Run baby run baby run baby run
Baby run

From the old familiar faces and
Their old familiar ways
To the comfort of the strangers
Slipping out before they say
So long
Baby loves to run