

Run

Stephen Fretwell

Run, run like the wind, don't wait for a thing
There is nothing here for you
But if you stay, well, then let me say
I'll go out of my way for you

It's not like before, I'll say no more
Everyone else has said it for me
A beautiful tree, a beautiful tree
It's a shame that the root of it's me

Sleep, sleep on the floor, a knock on the door
To tell me if you want some more
I can't relate to what's on your plate
My appetite never failed before

A beautiful tree, a beautiful tree
It's a shame that the root of it's me
A beautiful tree, a beautiful tree
It's a shame that the root of it's me

Tell me tomorrow
I'll wait by the window for you

Run, run like the wind, don't wait for a thing
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Tell me tomorrow, I'll wait by the window for you
I'll wait by the big house for you
I'll wait by the squeeze box for you
I'll wait by your dresses for you