

## 7 Blue Skies "Segue"

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If I was ever to run  
Back to the place I came from  
I'd pack my bags and take the next chance out of town  
If some voice inside told me  
That this is what it would be  
I'd think those thoughts again and surely turn them all  
around

Hold on to the plans I found  
I built a home up from the ground

Take it back to closed off hiding spot  
Hate to say it but this might hurt a lot  
It's so hard, It's so hard  
I'm trying to stare into space  
Run it off to an open resting spot  
Don't just sit there and count the pretty dots  
It's so wrong, It's so wrong  
I'm forcing another mistake

If I was forced to go back  
I'd find myself right on track  
But then I would not ever see the last result  
There's only one more option  
It's hiding far away and  
I always said that I could do it, brace myself for the jolt

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