

## **Debbie Harry "End Of The Run"**

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Darkness falls like a black leather jacket and melts into  
the sidewalk like a sleeping drunk.

In the streets, the wind throws yesterday's headlines  
around.

Another night comes and goes.

So, for awhile back then there was someplace to go.  
Somewhere more home than a house.

A family of choice, not an accident, but sometimes as  
soon as something gets started it's over.

Now the days are much shorter and the people from  
the good part of town all come around, but the  
something is missing even though there's more there  
now.

I shrug off my attempts to explain how a torn T-shirt  
made it all danger again.

I don't like flashbacks in movies.

I like the story to proceed.

I don't like talking about the old days except if it tells  
where the future will lead.

So we take a walk down this haunted hall or stumble  
through a shattered recall.

I know there's nothing to relive, it's just the shape of it  
all.

I don't want it different.

Don't want it again but value for value, now I'd never  
want it to end.

You think of the old friends and faces no more to be  
seen.

You think how much fun a line-up would mean.

And once that tape starts playing, it's too hard to make  
it rewind.

That one special face takes over your mind.

That end of the run.

We almost won.

The end of the run.

We had our fun.

The end of the run.

I knew it then.  
It won't be back again.

We stood in the cold night, though we should be warm,  
in the back of the lot with me in your arms.  
The sun was falling.  
The grey rain was pouring.  
The cars were all dirty and slow.  
We both had our kiss and, out of the depths and  
darkness, with my eyes closed I still see you fine.  
Cause that was the season we make our dreams come  
true.  
There was no limit to what we could do.

The end of the run.  
We almost won.  
The end of the run.  
We had our fun.  
The end of the run.  
I knew it then.  
He won't be back again.

Once that tape starts playing it's too hard to make it  
rewind.  
With my eyes closed I still see you fine.  
That was the season we make our dreams come true.  
There was no limit to what we could do.

The end of the run.  
We almost won.  
The end of the run.  
We had our fun.  
The end of the run.  
I knew it then.  
He won't be back again.

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