

## FrYars "The Ides"

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I always said she was a runner,  
And running through the fields,  
I put a gun, I put a gun to her,  
With the force she came to kneel,  
And as she screams and in her own blood,  
I said sympathy for you,  
I'll never have, I'll never have none,  
Its time you told the truth,  
And I left the gun beside her,  
And running in the nights,  
I run for land, I ran for safety,  
For new places and new sight,  
Always said she was a runner  
And I thought I knew her well.  
I never thought I was a runner,  
and I thought I knew her well.

You should have died that very night,  
Good job for you I wasn't born a killer,  
you took my life, and I took my flight,  
Good job for you I wasn't born a killer.

I always knew her as a baker,  
But something I knew not,  
is That when I tried to take her,  
There was something Ides forgot,

For I knew I couldn't keep her,  
And running out of time,  
I tried so hard, I tried to cheat her,  
She was a running in her prime,  
So I thought about my choices,  
And chose to drop the gun,  
And amongst the screaming voices,  
Something told me I should run.  
I never thought I was a runner,  
and I thought I knew her well.  
I never thought I was a runner,  
and I thought I knew her well.

You should have died that very night,  
Good job for you I wasn't born a killer,

you took my life, and I took my flight,  
Good job for you I wasn't born a killer.

There is so much to remember,  
But there is more to forget,  
I isn't seen you since December,  
I'm surprised we haven't met,  
and In the Depths of the Silly Isles,  
I heard you reside, and in the depths of my mind,  
I can still see your eyes

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