

Gentle Giant

"The Runaway / Experience"

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1. The Runaway

He is the runaway, Lie low the wanted man
Mask his elusive face, Soon he will getaway and free is
his
future no more aimless time to spend
And evading, he's escaping
Four dirty walls and a bed in a cage his home no more.

Run in the Underwood, Cover and hide the trail
Senses like sharpened sword, Guards for the shadow
on his
tail.

And yet his joy is empty and sad.

All thoughts are scarred with the prison cell and
freedom
seems like freedom's hell
Hopes stained with strange regret, His dreams are
dreams
for that he cannot get.

And yet his joy is empty and sad.

Lose all identity, Vanish in own denial
Seeks only lies and hide, Truth never brought to trial.
And caught in his own net, he looks to find endless life
and
evading, he's escaping
Four dirty walls and a bed in a cage his home no more.

Run in the Underwood, Cover and hide the trail
Senses like sharpened sword, Guards for the shadow
on his
tail.

2. Experience

Once I was a boy, an innocent to life and my role in it,
This world played my game, and anyone a clown or foil

for
myself

The harmless affairs, and no-one seemed to care for
any
meaning
My life was my own, The debt I paid, I paid it only to
myself

The unseeing youth, how can it be so shallow and
short-
sighted
These years passed me by, to realise the folly of these
unripe
years

Now I am a man, I realise
My unworldly sins pained many lives
Yet I heard, heard with ears that wouldn't listen
And still I watched and I saw with blinkered eyes

But with age the conscience slowly dawns and bonds of
duty gently tied
All my sins, seen through now there is experience and
recollecting act in virgin guise.

Master inner voices, making the choices

Once I could rebel and consequences then had no
reflection
And I am a man, And I am bound by adult age
discretion
now

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