

Buddy Jewell

"I'd Run"

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I stood out on the trestle waitin' for the whistle
The 409 was right on time again
Lord, I'd a-got a lickin' if they caught me playin' chicken
But I was quite the practiced liar way back then

I saw the smoke above the treetops
And when the train came into view
I stood still as a statue, but I knew what to do
When I could read the numbers on the front

I'd run like a gypsy, like the hounds of hell'd get me
Like a rabbit on the wrong end of a gun
I'd run like the lightning cuttin' 'cross the Kansas
skyline
Like the tears that momma cried for her lost son
I'd run, yeah, I'd run

I got older but no smarter an' cheatin' fate got harder
But I could still out wit the Devil and his friends
Went through whiskey, cards an' women, takin' more
than I was givin'
Throwin' love and caution to wind

Every time I'd let some beauty get a little too close to
me
She'd hang around just long enough to find herself the
key
When I could feel the lock on my heart come undone

I'd run like a gypsy, like the hounds of hell'd get me
Like a rabbit on the wrong end of a gun
I'd run like the lightning cuttin' 'cross the Kansas
skyline
Like the tears that momma cried for her lost son
I'd run, yeah, I'd run

There's broken hearts and broken bottles
Dreams all gone to dust
Girls gone home to momma and cars all gone to rust
If I could go back and undo the hurt I'd done

I'd run like a gypsy, like the hounds of hell'd get me

Like the rabbit on the wrong end of a gun
I'd run like the lightning cuttin' 'cross the Kansas
skyline
Like the tears that momma cried for her lost son
I'd run, yeah, I'd run, you know I'd run, yeah I'd run

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