

James Gang

"Asshtonpark"

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She runs, runs, runs and tries hard to run
But slowly she moves through the field
Seemingly smiling while inside she's dying
Chasing a butterfly that she'll never feel
She runs, runs, runs and tries hard to run
But motion is just in her eye
Two wars, a famine and decades of damning
Left her a body that's just breathing to die
He runs, runs, runs and tries hard to run
Catching his foot on the curb
Someone's demanding all his understanding
The sign on his back reading, 'Please Don't Disturb'
He runs, runs, runs and tries hard to run
There's only an hour left to go
Who is insisting, there's no use in quitting
She has a reason but he'll never know
It runs, runs, runs and tries hard to run
To carry it's life down to the sea
The water is muddy and the banks are all bloody
What is the reason that it cannot flow free?
They run, run, run and try hard to run
A pressing engagement goes on by
They hope they will never be leaving forever
Why do they always stand, waving goodbye?

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