

John Mark McMillan**"Run Honey Run"**

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Well I wish I could think of some cliché to mouth
To make our parting seem less sad
But if I told you lies or promised you the moon
The truth would come trickling from my eyes
So run honey run, and hide in the wind
And never stop to look inside your mind
Well I wish I could wash all my weeping blues away
And watch them disappear on morning tide
Oh, but I seek after sword, after sounds of the sea
A charm forever round my mind
And I wish I could fly like a bat from a cave
Through the darkness of my ignorance to light
I'd forever live on the echoes of our love
And die like some star burning bright

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