

Running To Persia "Moriarty"

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Where you been Moriarty, I've been striking out in the
dark here
It's a hit or miss game, and I've missed a thousand
times
And you're off in Africa, chasing your dreams like you
ought to
Tell me kid have you found your dreams, or have your
dreams found you

Let it change you
Hold it to your soul
Don't you lose control

We were roadies for Jesus Christ, indisputably church
mice
And I, followed always a step behind, watched the
footprints you left me
And the teachers all said of me, that I'd, live a life in
your shadow
But instead of a darkness cast, you stand a beacon
that guides me

You have changed me
Change is how we grow
It's how we learn to go

Different lives in a changing world, how we stand to
embrace them
Is determined by who we are, what we've given to face
them
Take the left side, I'll take the right, we'll end up in the
middle
Just by taking our separate sides, we find out little by
little
That we're fighting the same damned war

Good Luck
May God be with you there
Brother, grab the horns
Grab the damned thing by the horns

