

Running To Persia "On Our Way Back Home"

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Well the dog stole your paper and left you to think
About the things you were afraid of, a world drowned
in ink
When you wrote every moment, and left them to sink
I don't blame you, I don't blame you, anymore

Like a soft, fallen rain
Sinks in slow, that's how you'll know, my love
Well, we scrawled our names in concrete, and in the
silver birch
When measures of our income weren't measures of
our worth
But we came from the dust and return to the Earth
It's a dying, it's a dying, way we live

Like a soft, fallen rain
Sinks in slow, that's how you'll know
Like a soft, fallen rain
Sinks in slowly, that's how you'll know

So she folded up her fears like paper airplanes
Sent them flying out the window, and out into the rain
She says, I don't care if I don't see them again
I don't need them, I don't need them, not today

Like a soft, fallen rain
Sinks in slow, that's how you'll know
Like a soft, fallen rain
Sinks in slow, that's how you'll know
Like a soft, fallen rain
It sinks in slowly, that's how you'll know

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