

Running To Persia

"We Are Who We Were"

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Through the creek, dirty faces scratched up feet
Dying sun, simple questions
Down the road, telling stories as we go
Greeted with, booms of laughter

Well I thought you'd hung the moon
I thought you'd hung the moon
I thought you'd hung the moon

And we shot those bottle rockets on the 5th of July
Struck the stars out of the sky
And there was no second guessing where our paths
would lie
It's never too late to feel alive

And I thought you'd hung the moon
Yeah, I thought you'd hung the moon
I thought you'd hung the moon

A young bird died, left his feathers to the wind
What a flight he'd had
An old man sighed his last
He hadn't really lived
And heard the past slide with the sunset

Well I thought you'd hung the moon
I thought you'd hung the moon
I thought you'd hung the moon

See where's your home
It was a broken fence
It was a gravel road
It was a bar stool

See where's your heart
It was a camera lens
It was an open stage
It was an encore

Well I thought you'd hung the moon
I thought you'd hung the moon
I thought you'd hung the moon

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