

Merle Haggard

"The Running Kind"

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I was born the running kind with leaving always on my
mind
Home was never home to me at any time
Every front door found me hoping, I would find the
back door open
There just had to be an exit for the running kind

Within me there's a prison, surrounding me alone
As real as any dungeon with its wall of stone
I know running's not the answer, yeah, but running's
been my nature
And a part of me that keeps me moving on

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