

# Sugarland

## "We Run"

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Snake oil and roses, pockets of dirt  
Hands of a fortune teller's son  
Young love shakin' the earth  
Like a heart shot out of a gun

Lips like gravity pull me under  
Reckless weather on his breath  
Smells like rain, hits like thunder  
Storm is comin', I got nothin' left

So we run, yeah, yeah, yeah, we run  
Come undone like a string on a sweater  
That you pull but you know better  
But doing what you shouldn'ts half the fun  
So we run

Fire and laughter, fence posts flyin'  
Feel the fever in the air  
Can't remember what came before him  
And what comes after I don't care

Hands are tremblin', swore I wouldn't  
One more look and I'll give in  
Hundred reasons why I shouldn't  
But I lost my heart and wanted him to win

So we run, yeah, yeah, yeah, we run  
Come undone like a string on a sweater  
Old enough and should know better  
But doin' what you shouldn'ts half the fun  
So we run

I hear the lever on his voice, it's a callin' not a choice  
And I can't keep myself from followin' the sound  
Yeah, you may never know how fast that you can go  
Till someone lifts your feet up off the ground

So we run, yeah, yeah, yeah, we run  
Come undone, yeah, yeah, yeah, undone  
So we run, yeah, yeah, yeah, we run  
So we run, yeah, yeah, yeah, we run, yeah

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