## Early November "Runaway II"

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Alright, now just take one good look at me, 'Cause it's the last you'll ever see.
Tonight I'm leaving,
This house.

And just think about it. You'll never have to see, The kid you didn't want from the beginning, Of my life, so thanks.

And the air will be better.
It will feel much thinner.
It will feel much smoother.
And you can go back to forgetting your son.

And I'm gonna runaway with my baby. Get married and maybe someday, We'll have kids, That you'll never meet.

And I'm gonna tell them stories, Of how their grandpop abandoned, The only son he had. Thanks, dad.

And the air will be better.

It will feel much thinner.

It will feel like heaven.

It will feel so good when I am gone.

Oh, I am gone.

Now see, I don't know what you think.
You're just a kid; only 18!!
Where do you plan on going?
See, you won't have no ground to stand on.
You won't have a bed or place to live.
And you'll be missing,
The comfort of this place.

See, the air will be thicker. It will be hard to breathe sometimes. You won't know what hit you.
You'll be scared and miss home before you know it!

Now don't go making a decision,
That's gonna lead your life down,
A collision course of failure.
But you're a grownup now, you're 18.
So, please reconsider everything that you've been thinking,
And open your eyes!

See, the air will be humid.
It will give you headaches.
It will make you sweat.
It will be a mistake if you go.
Oh, but I can't stop you anymore…

Dad, I'm leaving tonight.
I won't trouble you anymore.
And I don't need this in my life.
I don't need it anymore.

Dad, I'm leaving tonight.
I won't trouble you anymore.
And I don't need this in my life.
I don't need it anymore.

Goodbye.

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