

Paul Lewis**"Red"**

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Waiting by the door
She ain't taking it no more
Could it all be left alone
For her to make it on her own
Is the loneliness the only mess
She managed to complete
Ain't it better just to let her
Give him hell than to retreat

She's gonna run away
Even though you won't allow it
What you gonna do about it?
With her back stabbed, bags packed
Go on and doubt it
What you gonna do about it?

The ignorance she's facing
So cruel it is amazing
She made it all this way
No wonder she's astray
A smile, it's been a while
Forever it may seem
Ain't it better just to let her
Run away then to redeem

She's gonna run away
Even though you won't allow it
What you gonna do about it?
With her back stabbed, bags packed
Go on and doubt it
What you gonna do about it?

She's gonna run away
Even though you won't allow it
What you gonna do about it?
With her back stabbed, bags packed
Go on and doubt it
What you gonna do about it?

