

Old 97's "Sound Of Running"

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I dressed up as a good man I charmed with all my
might
I made you my girlfriend, I made you my wife
Yea we got ourselves a little place that I woke up to find
A rolling iron boxcar that was taking me down the line

Yea I'm carrying a lot of postcards I'm going west a
while
Through the fields of rusty trainyards, Til the rails run
out of miles
Til they put me on the Westbound, singing sweetly over
me
Your sound of being rebound and the rails will trouble
me

But her sound in the distance
And the sound of running's always on my feet
Got her sound in the distance
And the sound of running's always racing me

I passed some folks that never moved though they're
running every one
And me I'll run the mainlines until my racing's done
Til they put me on Westbound, singing sweetly over me
Your sound of being rebound and the rails will trouble
me

But her sound's in the distance
And the sound of running's always on my feet
Got her sound in the distance
And the sound of running's always racing me

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