

Clarks, The "The Runaway"

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She swore by the deep long lines on her face cut like a
badge of life
Worn by tracks and trials and alone somehow that
didn't seem right
Somehow that didn't seem right

She lived for
Sins of a better day
Girl you're a runaway
Rode hard torn and frayed
When you're a runaway

Stood for something and I stood too long I don't know
when to quit
Got a conscience on hold and the road reels me in I
don't know where I fit
I don't know where I fit

She dreamed of
Sins of a better day
Girl you're a runaway
Rode hard torn and frayed
When you're a runaway

Face full of wind her mysteries survive I want to ride
that wave
It keeps me running it keeps me high last words I heard
her say

She drown in
Sins of a better day
Girl you're a runaway
Rode hard torn and frayed
When you're a runaway

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