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Haggard Merle "The Running Kind"

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I was born the running kind, leaving always on my mind Home was never home to me at anytime Every front door found me open I would find the back door open

There just had to be a lesson for the running kind

Within me there's a prison, surrounding me alone As real as any dungeon with a wall of stone I know running's not the answer, but running's been my nature

And a part of me that keeps me moving on

I was born the running kind, leaving always on my mind Home was never home to me at anytime Every front door found me open I would find the back door open

There just had to be a lesson for the running kind

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