

1997 "On The Run"

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I grew up on the run
I guess that you could say I am my father's son
I'm haunted every day by the choices I have made
And that's something, I couldn't say to just anyone

Spent my best years on the road
Done my share of ramblin' think I'll head back to my
home
But nowhere ever seems like it's the only place for me
So as much as I don't want to be alone
I gotta leave

Sometimes you gotta hurt to feel okay,
Sometimes you gotta run to make your problems go
away
No one ever taught me what I really need to know
Like how to love someone and let 'em go.

Let 'em go.

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