

Monty Montgomery

"Your Mind Is On The Run"

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It's not quite the time,
Not really the rhyme,
The voice is cracking up,
Doomed to a funeral,
Bang-bang, the sweetest nightmare,
My mind don't seem to stop,
I've been hiding for too long,
You cannot even try,
You cannot learn to fly,
When your feet are on the ground,
And your mind is on the run,
Won't somebody, somebody too healthy,
Come and help me from the storm, I know,
You'd lend me your wings, so I could feel free,
Be calm and be warm,

It is what it looks like,
The dark of the night,
Keeps my blood cold enough,
So my mind can stay bright,
Bang bang, an aerial nightmare,
She still doesn't know,
If she's right or I'm wrong,
But what you cannot buy,
Is a smile on the sunshine,
Your feet are on the ground,
And your mind is on the run.
And your mind is on the run.
Won't somebody, somebody too healthy,
Come and help me from the storm, I know,
You'd lend me your wings, so I could feel free,
Be calm and be warm

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