

Article One, Run

Baby, lost in the middle of a thousand dreams
When not one has become true
Baby, lost in the sea of a thousand faces
When not one has any clue
I didn't say it first, say it first, I think you did
I swear I heard it first, heard it first
From your lips, from your lips
You wanna run, your dreams
Lie shattered and twisted
Run, your dreams
Lie shattered and twisted
Baby, tell me the things
That could change your mind
And I'll see what I can do
Baby, mean what you say
When you tell me so
I don't give up on you
When did this happen
When did things fall through
I remember talking about
The things that we would do
Why'd you forfeit
All the things that you had planned
Why you laid them down
I'll never understand
And it's a matter of opinion if it matters
That the home team lost in the bottom of the ninth
It's not a matter of opinion and it matters
That the plane went down when your dreams took flight