

Merle Haggard, The Running Kind

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
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