

# Paul Westerberg, Runaway Wind

You don't blow like the breeze you were born to be  
You die down in the trees and try to hide  
Will you witness the dark  
All you need is a spark  
A cathedral of torches to light the night  
On your mark here I am  
I'm your spark  
Runaway wind  
Run run away wind  
You trade your telescope for a keyhole  
Make way for the gray that's in your brown  
As dreams make way for plans  
See ya watch life from the stands  
Come on I'll help you burn 'em to the ground  
On your mark here I am  
I'm your spark  
Runaway wind  
He sees ya like a river  
Deep and silent  
And he runs to you like  
A shallow noisy stream  
I see what you've become and try to hide it  
You need someone who sees  
What you were born to be  
Here I am  
You don't. blow like the breeze  
You were born to be  
You don't know what to do with your life  
As day returns to dark  
Flame returns to spark  
Come on I feel I'm blowing out tonight  
I'm your spark here I am  
I'm your spark here I am  
I'm your spark here I am  
On your mark run away wind  
Watch you run  
Watch you run  
Watch you run