

# Red House Painters, Long Distance Runaround

Long distance runaround  
Long time waiting to feel the sound  
I still remember the dream there  
I still remember the time you said goodbye  
Did we really tell lies  
Letting in the sunshine  
Did we really count to one hundred

Cold summer listening  
Hot colour melting the anger to stone  
I still remember the dream there  
I still remember the time you said goodbye  
Did we really tell lies  
Did we really count to one hundred