

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