

# Robben Ford, Running Out Of Me

It's time to face it, the simple facts are clear  
that no amount of lovin' you, could ever keep you here  
Packed up to leave, and never lookin' back  
and don't try to stop this train, 'cause it's headed down the track  
Never a tear across that cheek  
No sign of sympathy, for a man who's feeling weak  
Walkin's much to slow, so your runnin' out on me

I must admit it, you never lied to me  
but somehow you stole my heart, and now I can't be free  
So please forgive me, if it's hard to take this in  
but I gave you everything, now your tellin' me it's the end  
Never a tear across that cheek

No sign of sympathy, for a man who's feeling weak  
and walkin's much to slow

So your runnin' out on me  
Where did the time go, see how fast it flies  
Now it's time to fly away, you can't stand long good-byes  
I shouldn't take it so hard it's not that you don't care  
but I'm one of many men  
The rest are still out there  
Never a tear across that cheek  
No sign of sympathy, for a man who's weak  
and walkin's much to slow  
So your runnin' out on me