

# Stephen Fretwell, Run

Run, run like the wind  
Don't wait for a thing  
There is nothing here for you  
But if you stay  
Well then let me say  
I'll go out of my way for you

It's not like before  
I'll say no more  
Everyone else has said it for me  
A beautiful tree  
A beautiful tree  
It's a shame that the root of it's me

Sleep, sleep on the floor  
A knock on the door  
To tell me if you want some more  
I can't relate  
To what's on your plate  
And my appetite never failed before  
A beautiful tree  
A beautiful tree  
It's a shame that the root of it's me  
A beautiful tree  
A beautiful tree  
It's a shame that the root of it's me

Tell me tomorrow  
I'll wait by the window for you

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But if you stay  
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Tell me tomorrow I'll wait by the window for you  
I'll wait by the big house for you  
I'll wait by the squeezebox for you  
I'll wait by your dresses for you