

Sugarland, We Run

Snake oil and roses, pockets of dirt
Hand of a fortune teller's song
Young love shaking the earth
Like a heart shot out of a gun

Lips like gravity, pull me under
Reckless weather on his breath
Smells like rain, hits like thunder
A storm is coming, I've got nothing left
So we run, yeah yeah yeah we run
Come undone like a string on a sweater
That you pull but you know better
But doing what you shouldn't's half the fun
so we run

Fire and laughter, fence posts flying
Feel the fever in the air
Can't remember what came before him
And what comes after I don't care

Hands are trembling, I swore I wouldn't
One more look and I'll give in
A hundred reasons why I shouldn't
But I lost my heart in wanting him to win

So we run, yeah yeah yeah we run
Come undone like a string on a sweater
Old enough and should know better
But doing what you shouldn't's half the fun
So we run, na na na na....

I hear the leather on his voice
It's a calling not a choice and I can't keep myself from following the sound
Yeah, you may never know how fast that you can go
Til someone lifts your feet up off the ground

So we run, yeah yeah yeah we run
Come undone, yeah yeah yeah undone
So we run, yeah yeah yeah we run
So we run, yeah yeah yea we run
Na, na na na....