

# Timmy Curran, Horses On The Range

I've been sitting around for way to long  
and the world is looking like it's getting smaller by the minute  
I am bound  
up in chains  
and I just have to say

Let me run like the horses on the range  
and I promise you I'll never  
ever complain

Let me run from  
all these years of wasted space  
and I promise you I'll never  
ever change

These chains that are holding me  
make it so hard for me to breath  
the air  
that most of us do not see  
I'll speak for all  
confined by these walls  
which has held  
us to  
a humiliating crawl  
there ain't no doubt  
once I get out

I'm gonna run like the horses on the range  
and I promise you I'll never  
ever complain

Let me run from  
all these years of wasted space  
and I promise you I'll never  
ever change