

# Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Runner run

Rain won't wash this dirt away  
it will last, it will stay  
like some cheap tattoo  
made in the wild days  
inadequate and unwanted now  
Time will never fix it up  
it will burn, day and night  
like a question thrown  
into the silence  
unanswered still, just left to die  
Runner, runner, you may run  
to the edge of the world  
when you're there, don't be surprised  
that you haven't moved at all  
at all...  
So you start anew again,  
you lock the door, catch a train  
now you're digging up  
another grave for  
your shattered dreams and worn out lies  
You pick a girl and marry her  
you love her smile, you need her veil  
just to cover up  
in it's snow pure whiteness  
the blackened secrets of your heart  
Runner, runner, you may run  
to the edge of the world  
when you're there, don't be surprised  
that you haven't moved at all  
at all...  
In the thickest hour of the night  
you see yourself from high above  
a single tear  
could save your life  
soon the day breaks in, but your eyes stay dry...