

# George Strait, Run

If there's a plane or a bus leaving Dallas  
I hope you're on it  
If there's a train moving fast down the tracks  
I hope you caught it

Cause I swear out there ain't where you ought to be  
So catch a ride, catch a cab  
Don't you know I miss you bad  
But don't you walk to me

Baby run, cut a path across the blue skies  
Straight in a straight line  
You can't get here fast enough

Find a truck and fire it up  
Lean on the gas and off the clutch  
Leave Dallas in the dust  
I need you in a rush  
So baby run

If you ain't got a suit case  
Get a box or an old brown paper sack  
And pack it light or pack it heavy  
Take a truck, take a Chevy  
Baby just come back

There's a shortcut to the highway out of town  
Why don't you take it  
Don't let that speed limit slow you down  
Go on and break it

Baby run, cut a path across the blue skies  
Straight in a straight line  
You can't get here fast enough

Find a truck and fire it up  
Lean on the gas and off the clutch  
Leave Dallas in the dust  
I need you in a rush  
So baby run

Baby run  
Oh baby run  
Baby run