

# Manafest, Runaway

It's funny I never thought that I'd be homeless  
I used to walk by them, now I'm living on the corners  
Stretching for a touch of a hand, a dollar bill or a chance  
Give me your sandwich bag, man I'll do anything  
With thoughts of desperation my hearts racing  
I'm not star gazing I could die of starvation  
Hallucinated from the day's wasted  
Lost track of time while my mind aging  
People looking at me like a lost patient  
Like I'm already dead why they all hating  
Did I choose this life, or life choose me  
I ran away at sweet 16 mommy do you miss me, this is Krissy

So I run, and I run, and I ran and I ran praying maybe some day we meet again  
Cause it hurts when you hurt, and I hurt and I feel, like I'm healed can we all just make a mends  
I run and I run and I run, and I run

Good bye to the world, good bye to my girl  
Say hello to my home the street corner  
It's absurd every word that was spoken  
It must come alive cause my life is still broken  
Wondering did I miss it, what mistake did I make? Can I fix it?  
These streets of gone ballistic  
This isn't what I thought it would be, where's daddy  
Is he still mad at me, I wonder would he have me  
Back in the home, back in the zone, back where I can't eat  
Where's there's heat and use a phone  
Cause it hurts and I know I never said good bye  
I ran away I thought like anything I could fly

Mom and dad are you there, are you listening  
I want to come home, but scared of the mess I'm in  
Please forgive me of the things I committed  
Against you against me, our family tree  
And I know we haven't spoke in so long, I was so wrong  
To think I could live on, on my own accord  
I'm a take the train home, but I need to know  
If you'll welcome me back through your life's door?  
Show me a sign with a red ribbon, hang one on the side of the train building  
And if I see it than I'll know that your still willing,  
And if not I won't ever call or visit  
I'll pretend that I'm re-living the beginning,  
Like when we used talk in the kitchen, without all the fights & friction  
This is me wishing, one of your ex children  
Picturing praying that you got the same feelings,  
I'm running