Mona Ray, The Long Run

She keeps her hands pinned down at their sides No sign of moving on or moving at all And we all look away, while something in me dies It always does

She finally closes her eyes
Her grace, how she shines and moves so carefully
But in a different situation youll find out shes just who you wanted to be
Keep breathing loveif only for a while (If only for me)
But in a different situation, I could take it all from you
Take it all away from you
Weve come to far to die on the line (die on the line)

Its better in the long run