

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 you'll find out she's just who you wanted to be
Keep breathing love if 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
We've come too far to die on the line (die on the line)

It's better in the long run