

Thursday, Running From The Rain

There was a sound, split all the heavens apart
On the northern wind, out in a southern spark
Oh, I will be with you, running from the rain

When it reaches the end of the line
I see myself reflected in broken glass
As the gates come crashing down

There is blood on the tracks tonight
And rust inside our veins
Will it ache every time I hear the storm
running behind me?

There were some younger kids
Who followed the tracks that day
It was a passing afternoon
that came and took them away

So we forgot our names
Lying in the tall grass
underneath the billboard dreams
Oh, I will be with you, running from the rain

When it reaches the end of the line
I see myself reflected in broken glass
As the gates come crashing down

There is blood on the tracks tonight
And rust inside our veins
Will it ache every time I hear the storm?
It's running all over
It's running all over
It's running all over
It's running all over me.
Running from the rain

See the steam in the distant hills
See the rooftops glitter in the sun
Hear the summer counting down,
Running out, running from the rain
Operator, Operator, did you lose your way
when you got that call your brother made?
You're sick of running and you know it's true
you're coming back,
running from the rain