

# 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