## **City Of Refuge**

## Abigail Washburn

I got a mother I got a father Diamond rations, stark white collar She looks good He makes the dollars I'm just free to do what I wanna

I gotta run Run, run, run I gotta run

Mama's at ease in socialite graces Papa remembers the names with the faces I can speak on the topic of religion Just can't seem to make a clear decision

I gotta run Run, run, run Run to the City of Refuge I gotta run I gotta run

Mama's got a lover Papa thinks he's sober Pray on my knees, the clouds keep fallin' over Torn down the lace Booze on his collar They never ask if the secret's boiling over Under white sheets where all I do is wonder

When I'm gonna run Run, run, run Run to the City of Refuge Where everyone is made new I gotta run I gotta run

Where there's a mother Where there's a father Adam's on the roof and Eve is in the gutter Eden's on the far side Where the circle started

To run with the gods, you gotta run harder

Run, run, run Run to the City of Refuge Where everyone is made new Oh the City of Refuge Where everyone is made new Oh the City of Refuge

Where our burdens lay in the town Where we came from