

## Run Again

Aer

Something makes me run from nothing  
Fucked up more than once and  
Cleanin' off my slate before I run again

You couldn't call me a saint, you'll have to call me a sinner  
Comitting bigger, than 21 saying "winner winner chicken dinner,  
"

I can't get civil, filled with evil, evil  
Travels in messages from owls and eagles  
No flowers so freedom, yeah  
I've done wrong, I've fucked up  
Can't take it back but I gotta face it with my fucking hands up  
Her hate attack is tangible  
Gimme one good reason I shouldn't walk on out that door  
And count that cash that could be caught without your walk upon  
my chest  
I'm not, here

Not givin' up some love is like a gun in my waistline  
Safety off, got nowhere to be so I make everything take time  
Everything remains fine, everyone runnin down their pre determi  
ned paths  
while I make my own, exploration around the world  
Flown, to another destination, another girl  
Never been that shiver down your little ass spine  
Always been that plane of kush and a glass from the best vine

It's 5 AM  
And she knows