

Can't Make Me Run

Alejandro Escovedo

Who really cares about tomorrow
Who really cares about today
Kings and queens in the gutter
The price of pride another take away
Take away
Take away

Well they run in the streets of Chicago
Run in the streets of Detroit
Burning down the halls of San Antonio
Don't ask me for a dime
I'm just hanging on
Hanging on

You could take away the belt
You could take away the crown
Take away the ring
I'm still the king of this whole town
Can't make me run

I hear a choir singing
Singing a riding tune
Organ grinder grinding
The preacher preaching not a day too soon
Can't make me run
Can't make me run

My father he worked too hard
My mother she worked hard too
Brothers and sisters they never went hungry
'Cause they never gave up on you
Can't make me run

You can break the wheels of a Cadillac
Break the bank too
Smash the windows on a new guitar
If that's what you want to do
You can't make me run
Make me run

I feel so homesick there's nowhere I can go
How I wish my mother was here
Pick me up and carry me home

Don't give up on love
Don't give up on love
Don't give up on love