

Running From Home

Bert Jansch

Runnin' runnin' from home,
Breakin' ties that you'd grown
Catchin' dreams from the clouds

The city sounds burn your soul
Turn your head to the cries
Of loneliness in the night

Just like a fly when it's caught
The spider soon takes it's prey
Spins a dance round your heart

Give me your beauty and age
A pleasure pleasing my mind
Your heart will shatter and fall

Step on pavements so old
Cast a glance at the young
Girls a-making their way

The passing image of you
Reflects a pain to my heart
And disappears in a crowd

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