

I Won't Run From It

Big Red Machine

Now, look at that road
Look at that climb
When it's throwing in a nickel you'll get out a dime
Too patterned, too close
Too flattered, too broke
Now look at you go

Took the morning to float
Took the morning to find
I got a vision of a mission but an awkward vibe
Too livid, too scared
Too loving, too closed
Now look at you know

When the cause is dead on arrival
And you coulda shoulda woulda for free
Now look at your post script, every minute
It's a very slow thing to have glean

So maybe you know
Or maybe you don't
It isn't time for a fitting of a passing cloak
Too forward, too fine
Too patient, too wise
Now look at you shine

Took the matter to house
Took the matter to mouth
With the feeling that I'm fishing in a harbor now
Too clever, too kind
Too patterned to hide
Now, look at that smile

So when the cause ain't dead on arrival
And you coulda shoulda woulda for free
Do not hang your cause on revival
Cause now looking is bringing you grief
So when the cause is dead on arrival
And you coulda shoulda woulda for free
I wouldn't have forced it on the minute
It's a very hard thing to have grief

Ah give it a minute, we're dancing in it