Runaway Train

Eric Clapton

There's a hungry road I can only hope's
Gonna eat me up inside.
There's a drifting spirit coming clean
In the eye of a lifelong fire.
Till Monday I'll be around next week;
I'm running ahead of my days.
In the shotgun chance that scattered us,
I've seen the error of my ways.

Oh oh oh, oh oh oh.

Well we've wrapped ourselves in golden crowns
Like sun gods spitting rain.
Found a way home written on this map
Like red dye in my veins.
In the hardest times that come around,
The fear of losing grows.
I've lost and seen the world shut down;
It's a darkness no one knows.

Oh oh oh, oh oh oh.

And I've poured out the pleasure and dealt with the pain.
I'm standing in a station waiting in the rain.
I'm starting to feel a little muscle again,
But love is lost like a runaway train.

I'm out of control and out of my hands.
I'm tearing like a demon through no man's land.
I'm trying to get a grip on my life again.
Nothing hits harder than a runaway train.

Oh oh oh, oh oh oh.

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