Turn off the light bulb ache to a shrieking pain Turn that hair into a haircut and change your name Through the yellow teeth white lies are told Of the notches made in the house of smoke

So, pick the padlock keys
In the padlocked room
Wipe the smiles from your face
And sing the default blues
And go
What are you running from?
What are you running from?
It passed me by, but it's never gone
What are you running from?

This is textbook heartbreak from the country school
The description sculpture of a thoughtless stool
You've got your heroin monologues
Now you're wearing a helmet
Whilst you're breaking the rules

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In the padlocked room
Wipe the smiles from your face
And sing the default blues
And go
What are you running from?
What are you running from?
It passed me by, but it's never gone
What are you running from?
What are you running from?
What are you running from?
The accent you hid behind is gone
What are you running from?

There isn't a cure
There isn't a cure
There isn't a cure
Save your wax world torture
For your modeling friends
Speak emotional trash right from Zimmerman's bin

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