

## Runner

Gavin Adcock

Another town, another drink  
Another night, no sleep, not a wink  
The cape on my neck is coming loose  
Another house I shouldn't smoke  
Play some towns, turn it up, hit the road  
At least he knows what I'm going through

But I'm too drunk to be this stoned  
And I'm too high to feel this low  
And I'm too bad off on uppers  
To have another shot of six-pack to suffer  
And I'm too young to hurt this bad  
So I keep soaking my white flag in Jack D  
Till it changes colors  
'Cause brother, my father is a fighter  
And I'm a runner

Wish I was home, wish I was sober  
Wish I was holding a sweet girl closer  
But all your wishes can't come true  
Next stop, Baton Rouge

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And I'm too bad off on uppers  
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So mama, I'll be home by December  
But it's only June, so I guess  
Better late than never

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And I'm too bad off on uppers  
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My father is a fighter  
And I'm a runner