

Runaway

Jack Stauber

You keep your distance that's for sure
You led me to believe you're an open door
But when I reached for your handle I learned otherwise
You handed fiction out in paperback
Eight hundred pages
Lined from the top to the bottom with the words come here

When I'm nice you're disinterested
When I'm an asshole you're offended
You're a lure with no prize
A chase with no catch
You're perfect
Runaway
Though I'm never gonna lock you down
You're always gonna be around
If I follow slow
You'll wait up for me
You're to blame
Runaway

There's a problem with your temperature
I did my best
I tried my best
To warm you down
But you froze my thermometer
Your time is a magical thing
Like this curse that you put on me
If you aren't willing to give me yours
Why should I waste mine

When I'm nice you're disinterested
When I'm an asshole you're offended
You're a lure with no prize
A chase with no catch
You're perfect
Runaway
Though I'm never gonna lock you down
You're always gonna be around
If I follow slow
You'll wait up for me
You're to blame
Runaway

If my mind could turn back time
I'd find myself and warn him that
You're perfect
Runaway
Girl some day
I'll find a way
To break away
From your luring eyes
You're to blame
Runaway