

Running

James Wesley

This old truck has seen better days
The windshield's cracked and it's peeling paint
It's just like me in a lot of ways
But still running

One august night you changed our plans
And this ole truck was my moving van
Now I'm a million miles from being your man
And still running

And I'll be running
Pushing that red line
Knowing your memory's a minute behind
And I'll be running
As far as I can go
'Til I run out of time or run out of road
I'll be running

This old heart might miss a beat
When you catch up to me in my dreams
But as soon as I'm up, I put boots on my feet
I'm running

And I'll be running
Pushing that red line
Knowing your memory's a minute behind
And I'll be running
As far as I can go
'Til I run out of time or run out of road
I'll be running

The farther I get the more I regret
Not turning this truck around
But I gotta keep fighting on through the night
Keep putting this pedal down
'Cause I know
Yeah I know

That I'll be running
Pushing that red line
As long as your memory's a minute behind
And I'll be running
As far as I can go
'Til I run out of time or run out of road
I'll be running