

# Running

James Wesley

This old truck has seen better days  
The windshield's cracked and it's pealing 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