

The Running Kind

Johnny Cash

I was born the running kind
With leaving always on my mind
Home was never home to me
At anytime
Every front door found me hoping
I would find the back door open
There just had to be an exit for the running kind

Within me there's a prison
Surrounding me alone
As real as any dungeon
With its wall of stone
I know running's not the answer
Though, running's been my nature
And a thing in me that keeps me moving on

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