

# Runaway With Me

Jon Wolfe

Wrapped up in the backseat and field, parked off the interstate  
Catching just one last glimpse of that setting sun  
All tangled up in the stars in the middle of the milky way  
And dashboard speakers cranking out Born To Run

There's four lanes of blacktop rolling on out into the night sky  
And I don't know where they're going but I hear 'em calling our names  
And is that all we got? We got nothing to lose on that white line  
And no matter what happens, girl, I'm sure of one thing

As long as it's you and me, baby  
Driving each other crazy  
Revving that '70s Chevy  
Like we're young and wild and free  
Two lovers running ninety to nothing  
Hearts pumping, searching for something  
Rolling like thunder and lightning  
Baby, we were meant to be  
Why don't you run away?  
Come on and run away, run away with me

There's a moon in the rear view mirror and the hum of the highway  
Got the wind through the windows and freedom under our wheels  
I know this old Nova don't fly but at least we can drive away  
As fast as these horses run, see just how good it feels

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Oh, oh  
Run away with me