

The Runaround

Mandolin Orange

Freightliners rolling down the highway
Someday, some time ago, the line was laid to rest
Ships aren't making waves for a traveler like a jet airliner does
It's all here and gone, and never missed

But true love ain't true love without you
Walked a mile or two alone, and it wasn't long before I knew
That true love ain't true love without you

Well morning time's a-brewing
And it's a brand new electric coffeemaker, percolator
It's no use, a sip is just a sip, makes the mornings brighter still
And if you're on the go we can grab some joe at the drive-through

Blue, I'm so blue
Got the runaround in my hometown, it's true
All the cotton gins a-humming, by now are sound asleep
Still half in debt, at the end I'd bet, it's to bed on cotton sheets
But true love ain't true love without you