

# Running For Cover

Noah Gundersen

I only want to make you happy  
Never want to see you cry  
When you compared me to your daddy  
It made me want to die  
I made a promise too young, truth be told  
There was a fire in my stomach  
I think its getting cold

Storms coming down  
Everybody's running for cover  
Rain's coming down in buckets  
I can smell the thunder

Sky's heavy with the color of blood  
Shadows on the wall  
Make it all the more distracting  
I can feel it all  
Watch it fall from the ceiling  
Out of my hands

Sarah said love is what you make it  
You can make it if you try  
So I have trouble with the difference  
Of getting up and getting by  
There is a hole inside of her  
Oh this much I know  
All the love inside your body  
Could never make me whole

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