

Runaway Wind

Paul Westerberg

You don't blow like the breeze, you were born to be
You die down in the trees and try and hide
Will you witness the dark, all you need is a spark
A cathedral of torches light the night

On your mark, here I am
I'm your spark, runaway wind
Run runaway wind

You trade your telescope for a keyhole
And make way for the gray that's in your brown
As dreams made way for plans
See you watch life from the stands
Come on I'll help you burn 'em to the ground

On your mark, here I am
I'm your spark, runaway wind

He sees you like a river, deep and silent
And he runs to you like a shallow noisy stream
I see what you've become and try to hide it
You need someone who sees what you were born to be
Here I am

You don't blow like the breeze, you were born to be
You don't know what to do with your life
As day returns to dark, flame returns to spark
Come on I feel I'm blowing out tonight

I'm your spark, here I am
I'm your spark, here I am
I'm your spark, here I am
On your mark runaway wind

Watch you run
Watch you run
Watch you run