

# Runnin'

Steve Wariner

Flagging down a cab you look so pretty  
A country girl alone in New York City  
Well, you've got your bib bag doing what you wanna do  
If I could do what I wanted I'd be right with you

Dreams don't always turn out the way you plan  
A day late and a moment short and nothing in your hand

You keep running, running through my mind  
Like the taxis in the street, like binding twine  
Like the rivers back home that run so free  
Run anywhere you want, but baby, run to me

Well, I fell so hard the day I met you  
Been around the world, keep coming back to you  
Now I know I wanna make you mine  
I'm gonna get you by my side, it's a matter of time

Love don't come easy, it's hard to understand  
And it won't work out until you make your stand

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