

# The (Runaway) Artist

The Higher

Standing side of the street  
I see you walking away  
Her car and bags are packed  
Heading straight for LA  
More of a reason to go  
Less of a reason to stay  
With every mile she goes a memory fades away

Not really hip in her school  
Unsatisfied with the crowd  
Only looking for some place where she can be found  
The poetry that she writes  
A different kind of release  
If they cant hear her scream  
Maybe they'll hear her sing

La la la la  
La la la and I know that she will be fine if she tries

Mmm  
The days turned into months the months they turned into  
years  
On a road to fame shedding too many tears  
A few letters to home it just wasn't the same  
They even made her change her name  
On the way to work turned on the radio  
And I heard a familiar voice that I know  
She had gotten her dream and became a star  
And her voice rang out from in my car

La la la la  
La la la and I know that she will be fine if she tries  
And she sang  
La la la la  
La la la and I know that she will be fine if she tries  
But she's trying too hard to run away  
From everything she left behind  
And if she's gonna do this on her own  
Then she leaves tonight  
And they called her a runaway

La la la la  
La la la and I know that she will be fine if she tries  
La la la la  
La la la and I know that she will be fine if she tries

And she said you're not gonna take away my dream  
Cuz I'm running away and soon you'll see  
That things will be fine if I try (that things will be  
fine if she tries)

And she said you're just wasting your breath on me  
Cuz I've made up my mind and soon you'll see  
That things will be fine if I try (that things will be  
fine if she tries)