

Running Away

Tom Misch

I pass lovers holding hands and drinking wine on the park bench
I pass buildings, climbing up high, they tower over us and them
I pass children standing in a line in front of a museum
And it's meant to be so easy, but I'm scared

Running away
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Every step I take, I get a little closer to the end
Every step I take, I'm closer to the day that I begin
Even though my body aches, I know I'll do this every day
And it shouldn't be this hard, but I'm scared

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