

Run Thru

My Morning Jacket

Oh shit, run!
Oh shit, run!
Oh shit, run through the ghetto
They will hear you
Mornin bell tolls at home
Rings loud
Back where I come from
Calls me back
Often times
I would hope and pray

Then faith came my way
Oh shit, run!
Oh...
It's what appears to me
It's what appears to me
Oh shit, run!
Oh...
It's what appears to me
It's what appears to me
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

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