

Charlotte

Rosie Thomas

I run I run I run far from
You to the apple tree in my yard
With my dress all bundled up in my hands
Dirt on my feet I am dreaming again

I run I run I run far from
You to the lilac tree in my yard
No more swing set for the girl who is all grown up
No more tea parties parades or mothers in love

I hold my breath past the cemetery
My brother wins he can hold it much longer than me
Gravel roads make car keys rattle on steering wheels
Children and horses old barns and old automobiles

I run I run I run far from
You to the watered streets of Oregon
With a coffee cup half full in my hands
And I'm praying my savior would
Just place a gun in my hands

I run I walk I lie far from
Freaks and lying cheats on the tip of my tongue
The moon hides in the sky behind rows of tree tops
And I'm wishing I was somewhere up there
With the mermaids and stars

I run I run I run far from
Reality to escape who I've become
Insanity is close at my back
And I'm getting rather numb from the snakes

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