Hey Run

Pieta Brown

When you're standing in the kitchen late at night
Nobody's there to hold you tight
When you're looking for the sun
Hey run
Yeah runWhen your best friend won't talk to you
And nobody else can see through you
Nobody's having any fun
Hey run
Yeah runOh greetings from the city
In the mail
Blue sun in a blood red veil
All your friends getting all dressed up
All your friends still getting messed up
Oh hey, yeah you better runWhen you meet yourself walking out the door
And you just can't stand what you see anymore
When you're hoping tomorrow just don't come
Hey run
Yeah run

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