

# Born to Run

## Marillion

It's a quiet sadness  
Of the people of the north  
    Echoes silently  
Around cold grey places Ecstasies undared, tremble upon them  
    Edge of the tightly, respectably unfulfilled  
        Who drink to excess  
In order to forget what never happened Brave faces  
    Well dressed, ordered minds on suicide's edge  
        Reflected in the rain skimmed  
Slate grey, battleship grey, hardship grey And further South and homeless  
    Here I am, globally altered and dishevelled  
        Oh, darlin', I've done it all  
            An antithesis of sorts

Songwriters

ROTHERY, MOLSEY, KELLY, TREWAVAS, HOGARTH  
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