

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 Published by
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