The Man Who Ran

The Tiny

I'm nothing like the pictures they had made.
I won't step on the stones that they have laid.
I run and run and run and run and run.Along gravel roads and highway hills,
through the city's grinding traffic mills,
I run and run and run into the sun.
I chase the blinding thread that it has strung.The dog and the bark, the fire and the spark,
will strain and strain and strain at the chain.
The world is new the roots remain the same.What if gravity is just another trick of the mind?
Hold on. Hold on.
If the trouble you see is nothing but imaginary tethers.[whistling]Soon there are no more roads to run.
This leash is even stronger spun.
But I run and run and run and run and run.
I'm holding every word I've ever sung.The frog and the lark, its song in the dark,
will call and call and call behind the wall,
louder than they ever did before.What if gravity is just another trick of the mind?
Hold on. Hold on.
If the trouble you see is nothing but imaginary tethers.
If what's holding you down is nothing but your anguish to fall.
How long? How long will you dream of the leap,
the dream about the bird of shiny feathers?I'm nothing like the pictures they had made.
I don't step on the stones that they have laid.
I run and run and run and run and run.

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