

# Run, Baby, Run

Sheryl Crow

She was born in November 1963 the day Aldous Huxley died  
And her mama believed me that every man could be free  
So her mama got high, high, high and her Daddy marched on Birmingham  
Singing mighty protest songs and he pictured all the places  
Where he knew that she'd belong but he failed and taught her young  
The only thing she'd need to carry on He taught her how to  
Run baby run baby run baby  
Run baby run  
So run baby run baby  
Run baby run baby run Past the arms of the familiar and their talk of better days  
To the comfort of the strangers slipping out before they say  
So long baby loves to run She counts out all her money in the taxi on the way to meet her plane  
In stares hopeful out the window  
At the workers fighting through the pouring rain  
And she's searching through the stations for an unfamiliar song  
And she's think of all the places where she knows she still belongs  
She smiles the secret smile and sure she knows exactly how to carry on So run baby run baby  
Run baby run baby run  
So run baby run baby  
Run baby run baby run From their old familiar faces and their old familiar ways  
To the comfort of the strangers and slipping out before they say  
So long, and baby loves to run And she's searching through the stations for an unfamiliar song  
And she pictures all the places where she knows she still belongs  
And she smiles the secret smile because she knows exactly how  
To carry on So run baby run baby  
Run baby run baby run  
So run baby run baby  
Run baby run baby run So run baby run baby  
Run baby run baby run  
So run baby run baby  
Run baby run baby run So run baby run baby  
Run baby run baby run  
So run baby run baby  
Run baby

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