

Running Free

Stone Sour

Just sixteen, a pickup truck, out of money, out of luck.
I've got nowhere to call my own, hit the gas, and here I go.

I'm running free yeah, I'm running free.
I'm running free yeah, Oh I'm running free.

Spent the night in an L. A. jail and listened to the sirens wail.
They ain't got a thing on me, I'm running wild, I'm running free.

I'm running free yeah, I'm running free.
I'm running free yeah, Oh I'm running free.
Get out my way!

I'm running free yeah, I'm running free.
I'm running free yeah, Oh I'm running free.

Puller here at the Bottle Top, whiskey, dancing, disco hop.
Now all the boys are after me, and that's the way it's gonna be

I'm running free yeah, I'm running free.
I'm running free yeah, Oh I'm running free.
I'm running free yeah, I'm running free.
I'm running free yeah, Oh I'm running free.
I'm running free yeah, I'm running free.
I'm running free yeah, Oh I'm running free.

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