

# Sound of Running (Demo)

## Old 97's

I dressed up as a good man I charmed with all my might  
I made you my girlfriend, I made you my wife  
Yea, we got ourselves a little place that I woke up to find  
A rolling iron boxcar that was taking me down the line  
Yea I'm carrying a lot of postcards I'm going west a while  
Through the fields of rusty trainyards, 'til the rails run out of miles  
'Til they put me on the Westbound, singing sweetly over me  
Your sound of being rebound and the rails will trouble me  
But her sound in the distance  
And the sound of running's always on my feet  
Got her sound in the distance  
And the sound of running's always racing me  
I passed some folks that never moved though they're running every one  
And me I'll run the mainlines until my racing's done  
Til they put me on Westbound, singing sweetly over me  
Your sound of being rebound and the rails will trouble me  
But her sound's in the distance  
And the sound of running's always on my feet  
Got her sound in the distance  
And the sound of running's always racing me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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