

# I'd Run

Buddy Jewell

I stood out on the trestle waitin' for the whistle  
The 409 was right on time again  
Lord, I'd a-got a lickin' if they caught me playin' chicken  
But I was quite the practiced liar way back then I saw the smoke above the treetops  
And when the train came into view  
I stood still as a statue, but I knew what to do  
When I could read the numbers on the front I'd run like a gypsy, like the hounds of hell'd get me  
Like a rabbit on the wrong end of a gun  
I'd run like the lightning cuttin' 'cross the Kansas skyline  
Like the tears that momma cried for her lost son  
I'd run, yeah, I'd run I got older but no smarter an' cheatin' fate got harder  
But I could still out wit the Devil and his friends  
Went through whiskey, cards an' women, takin' more than I was givin'  
Throwin' love and caution to wind Every time I'd let some beauty get a little too close to me  
She'd hang around just long enough to find herself the key  
When I could feel the lock on my heart come undone I'd run like a gypsy, like the hounds of hell'd get me  
Like a rabbit on the wrong end of a gun  
I'd run like the lightning cuttin' 'cross the Kansas skyline  
Like the tears that momma cried for her lost son  
I'd run, yeah, I'd run There's broken hearts and broken bottles  
Dreams all gone to dust  
Girls gone home to momma and cars all gone to rust  
If I could go back and undo the hurt I'd done I'd run like a gypsy, like the hounds of hell'd get me  
Like the rabbit on the wrong end of a gun  
I'd run like the lightning cuttin' 'cross the Kansas skyline  
Like the tears that momma cried for her lost son  
I'd run, yeah, I'd run, you know I'd run, yeah I'd run

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