

# Running Out

## Mates of State

You have the upper hand to open up the door  
Running out, running out  
Running out shouldn't give youth back I have a hardened chain connected to my arms  
Running out, running out should pull apart Let's trade this tired home for all it's worth in paper  
Running out, running out  
Running out you react Tired of singing  
You're tied up never tired of singing  
Tired of singing Revolutionary minds never know to draw the line  
Running out, running out  
Running out like a fire so sweet Tired of singing  
You're tied up never tired of singing  
Tired of singing This will bring you closer  
You want it, you want it Imitating Bransby imitating them  
This will bring out closer  
Never have to say it  
Tired of singing Tired of singing  
You're tied up never tired of singing  
Tired of singing

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