

Runnin' Just in Case

Miranda Lambert

There's trouble where I'm going but I'm gonna go there anyway
I hate Sunday mornings 'cause they always seem to start this way
I'm looking for a lighter, I already bought the cigarettes
Guess I picked me up a habit on my way out of Lafayette
Eastbound and down, I turn it up 'cause that sure how I feel
My mind is racing through the pines, my hands are shaky on the steering wheel
I'm going north on 59 but I know good and well I'm headed south
'Cause me and Birmingham don't have a history of working out
What I lost in Louisiana I found back in
Alabama
But nobody ever taught me how to stay
It ain't love that I'm chasing but I'm running just in case
I ain't unpacked my suitcase since the day that I turned
twenty-one
It's been a long ten years since then, it's getting kinda cumbersome
The first one and the last one and the one that's got my name in ink
The smoker and the filer and the one in every song I sing
What I lost in loving Texas I looked for in all the rest
But I guess no one ever taught me how to stay
It ain't love that I'm chasing but I'm running just in case

Songwriters

MIRANDA LAMBERT, GWEN SEBASTIAN Published by

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