

Runaway Bride

Page McConnell

Sitting on a bus holding her cross, wondering deep inside
rolling through a field with some alamo steel looking for a place to hide
She's heading out west but she can't confess and she's hoping that she can find
a way to explain the cause of her pain and the shame that she left behind
Hoping someday she'll learn to behave so that people don't wonder just what's gotten under her skin

The satellite eyes of the runaway bride is all that is on TV
She's counting the miles to forget for a while but she won't take the test to see
The desert goes by with its elegant sky reaching for a silhouette peak
She's got tears in her eyes but before the ink dries she's hoping that she can speak
Hoping someday she'll learn to explain so that people don't wonder just what's gotten under her skin

What's it about, you're not ready yet?
If it's in doubt, how far you gonna get?
Your ticket to ride has got you on the run
Ready or not your future's gonna come

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Lyrics submitted by Delia.

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