

# Renegade

## The Paper Kites

Had a dream that I sent for your love in the morning  
And you came to me at about a quarter to three  
Said I didn't look like I used to look and man I do not know your face  
And I woke to discover that the things that you said  
Were true to me in some kind of way So I stared down the figure in the bathroom mirror  
Took the razor in my hand  
Now I could draw a line or I could cut my hair  
But it don't change the way I am Cause I'm a part of the world I live in now  
Only set apart from the world I live in now  
Ghost of a renegade San Marino sun took me in, it eclipsed me  
And the world it was vacant like I'd never seen  
And once I walked the rhythm in my own damn way  
Part of the evolving age  
But I heard the warning from that young mans lips  
And he said that times would change

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