

Running from Home

[Bert Jansch](#)

Runnin', runnin' from home
Breakin' ties that you'd grown
Catchin' dreams from the cloudsThe city sounds burn your soul
Turn your head to the cries
Of loneliness in the nightJust like a fly when it's caught
The spider soon takes it's prey
Spins a dance round your heartGive me your beauty and age
A pleasure pleasing my mind
Your heart will shatter and fallStep on pavements so old
Cast a glance at the young
Girls a making their wayThe passing image of you
Reflects a pain to my heart
And disappears in a crowdRunnin', runnin' from home
Breakin' ties that you'd grown
Catchin' dreams from the clouds

Songwriters

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