

# Ashcroft Richard, Running Away

Ashcroft Richard  
Human Conditions  
Running Away

Don't drink me I'm like turpentine  
Make you blind, burn your insides  
If I don't know me then I don't know you  
Can't figure out what I'm supposed to do

I ain't running away from my mind this time  
I ain't running away from my mind this time

There's a killer in me and a killer in you  
A little talent but a lot would do  
If I don't know me then I don't know you  
I don't know why I do the things I do

I ain't running away from my mind this time  
I ain't running away from my mind this time  
I ain't running away from my mind this time  
I ain't running away from my mind this time

Too stressed to eat, too tired to sleep  
Alien to all you meet

It's the season of the witch, it's the season of the spin  
And nobody knows what state we're in  
It's the season of the witch, it's the season of the spin  
And nobody knows the trouble we're in  
It's the season of the witch, it's the season of the spin