

Stephen Fretwell, Run

Run, run like the wind
Don't wait for a thing
There is nothing here for you
But if you stay
Well then let me say
I'll go out of my way for you

It's not like before
I'll say no more
Everyone else has said it for me
A beautiful tree
A beautiful tree
It's a shame that the root of it's me

Sleep, sleep on the floor
A knock on the door
To tell me if you want some more
I can't relate
To what's on your plate
And my appetite never failed before
A beautiful tree
A beautiful tree
It's a shame that the root of it's me
A beautiful tree
A beautiful tree
It's a shame that the root of it's me

Tell me tomorrow
I'll wait by the window for you

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Tell me tomorrow I'll wait by the window for you
I'll wait by the big house for you
I'll wait by the squeezebox for you
I'll wait by your dresses for you