

We Run

Sugarland

Songwriters: Bush, Kristian; Carusoe, Scooter; Nettles, Jennifer;

Snake oil and roses, pockets of dirt

Hands of a fortune teller's son

Young love shakin' the earth

Like a heart shot out of a gun

Lips like gravity pull me under

Reckless weather on his breath

Smells like rain, hits like thunder

Storm is comin', I got nothin' left

So we run, yeah, yeah, yeah, we run

Come undone like a string on a sweater

That you pull but you know better

But doing what you shouldn't's half the fun

So we run

Fire and laughter, fence posts flyin'

Feel the fever in the air

Can't remember what came before him

And what comes after I don't care

Hands are tremblin', swore I wouldn't

One more look and I'll give in

Hundred reasons why I shouldn't

But I lost my heart and wanted him to win

So we run, yeah, yeah, yeah, we run

Come undone like a string on a sweater

Old enough and should know better

But doin' what you shouldn'ts half the fun

So we run

I hear the lever on his voice, it's a callin' not a choice

And I can't keep myself from followin' the sound

Yeah, you may never know how fast that you can go

Till someone lifts your feet up off the ground

So we run, yeah, yeah, yeah, we run

Come undone, yeah, yeah, yeah, undone

So we run, yeah, yeah, yeah, we run

So we run, yeah, yeah, yeah, we run, yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>