

Running Out The Door by Adrian Mowry

Oh this hardened shell

Oh if I could ring this bell

Around your heart to let you know

Love is always running out the door

I believe I've run a foolish race

I wasted time at a breakneck pace

I heard a man could change right before his death

Just put it off until his last breath

Your a little rough around the edge

Rye whiskey and cigarettes you cry

There's a saint in every bar room from here to clarksdale

There's a star for every loser in the sky

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