

Run

George Strait & Miranda Lambert

If there's a plane or a bus leaving Dallas
I hope you're on it
If there's a train moving fast down the tracks
I hope you caught it
Cause I swear out there ain't where you ought to be
So, catch a ride, catch a cab
Don't you know I miss you bad
But don't you walk to me Baby run
Cut a path across the blue skies
Straight in a straight line you can't get here fast enough
Find a truck and fire it up lean on the gas and off the clutch
Leave Dallas in the dust
I need you in a rush
So baby run If you ain't got a suitcase get a box or an old brown paper sack
Pack it light or pack it heavy
Take a truck, take a chevy
Baby just come back
There's a shortcut to the highway out of town
Why don't you take it Don't let that speed limit slow you down
Go on and break it
Baby run
Cut a path across the blue skies
Straight in a straight line
You can't get here fast enough
Find a truck and fire it up lean on the gas and off the clutch
Leave Dallas in the dust
I need you in a rush
So baby run... Baby run... Oh baby run...

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