

Sheryl Crow - Run, baby, run

Tom: A

She was born in November 1963 the day Aldous Huxley died
 And her mama believed that every man could be free
 So her mama got high, high, high
 And her daddy marched on Birmingham singing mighty protest songs
 And he pictured all the places where he knew that she belonged
 But he failed and taught her young the only thing she's need to carry on...
 He taught her how to

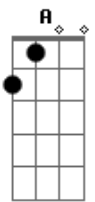
Run baby run baby run baby run baby run
 Past the arms of the familiar and their talk of better days
 To the comfort of the strangers slipping out before they say so long

Baby loves to run

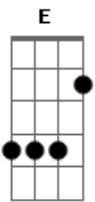
She counts out all her money in the taxi on the way to meet her plane
 Stares hopeful out the window at the workers fighting
 Through the pouring rain
 And she's searching through the stations for an unfamiliar song
 And she's pictures all the places where she knows she still belongs
 And she smiles the secret smile because she knows exactly how To carry on...

So run baby run baby run baby run baby run
 From the old familiar faces and their old familiar ways
 To the comfort of the strangers slipping out before they say so long
 Baby loves to run

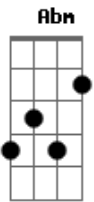
Acordes



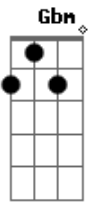
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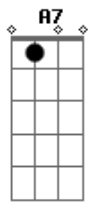
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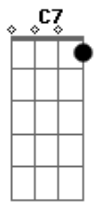
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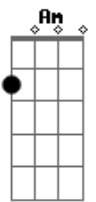
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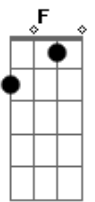
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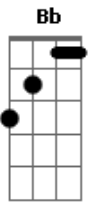
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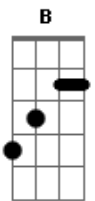
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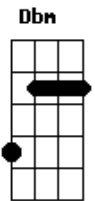
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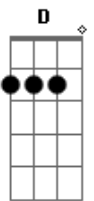
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