

Running Away From Myself

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I'm just running down the road hoping for the best
Relieved I've escaped from that mess
The one that I myself created out of shame
And to show I clearly know I'm to blame
And so I keep on running like hell
Away from myself

It's difficult to find the bottom of the soul
And there's so many things I'd like to know
Like the reason I'm my own bitter enemy
In the battle for self empathy
And so I keep on running like hell
Away from myself

People always say you're no Bob Dylan
I reply "you're telling me!"
But I'm content just to be the villain
In this tragi-comedy.

I could say some prayers and hope charisma will be mine
As long as I've still got enough time
To show the world that I am almost good enough
And they don't try too hard to call my bluff
In that case, I'll keep running like hell
Away from myself

My head is full of ideas and plot lines
But most of them make no sense
And I'll keep searching until there are clear signs
That my life's work is not pretense.

If paradise is just what everybody wants
Then I guess we'll be blessed with ambiance
But that won't help me banish my embedded shame
I'll still want to deep chill my surname
And so I'll keep on running like hell
Away from myself