

City Of Refuge

Abigail Washburn

I got a mother
I got a father
Diamond rations, stark white collar
She looks good
He makes the dollars
I'm just free to do what I wanna

I gotta run
Run, run, run
I gotta run

Mama's at ease in socialite graces
Papa remembers the names with the faces
I can speak on the topic of religion
Just can't seem to make a clear decision

I gotta run
Run, run, run
Run to the City of Refuge
I gotta run
I gotta run

Mama's got a lover
Papa thinks he's sober
Pray on my knees, the clouds keep fallin' over
Torn down the lace
Booze on his collar
They never ask if the secret's boiling over
Under white sheets where all I do is wonder

When I'm gonna run
Run, run, run
Run to the City of Refuge
Where everyone is made new
I gotta run
I gotta run

Where there's a mother
Where there's a father
Adam's on the roof and Eve is in the gutter
Eden's on the far side
Where the circle started

To run with the gods, you gotta run harder

Run, run, run
Run to the City of Refuge
Where everyone is made new
Oh the City of Refuge
Where everyone is made new
Oh the City of Refuge

Where our burdens lay in the town
Where we came from