

## Run Honey Run

John Martyn

Well I wish I could think of some cliché to mouth  
To make our parting seem less sad  
But if I told you lies or promised you the moon  
The truth would come trickling from my eyes  
So run honey run, and hide in the wind  
And never stop to look inside your mind  
Well I wish I could wash all my weeping blues away  
And watch them disappear on morning tide  
Oh, but I seek after sword, after sounds of the sea  
A charm forever round my mind  
And I wish I could fly like a bat from a cave  
Through the darkness of my ignorance to light  
I'd forever live on the echoes of our love  
And die like some star burning bright