

The (Runaway) Artist

The Higher

Standing side of the street
I see you walking away
Her car and bags are packed
Heading straight for LA
More of a reason to go
Less of a reason to stay
With every mile she goes a memory fades away

Not really hip in her school
Unsatisfied with the crowd
Only looking for some place where she can be found
The poetry that she writes
A different kind of release
If they cant hear her scream
Maybe they'll hear her sing

La la la la
La la la and I know that she will be fine if she tries

Mmm
The days turned into months the months they turned into
years
On a road to fame shedding too many tears
A few letters to home it just wasn't the same
They even made her change her name
On the way to work turned on the radio
And I heard a familiar voice that I know
She had gotten her dream and became a star
And her voice rang out from in my car

La la la la
La la la and I know that she will be fine if she tries
And she sang
La la la la
La la la and I know that she will be fine if she tries
But she's trying too hard to run away
From everything she left behind
And if she's gonna do this on her own
Then she leaves tonight
And they called her a runaway

La la la la
La la la and I know that she will be fine if she tries
La la la la
La la la and I know that she will be fine if she tries

And she said you're not gonna take away my dream
Cuz I'm running away and soon you'll see
That things will be fine if I try (that things will be
fine if she tries)

And she said you're just wasting your breath on me
Cuz I've made up my mind and soon you'll see
That things will be fine if I try (that things will be
fine if she tries)