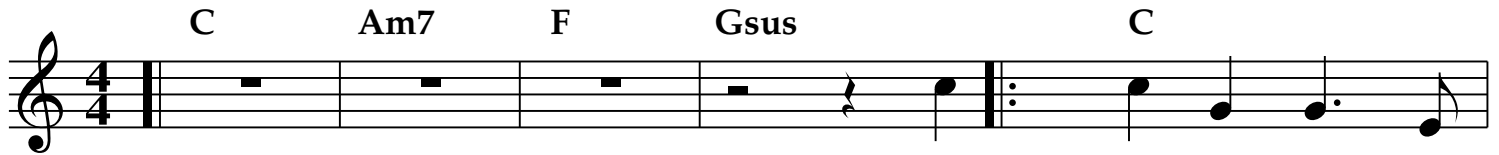
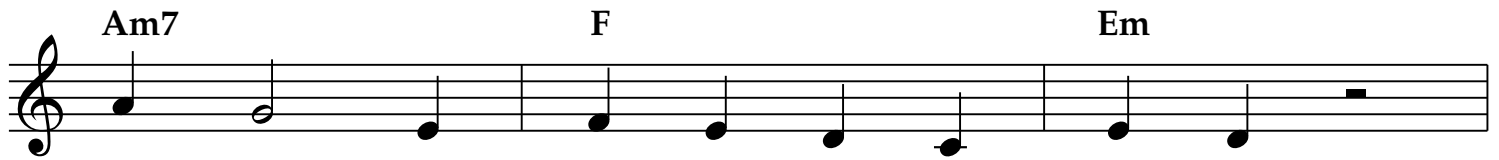


Running For Her Train

Phil Mills



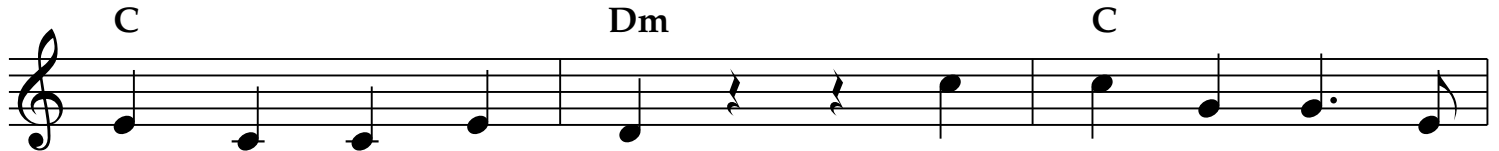
Half bur-ied by the
(At) first I feel a
(I) ask a knight with
(A) red hat at the



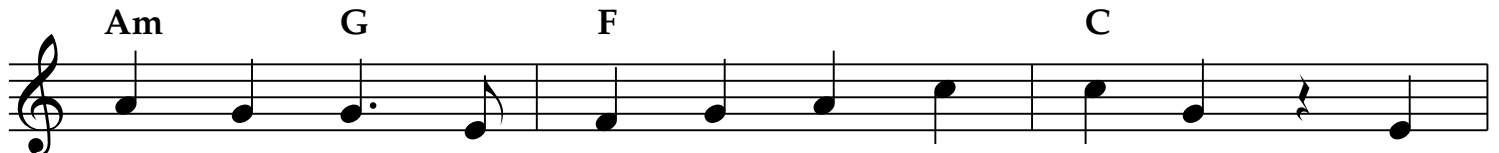
dead leaves, ob - scured by fast - food lit - ter,
ter - ror and then I feel a won - der:
gob - let why fab - led be - ings lab - our.
park's edge, you'll find it if you're meant to



There's a red hat ly - - ing lost in an
World be - - neath my known world view, where ____
Can it be some sor - - cer - - or has de -
Solve the rid - dle, bring a spark to those



emp - ty down - town park. I brush it off, I
myths and leg - ends play. I used to wish; I
prived them of their will? He rubs his chin, he
eyes so dull and plain. I wish you luck. I



try it on, The shape of morn - ing chan - ges, For
used to dream Of hold - ing po - tent pow - ers, But
shakes his head, Re - turns to serv - ing cof - fee To
wish you speed. Re - store the tarn - ished glo - ry If

F Dm

ev - - 'ry - where a - - round me I see
 what's re - vealed makes me sus - - pect the
 sad - eyed clerks with smart phones, wands, bright
 you're the wise one who can make our

G Dm 1 Gsus 2-4 C

crea - tures light and dark. At At six A. - M., the
 hat was thrown a - way.
 wings and month - ly bills.
 mag - ic fresh a - gain.

Am G F Am F

trolls are still un - load - ing trucks and trail - ers. By sev - en, streets are

G Dm C

swept and brown - ies van - ish once a - gain. At eight o' - clock, I

Am G F Am Dm F

see Norse he - roes, hid be - hind news - pa - pers And a fair - y prin - cess

C Dm Gsus F Em C

run - ning for her train. I
 A

History:
 February, 2010