

# The Running Styles of New York

## The Tallest Man On Earth

I hear beauty in things like the neighbors return to their love and pride  
Their day like a wicked ride  
But then to belong  
And their kids running by given riddles and tales for their way to be  
Little buddies, the mystery  
Of just being around And all that I fear is that all that I have given you  
Is a ship out to nowhere that wants to be out of control  
But I see the light in oh so many things out here  
And a lifetime gently now sits on the stairs to my home We're running out  
But moving on  
Into the days of our grace returning  
And the dancer just turns until they spin fast enough for the biggest show  
Take some pics of the afterglow  
Then do it again  
I see stars in the sky and I wish they'd return to be in me now  
Make up for what I lack somehow  
When it's all been too much And all that I fear is that all that I have given you  
Is a ship out to nowhere that wants to be out of control  
But I see the light in oh so many things out here  
And a lifetime so gently now sits on the stairs to my home We're running out  
But moving on  
Into the days of our grace returning And I'm curly to the bone  
But then you straighten me again  
I carry you to bed  
Let the hours sweep away  
Your day has been hard  
I will whisper to heal and not wake up the listening thoughts in me  
They're revealing dark poetry  
And this shadow they sell  
There is beauty out here like peculiar running styles some are wild  
And the breath on the other side  
Of getting around And all that I fear is that all that I have given you  
The ship out to nowhere that wants to be out of control  
But I see the light in oh so many things out here  
And a lifetime so gently now sits on the stairs to my home We're running out  
But moving on  
Into the days of our grace returning We're running out  
But moving on  
Into the days of our grace returning

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

