

# Seven Mary Three, Tug

Little miss runs away.  
Didn't think you would ever come back.  
As I turned my head.  
I find my newest complication.  
She won't run.  
Won't fall.  
She don't talk to.  
Anyone at all.  
Am I your sleepless dream?  
Can I whisper soft advice?  
Am I the wind rush through the trees?  
Turning leaves of observation.  
She won't run.  
And won't fall.  
She don't talk to.  
Anyone at all.  
River rushes towards.  
A south city left behind.  
The Tug is moving at a walking pace.  
Slithering up her spine.  
I won't run.  
I won't fall.  
I don't talk to.  
Anyone at all.