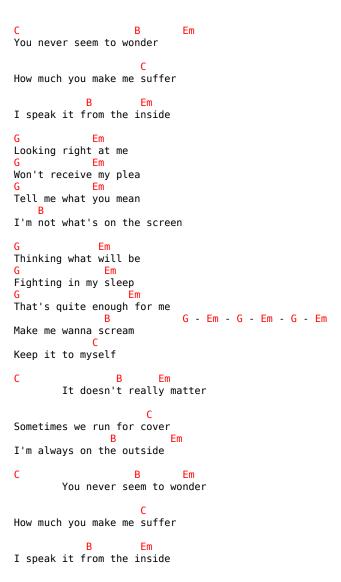
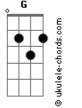


Bill Withers - Run For Cover

```
Intro: Em - Am
When bruised, coming down
Then I, get turned around
I tend to cut myself off
>From things, I shouldn't run from
It doesn't really matter
Sometimes we run for cover
I'm always on the outside \ensuremath{\mathsf{I}}
Stab me in the back, wanting things that I lack
Sticking to your ploy, is there something you enjoy?
Publicity, and insecurity,
 Just wanna be me, it's my need to be free
It doesn't really matter
Sometimes we run for cover
```



Acordes



I'm always on the outside

