

# Randy Bachman, One Step Ahead Of The Law

I was born on the wrong side of town  
Growin up meant hangin around  
With the crowd that was goin down  
Under a bad sign  
Reckless hearts, we sold our souls  
We drove old cars and played rock and roll  
Forever young never growing old  
We couldnt read the stop signs

And wed spend our time keeping one step ahead of the law  
Goin down the lilne keeping one step ahead of the law  
We had to run, we had to hide  
Keepin one step ahead of the law  
One step ahead of the law  
One step ahead of the law  
One step ahead of the law

Growin up was a hurricane  
And trouble was my middle name  
I was living in the fast lane  
Cause I loved to move  
I had an old car with a 454  
It was a heavy Chevy with a 4 on the floor  
I took it to the limit but I wanted more  
Because I loved to groove