

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