

Warrant, Ride Number 2

I don't need love I just need gasoline
A broken line so I can pass the things
That try to slow me down or get in my way
I don't need someone holding on too tight
I'd rather have a warm clear southern nite
Miles of empty road, wind in my face

Give me a life to ride
Leave what I hate behind
Outta sight outta mind
Just give me a life to ride

Now this one wants a brand new picket fence
This one wants his wife to make sense
Neither one remembers ever being free
Now i control my life and destiny
Yes I am the king of everything I see
Never gonna suck my life away
Never gonna be a slave

Give me a life to ride
Leave what I hate behind
Outta sight outta mind
Just give me a life to ride