

# 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