

Bob Welch, Outskirts

Last night red lights and sirens sound,
Nine miles on a back street,
Sneakin' out of town,
Out of touch, goin' underground,
Look into the mirror;
Can see 'em bearin' down,

Long road windin',
Headlights in the dark,
Don't know where we're goin',
But it can't be too far,

Ten g's, three for you, the rest I'll keep,
No clues, no avenues,
It's a perfect scheme,
Look-out outskirts,
Hang a left at the hangin' tree,
Cause they say they're gonna get ya,
But they won't mess with me!

Long road burnin',
You know you can't look back,
Cause every where your turnin',
You can't escape the fact...

Yeah, they're gettin' closer now,
Step on it man you know they're gainin' ground,
Not afraid to die, until right now,
I can almost feel em' breathin',
Fear for me

Oh, last night, murder one was in the air, huh;
Johnny didn't mean to do it,
But he was real scared,
Outlaws, runnin' hidin', who knows where,
Next time your on the outskirts,
huh, well, I'll be waitin' there.

Long road a windin'
Headlights in the dark,
Long road returnin'
Like a knife, in your heart.

I'm on the outskirts now,
Fear for me, well,
I'm on the outskirts,
Fear for me.