

Buck Owens, Out There Chasing Rainbows

I'm always out there chasing rainbows
Always going for the gold
Searching for you in far off places
Yes, I'm always out there chasing rainbows.

Your memory makes me think of rainbows
Of summer days and daffodils
Of tender times and sweet surrender
I loved you then and always will.

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--- Instrumental ---

Rainbow are things of mystic beauty
That appear like magic in the sky
To tell the world the storm is over
Ah, but sometimes rainbows make me cry.

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Yesm I'm always out there chasing rainbows...