

# 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...