

# Ian Hunter, The Outsider

(ian hunter)

Death be my mistress, guns be my wife  
Breath is my witness and roads are my life  
Just give my future's clean as a knife  
Far on the way from I.a.

The sun heats the saddle, sand in my hair  
Looking for water and there's sweat everywhere  
Know that I'm nearer I smell damp air  
I ain't tasted coffee for days

When the leaves are down I'll be southward bound  
Hunters hunt the outsider.  
When the wind grows cold, when the sun grows old,  
Nothing holds the outsider

Just killed a man in a town called nightfall  
Damned if I can't remember it all

My hand it was shaking but his talk it was tall  
I paid for the funeral crew  
And it seems like I never reach Mexico  
They're heading me off every place that I go  
I'm sick of the fact that I've got to lay low  
What else can an outsider do

I know they're near to me, I don't have to see  
Just let me be the outsider  
They ain't far behind, they're always on my mind  
They won't find the outsider  
The outsider

When the leaves are down I'll be southward bound  
Hunter's haunt the outsider.  
When the wind grows cold, when the sun grows old,  
Nothing holds the outsider  
The outsider. the outsider.