

# Lake, On The Run

On the run  
I'm riding the night  
Out from the hangman's rope  
On the run  
I believe I'm heading for New Mexico  
It's just the way I'm going, going down

See the horse I'm riding, that's my home  
With the wind behind my back  
And the gold that's in my pack  
We'll be riding til we're dead  
Til we're dead

On the run  
Looking over my shoulder  
For the lawman's gun  
On the run  
And my body's burning from the blazing sun  
Yes the way I'm going, going down

See the horse I'm riding, that's my home  
With the wind behind my back  
And the gold that's in my pack  
We'll be riding til we're dead  
Til we're dead

That's just the way I'm going, going down  
See the horse I'm riding, that's my home  
With the wind behind my back  
And the gold that's in my pack  
We'll be riding til we're dead  
Til we're dead, til we're dead  
Til we're dead, til we're dead  
Til we're dead, til we're dead