

# Michael McDonald, Ride Like The Wind

It is the night  
My body's weak  
I'm on the run  
No time for sleep  
I've got to ride  
Ride like the wind  
To be free again

And I've got such a long way to go  
To make it to the border of Mexico  
So I'll ride like the wind  
Ride like the wind

I was born the son of a lawless man  
Always spoke my mind with a gun  
in my hand  
Lived nine lives  
Gunned down ten  
Gonna ride like the wind

Accused and tried and told to hang  
I was nowhere in sight when the  
churchbells rang  
Never was the kind to do as I  
was told  
Gonna ride like the wind before I  
get old