

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