

The Doobie Brothers, Wild Ride

As the wind blows down the canyon
And the rain falls on the river
I can hear her song of wishes
I can feel her body shiver
Her boots are made of feathers
Flying as she runs
Across this painted desert
With a suitcase full of guns
Wild, wild ride
And the world goes round and round
Wild, wild ride
You go crazy from the sound

Near the old abandoned drive in
There's a brand new Motel 6
It's hard to make a livin'
But you work to get your kicks
You don't know how you got here

But it comes as no surprise
When the rust gets in your engine
And the dust gets in your eyes

Wild, wild ride
And the world goes round and round
Wild, wild ride
You go crazy from the sound

From Mobile to Milwaukee
Seattle St. Joe
From Memphis to Miami
To the streets of Tokyo
Take a trip among the livin'
Make a circle in the sky
It's a good day for believin'
That we're never gonna die