Waylon Jennings, Tryin' To Outrun The Wind

He's a sad song singer he plays a gut-stringer
With vagabond fingers that follow his mind
To far away places he reaches for traces
And touches the faces he's long left behind

He'll keep you from knowing where he's been or going
You'll see the distance right there in his eyes
Just short of stealing he'll take your feelings
Pull at your heart strings till they come untied

Once was a woman who made him turn lonesome
Her memory turns over and over again
Like an old stallion who's longing for freedom
Trying to outrun the wind
(steel)
Well I've laughed with the sunshine cried with the rains
I've had some bad nights with the best of the blues
And I go on pretending with long haired women
I still get crazy when I think of you

Once was a woman who made him turn lonesome...

He's like an old stallion who's longing for freedom
Trying to outrun the wind