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