

Outskirts

Bob Welch

Last night red lights and sirens sound
Nine miles on a back street gettin' out of town
Out of touch going underground
Look into the mirror, you can see 'em bearing down
Long road winding, headlights in the dark
Don't know where we're going but it can't be too far
Ten G's three for you the rest I'll keep
No clues no avenues, it's a perfect scheme
Look out outskirts, hang a left at the hanging tree
'Cause they say they're going to get you
But they won't mess with me
Long road burnin', you know you can't look back
'Cause everywhere you're turning you can't escape the fact
Yeah, they're getting closer now
Step on it man, you know they're gaining ground
Not afraid to die until right now
I can almost feel them breathing, fear for me
Last night murder 1 was in the air
Johnny didn't mean to do it but he was really scared
Outlaws runnin' hiding who knows where
Next time you're on the outskirts, I'll be waiting there
Long road a winding, headlights in the dark
Long road returning like a knife in your heart
I'm on the outskirts now

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