

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 downLong road winding, headlights in the dark
Don't know where we're going but it can't be too farTen 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 meLong road burnin', you know you can't look back
'Cause everywhere you're turning you can't escape the factYeah, 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 meLast 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 thereLong road a winding, headlights in the dark
 Long road returning like a knife in your heartI'm on the outskirts now

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