

The Wild Horse

Rod Stewart

Born and raised in a motel in New Orlean
I run away with a hobo and his Gypsy friends
We rode a freight train up to Cleveland across the Utah plains
Proud men, Troubadour torn and frayedSleepin' under the stars
While gently strumming guitars
Played the songs of Woddy Guthrie
On the open road
I knew right then, I could never go home'Cause, the wild horse runs free forever
Oh yea, a wild horse runs free forever
And ever and everI met a girl from a family of position and wealth
What a hand this Rambler had been finally dealtA beauty six years and ten
I felt the walls closin' in
Like a swollen river
'Bout to overflowin'
Like a losin' gambler I kept on rollin'And a wild horse runs free forever
Yea, yea, yea
A wild horse runs free forever
The wild horse runs free forever
Yea, yea, yea
A wild horse runs free forever{Play the guitar}So understand I must go
I'll drink you one last toast
Oh here's to the heart
And the hands of a man
That come with the dust
And are gone with the windMay the wild horse run free forever
Yea, the wild horse runs free forever
A wild horse runs free forever
Yea, the wild horse runs free foreverWild guitar, baby, come on, wild
I know, I know, I know
Play it for me, come on
Yea ya, hit it
Yea yea
Let me hear it, yea
Yea, wild horse

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