

Wild Horses

[Gino Vannelli](#)

As the sun goes down on the Arizona plain
And the wind whistles by like a runaway train
It's a beautiful thing Well, it's me and you in a flatbed truck
And my heart kicking over like a whitetail buck
In the middle of spring You can cut me deep, you can cut me down
You can cut me loose
Don't you know it's okay You can kick and scream, you can slap my face
Set my wheels on a high speed chase
Uh you, no matter what you do Wild horses could not drag me away from you
Wild horses could not drag me away from you And as the sky falls down from the midnight blue
Spittin' like bullets on a hot tin roof
It's a beautiful sound Well, it's me and you in a flatbed truck
In a foot of red mud just my luck
A hundred miles out of town You can call me a fool, you can call me blind
You can call it quits
Can't hear a word you say 'Cause if I had you once, I'm gonna have you twice
I follow my heart instead of good advice
Hey you, no matter what you do, I keep tellin' ya Wild horses could not drag me away from you
Wild horses could not drag me away from you As the sun goes down on the Arizona plain
And the wind whistles by like a runaway train
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