Ride The Wind

Ride

Hearts of fire
Streets of stone
Modern warriors
Saddle iron horses of chrome
Taste the wild, lick the wind
Like something they never saw before
Their jaws dropping to the floor
Steel made of soul and sin
And rebels born without a care
And the day he listens
Only to fly where eagles dare
And the night she whispers
Ride the wind
Never coming back until I touch the midnight sun
Ride the wind
Never coming back again
Ride the wind
Never coming back until I touch the midnight sun
Painted flesh
Loyalty
Humble pride
Just as far as an eye could see
Stories told
Two old friends, yeah
Of battle scars and lonely bars
And nights the rain wouldn't end
Here's to withered eyes wearing gypsy smiles

And the day he listens
Here's to lovely ladies and a million miles
And the night she whispers
Ride the wind
Never coming back until I touch the midnight sun
Ride the wind
Never coming back again
Ride the wind
I'm still the bravest soul in sin, burning till the night is done
Of all the truths and lies
And stories of riders in the sky

Only the bravest try
Where eagles and angels dare to fly
Ride the wind
Never coming back until I touch the midnight sun
Ride the wind
Never coming back again
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