

# Ride Like the Wind

## The Sixties Band

A house made of cards and no time to run  
Unfolding the path before me  
Together with you and not making sense  
And slid from my grasp, that moment in time  
When everything stood to reason  
The clarity gone, I wait for my fate  
Black clouds gathering  
Wind, carry the word of my fate  
Ride, ride like the wind

It's fanning my flame, too bright to be real  
It's burning my eyes to ashes  
I'm one with the steel, too bright to be real  
Black clouds gathering  
Wind, carry the word of my fate  
Ride, ride like the wind

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