

Tryin' To Outrun The Wind

Waylon Jennings

He's a sad song singer, he plays a gut-stringer
With vagabond fingers that follow his mind
To far away places he reaches for traces
And touches the faces he's long left behind
He'll keep you from knowing where he's been or going
You'll see the distance right there in his eyes
Just short of stealing he'll take your feelings
Pull at your heart strings till they come untied
Once was a woman who made him turn lonesome
Her memory turns over and over again
Like an old stallion who's longing for freedom
Trying to outrun the wind
Well, I've laughed with the sunshine cried with the rains
I've had some bad nights with the best of the blues
And I go on pretending with long haired women
I still get crazy when I think of you
Once was a woman who made him turn lonesome
Her memory turns over and over again
Like an old stallion who's longing for freedom
Trying to outrun the wind
He's like an old stallion who's longing for freedom
Trying to outrun the wind

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