The Outsider

Ian Hunter

(ian hunter)Death be my mistress, guns be my wife
Breath is my witness and roads are my life
Just give my future's clean as a knife
Far on the way from l.a.The sun heats the saddle, sand in my hair
Looking for water and there's sweat everywhere
Know that I'm nearer I smell damp air
I ain't tasted coffee for daysWhen the leaves are down I'll be southward bound
Hunters hunt the outsider.
When the wind grows cold, when the sun grows old,
Nothing holds the outsiderJust killed a man in a town called nightfall
Damned if I can't remember it all
My hand it was shaking but his talk it was tall
I paid for the funeral crew
And it seems like I never reach mexico
They're heading me off every place that I go
I'm sick of the fact that I've got to lay low
What else can an outsider doI know they're near to me, I don't have to see
Just let me be the outsider
They ain't far behind, they're always on my mind
They won't find the outsider
The outsiderWhen the leaves are down I'll be southward bound
Hunter's haunt the outsider.
When the wind grows cold, when the sun grows old,
Nothing holds the outsider
The outsider. the outsider.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/