

THE FUGITIVE

Down every road there's always one more city
I'm on the run, the highway is my home

I raised alot of cane back in my younger days
While momma used to pray my crops would fail
Now I'm a hunted fugitive with just two ways
Outrun the law or spend my life in jail

I'd like to settle down but they won't let me
A fugitive must be a rolling stone
Down every road there's always one more city
I'm on the run, the highway is my home

(guitar solo)

I'm lonely but I can't afford the luxury
of having one I love to come along
She'd only slow me down and they'd catch up with me
For he who travels fastest, goes alone

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(guitar solo, fading away)