

Merle Haggard

"The Fugitive"

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

I raised a lot a cane back in my younger days
While mama 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 wont 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 Music)

I'm lonely but I cant 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 travel fastest goes alone

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