

## Willie Nelson

# "Tryin' To Outrun The Wind"

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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,  
But you'll see the distance, right there in his eyes.  
An, just short of stealing, he'll take your feelings,  
Pull at your heart strings, 'til they come untied.

There once was a woman who made him turn  
lonesome,  
Her memory turns over and over again.  
He's like an old stallion who's longing for freedom,  
Tryin' to outrun the wind.

Well, I've laughed with the sunshine, an' cried with the  
rains.  
I've had some bad nights, with the best of the blues.  
An' I go on pretending, with long-haired women,  
But I still get crazy when I think of you.

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