

Lee Clayton

"I Ride Alone"

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It's another night in Los Angeles
My passport is restless in my boot
And my thoughts take wings to wonder
Get up they say man vamoose
I think about my thoughts of Paris
Of fine wine, women and precious things
I think about my life on the midnight highway
The life of a renegade king

Twenty years they've called me a bandit
Twenty years I've been on the run
Twenty years defending my honor
Twenty years harming no one
And I ride
I ride alone, yes I ride, I ride alone

They say there goes a strange one
He sits back to the wall

Noticing conversation
Rarely speaking at all
And he rides, he rides alone
Yes he rides, he rides alone

It's true I'm not much on talking
It's true there's not much I know
But one thing I've learned for certain
You reap whatever you sow
And you ride, you ride alone
Yes you ride, you ride alone

There's a hawk high in the heaven
A truly magnificent bird
He waits on wings of silver
To bring the glorious word
And he flies, he flies alone
Yes he flies, he flies alone

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