

## **Brian Houser**

### **"Last Of The Outlaws"**

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Thru a small window my baby waves good-bye  
I'm leaving on a bus line in the sky.  
Nobody knows the way I feel deep inside but me.  
Engines roar and my wheels leave the ground,  
She's just a speck in that town.  
Across the mountains now, I'm southern bound.  
Damn the man that made it so easy  
To make a cut so quick, so clean,  
Just take one step and not see your baby,  
All on this flying machine.  
Across the sky lightning strikes and rolls.  
It's raining on some poor fool below,  
And why I had to leave I guess I'll never know.  
Just two hours and a thousand miles away,  
I can still see the look on her face,  
And nothing left for me but to turn and look away.  
Damn the man that made it so easy  
To make a cut so quick and so clean,  
Just take one step and not see your baby,  
All on this flying machine.

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