

Stewart Rod

"The Wild Horse"

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Born and raised
In a motel in New Orleans
I ran away
With a hobo and his gipsy friends
We rode a freight train up to Cleveland
'Cross the Utah plains
Proud men, troubadours tall ...
Sleepin' under the stars
While gently strummin' guitars
Played the songs of Woddy Guthrie
And the open road
I knew right then I could never go home
'Cause the Wild horse runs free forever
Oh yeah, a wild horse runs free forever
And ever and ever
I met a girl
>From a family of position and wealth
Whant a hand
This rambler had been finally dealt
I blew six years and then
I felt the walls closing in
Like a swollen river
That's overflowin'
Like a losin' gambler I kept on rollin'
And a wild horse runs free forever
Yeah yeah yeah
A wild horse runs free forever
The wild horse runs free forever
Yeah yeah yeah
A wild horse runs free forever
Play the guitar
So understand I must go
But I'll drink you one last toast
Oh here's to the heart
And the hands of a man
That come with the dust
and are gone with the wind
May the wild horse run free forever
yeah the wild horse runs free forever
The wild horse runs free forever
Yeah the wild horse run free forever

Wild guitar, baby, come on, wild. I know
I know, I know. Play it for me, come on.
Yeah, hit it. Yeah yeah. Let me hear it, yeah.
The wild horse run free ...

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