

Silver Horses

Badlands

Alright
Running on like the rising sun
Like a wild horse thundering on
Fly, fly, fly through the wind and storm
Now I'm running free

Heart and soul
That's my old bag
I leave behind a trial of sorrow and pain
Cry, cry, Lord, he calls my name
Not even you could take the blame

Ride on, silver horses
Drive, drive past the wind

A candle burns for my tortured soul
In a chapel where she whispers my name
Pray, pray, pray just to pay my toll
For sins of yesterday

Ride on silver horses
Drive, drive past the wind
Ride on silver horses
Drive on past my sins

(Solo)

Ride on silver horses
Drive, drive past the wind
Ride on silver horses
Drive on past my sins