

# 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