

# The Wild Horse

Rod Stewart

Born and raised  
In a motel in New Orleans  
I ran away  
with a hobo and his gypsy friends  
We rode a freight train up to Cleveland  
Across the Utah plains  
Proud men, troubadours torn and frayed  
Sleeping under the stars  
While gently strumming guitars  
Played the songs of Woody 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  
What a hand  
this rambler had been finally dealt  
A beauty six years and ten  
I felt the walls closing in  
Like a swollen river  
Bout to overflow  
Like a losing gambler I kept on rolling

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, I know  
Play it for me, come on.  
Yeah, hit it. Yeah yeah. Let me hear it, yeah.

The wild horse run free ...