

Outlaws and Mustangs

Cody Jinks

Well, the world tears down all those who go astray
We pay a price for going our own way
Oh, and wisdom's often born of our scars
And we find ourselves losing who we are

Go on, hit the highway, disappear in the night
You got to see the world all by yourself, and that's alright
You ain't leaving me worried, you were born to roam
The thing about outlaws and mustangs, they always come home
They always come home

You outlaws and mustangs, restless and on the run
Oh, come all you misfit daughters and you prodigal sons
You don't have to apologize
For your free, exploring mind

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Go on, hit the highway, disappear in the night
You got to see the world all by yourself, and that's alright
You ain't leaving me worried, you were born to roam
The thing about outlaws and mustangs, they always come home
They always come home, hey, hey

Oh, oh, they always come home
Oh, oh, they always come home
Oh, oh, they always come home
Oh, oh, they always come home
Oh, oh, they always come home