O.r.r.

Lynyrd Skynyrd

There's a story to tell about days of old
A man and his gun, a street fighter, I'm told
There's one in every town, tryin' to make himself a name
If he's quicker on the draw, comes glory and fame
They say he's always alone, he rides a horse with no name
His only friend was the Devil by his side but it caused him so much pain
If his guns could talk, oh, the stories they would tell
Of all the men who tried and lost, all the ones he sent to Hell
They are outlaws, renegades, rebels on the run
They pay the price every day they live like the wrong end of a gun
Move around from town to town, can't stay in any place to long
Outlaws, renegades, rebels on the run
Things haven't changed much these days
Faces are younger but still they keep playing the deadliest game
Brothers and sisters, what are we fightin' for?
It's not for the fame or the glory anymore
I hear the mothers cryin', too many children dyin'
How many tears have to fall to bring this to an end?
They are outlaws, renegades, rebels on the run
They pay the price every day they live like the wrong end of a gun
Move around from town to town, can't stay in any place to long
Outlaws, renegades, oh
They're all outlaws, renegades, rebels on the run
Pay the price every day they live like the wrong end of a gun
Move around from town to town, can't stay in any place to long
Outlaws, renegades, rebels on the run

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