

Blazing Saddles

Frankie Lane

He rode a blazing saddle
He wore a shining star
His job to offer battle
To bad men near and farHe conquered fear and he conquered hate
He turned our night into day
He made his blazing saddle
A torch to light the wayWhen outlaws rule the West
And fear fills the land
A cry went up for a man with guts
To take the West in handThey needed a man who was brave and true
With justice for all as his aim
Then out of the sun rode a man with a gun
And Bart was his name, yes, Bart was his name

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