

# Outlaws

## Sons of the Pioneers

I'm remembering ol' Waylon  
And good ol' Johnny Cash  
Man, they're an inspiration to what I am  
But don't get me wrong  
I'm still Texican to the bone  
Lord, that's right  
I'm passing on the song  
Just like my Daddy to his sons  
Aw, that's right  
This one's for the outlaws before me  
You know Indians and outlaws  
Don't mind breaking that rules  
We'll gladly take your money now  
If you play us for a fool  
You can't make us run  
And you know you can't make us hide, oh, no  
You know we have our fun  
And we don't quit without a fight, no, we don't  
So this one's for the outlaws before me  
Well, outlaws are forever  
Roaming wild and free  
Kicking in all the doors  
They didn't even need no key  
They didn't let nobody  
Tell 'em how it's 'posed to be  
This one's for them outlaws  
This one's for the outlaws before me  
Well I've seen that Folsom prison  
Been down that lost highway  
You ain't never heard of me  
'Cause I do things my way  
I sing my song and my boys  
They follow me, they follow me  
We carry on and through it all  
We still believe, we still believe  
This one's for the missing outlaws, just like me  
Oh, yeah, let's do it Willie  
I've always made a living  
Making music with my friends

Out on the road again  
And Lord knows where I've been  
Sometimes the man doesn't like the way I am  
So I'll put it in a song  
Just take you some and pass it on  
This one's for the outlaws just like me  
Well, outlaws are forever  
Roaming wild and free  
Kicking in all the doors  
And don't even need no keys  
They don't let nobody  
Tell us how it's 'posed to be  
This one's for the outlaws  
This one's for the outlaws  
This one's for the outlaws  
This one's for the outlaws before me

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