The Outsiders

Eric Church

They're the in crowd, we're the other ones
It's a different kind of cloth that we're cut from
We let our colors show, where the numbers ain't
With the paint where there ain't supposed to be paintThat's who we are
That's how we roll
The outsiders, The outsidersOur women get hot, and our leather gets stained
When we saddle up and ride 'em in the pouring rain
We're the junkyard dogs, we're the alley cats
Keep the wind at our front, and the hell at our backThat's who we are
We do our talking, walk that walk
Wide open rocking
That's how we rollOur backs to the wall
A band of brothers
Together, alone, the outsiders
We're the riders, we're the ones burning rubber off our tires.
Yeah, we're the fighters, the all-nighters
So fire 'em up and get a lil higherWoah-oh-oh
Woah-oh-oh
Woah-oh-oh
Woah-oh-ohWe're the bad news
We're the young guns
We're the ones that they told you to run from
Yeah, the player's gonna play, and a haters gonna hate
And a regulators born to regulate
When it hits the fan, and it all goes down
And the gloves come off
You're gonna find out justWho we are
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Woah-oh-oh
Woah-oh-oh
You're gonna know who we areWoah-oh-oh
Woah-oh-oh
The outsiders
Woah-oh-oh
Woah-oh-ohThat's who we are

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