

# Blazing Saddles

**Frankie Laine**

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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