

Blazing Saddles

Frankie Laine

He rode a blazing saddle
He wore a shining star
His job to offer battle
To bad men near and far
He conquered fear and he conquered hate
He turned our night into day
He made his blazing saddle
A torch to light the way
When outlaws rule the West
And fear fills the land
A cry went up for a man with guts
To take the West in hand
They 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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