Still One Outlaw Left

Confederate Railroad

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You say you don't like my kind, don't drink moonshine
Homegrown ain't your thing
Never been to a roadhouse, knockdown drag-out
Raised a little country CainYou think it a crime to live my life the way my daddy did
But if you come around to burn us down
When the smoke clears, you can bet
There'll still be one outlaw leftI got kinfolks from Kentucky to sweet home Alabama
I get loud and rowdy, that's all you need to know about who I am
I'm just a reckless renegade doin' what I do best
And there's still one outlaw leftI've stared down a sawed-off, mister, call your dogs off
Actin' like Billy, the kid
I rode a hog in the hard rain, tryin' to catch a fast train
The dogs couldn't catch me but the devil sure didI got me a wild side, just about a mile wide
Son of a shotgun shack
And them boys like me, they're a dyin' breed
But until my last breath, there'll be still one outlaw leftYou say you don't like Skynyrd, you don't like Haggard
Don't give a damn about Hank
You don't like Willie, well, this hillbilly
Don't care about what you thinkI got kinfolks from Kentucky to sweet home Alabama
I get loud and rowdy, that's all you need to know about who I am
I'm just a reckless renegade doin' what I do best
And there's still one outlaw leftSo if you come around to cut me down
Best make damn sure I'm dead
'Cause there's still one outlaw left
One outlaw left

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/