

Travis Tritt, Outlaws Like Us

(Travis Tritt)

I was born a country singer
I love Charley Pride
Raised on 'He Stopped Loving Her'
Cut my teeth on 'Mama Tried.'

Yes, I love Hank Williams
But I still love rock 'n roll
Hank Jr, me and Waylon,
We're all cut from the same mold.

And they say country's changin'
And we must all adjust
But I still think there's lots of room
For old outlaws like us.

I love to jam with the Skynyrd band
'Cause 'Freebird' chills my bones
And I've talked trash with Johnny Cash
And I've sung with George Jones.

And I have played on the Opry stage
Where the country legends stood
Where you don't give lies or alibis
'Cause they don't do no good.

And Lord, I guess, that I've been blessed
Though I have been kicked and cussed
But it's nothing new to moan the blues
For old outlaws like us.

And I wear this country banner
And I'm proud to wave the flag
And you can talk all day 'bout the next Billy Ray
But I'll cast my vote for Hag.

And when all those screamin' metal bands
Have corroded into rust
There'll still be a show on Music Row
For old outlaws like us.

Now, I don't have a crystal ball
To tell what lies ahead
But I play my way, though some folks say
Country rock is dead.

And you may call me old-fashioned
You may think I'm insane
But rhythm and blues is in my blood
And pumping through my veins.

And I've still got some loyal fans
That I know I can trust
Who will sell their souls for rock 'n roll
And old outlaws like us.

Repeat Chorus...