

Confederate Railroad, Still One Outlaw Left

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 cain
You 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 left

CHORUS

I got kinfolks from Kentucky to sweet home Alabam'
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 left

I've stared down a sawed-off, mister call your dogs off
Actin' like Billy the kid
Rode a hog in the hard rain tryin' to catch a fast train
Dogs couldn't catch me but the devil sure did
I got me a wild side just about a mile wide
Son of a shotgun shack
Then boys like me are a dyin' breed
But until my last breath
There'll be still one outlaw left

You 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 think

REPEAT CHORUS

So if you come around to cut me down
Best make damn sure that I'm dead
'Cause there's still one outlaw left