

Doug Supernaw, Fadin' Renegade

Writer: Coke Sams

Saddle up my pickup truck
Say goodbye and wish me luck
Pass the word I'm riding out again

I gotta see that purple sage
I've got to roll with one more stage
Before this worn out western movie ends

Lord I used to ride so high
They wrote songs about me
But now the old man's home alone
They rode on without me

And now my six guns not so fast
I believe this trip might be my last
This Fadin' Renegade made his last stand

Hand me down my boots and spurs
Pray the weather don't get worse
Pass the word I've done the best I can

I gotta ride out one more last storm
I've got to rope one last longhorn
Before I turn my pony loose for good
Lord I used to think I'd ride
Gods prairie all of my, my days
But now you can't ride anywhere
For the barb wire and the highways
And I'm a stranger in this time
My buckskin days are all behind
This Fadin' Renegade's made his last stand
This Fadin' Renegade's done all he can