

Frankie Laine, Blazing Saddles

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 touch 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