

Squad Five-O, Rock & Roll Bandit

On the run, under the gun.
Wanted dead or alive for the things I've done.
Misunderstood for the common good.
But bullets don't reason when they call you the kid.
Like my father before me I'm a wanted man.
Condemned without reason.
With a price on my head and a gun in my hand.
So come on.
I'm a rock 'n roll bandit.
With my gun by my side I ride into the night.
An outlaw, above the law.
A regulator riding with the wind and a cause.
All for one and one for all.
Just four desperadoes and I like those odds.
Like my brother beside me I'm a wanted man.
Condemned without reason.
With a price on my head and a gun in my hand.
So come on.
With my gun by my side I ride into the night.