

Wishbone Ash, Renegade

I can't tell you, Mother, why I feel this way.
People passing through my life, I let them slip away.
Standing in the bright light, let the music play.
Better in the spotlight
you gotta turn my night to day.
Lead me to the water
you can't make me drink.
Dressed like a renegade, faster than you think.
Can't put down these feelings rising to the boil,
Colours of a rattlesnake, ready to uncoil.
Better by far this way.
Turn, I want you to turn,
Turn my night to day.
You yourself set me on this course when I was a child,
Walking down these men streets like a boy gone wild,
Programmed for survival.
All will be revealed.
The child is father to the man
I guess my fate is sealed.
Better by far this way.
Burn my blues,
Burn my blues away,
Like a renegade.