

## Still One Outlaw Left

### Confederate Railroad

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

I got kinfolks from Kentucky to sweet home Alabama  
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  
I rode a hog in the hard rain, tryin' to catch a fast train  
The 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  
And them boys like me, they're 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

I got kinfolks from Kentucky to sweet home Alabama  
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

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