

# The Outsiders

Eric Church

They're the in crowd, we're the other ones  
It's a different kind of cloth that we're cut from  
We let our colors show, where the numbers ain't  
With the paint where there ain't supposed to be paint

That's who we are  
That's how we roll  
The outsiders, The outsiders

Our women get hot, and our leather gets stained  
When we saddle up and ride 'em in the pouring rain  
We're the junkyard dogs, we're the alley cats  
Keep the wind at our front, and the hell at our back

That's who we are  
We do our talking, walk that walk  
Wide open rocking  
That's how we roll

Our backs to the wall  
A band of brothers  
Together, alone, the outsiders  
We're the riders, we're the ones burning rubber off our tires.  
Yeah, we're the fighters, the all-nighters  
So fire 'em up and get a lil higher

Woah-oh-oh  
Woah-oh-oh  
Woah-oh-oh  
Woah-oh-oh

We're the bad news  
We're the young guns  
We're the ones that they told you to run from  
Yeah, the player's gonna play, and a haters gonna hate  
And a regulators born to regulate  
When it hits the fan, and it all goes down  
And the gloves come off  
You're gonna find out just

Who we are  
We do our talking, walk that walk  
Wide open rocking  
That's how we roll

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The outsiders  
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Woah-oh-oh  
The outsiders  
Woah-oh-oh  
Woah-oh-oh  
You're gonna know who we are

Woah-oh-oh  
Woah-oh-oh  
The outsiders  
Woah-oh-oh  
Woah-oh-oh

That's who we are