

Renegade

An old leather saddle, that he now calls his home
he rides by himself yet he is never alone,
for he carries with him on each dusty trail,
Every man's dreams for a renegade's tale.

Kept alive by his wits and a Colt 45,
he's streetwise and quick, it's how he survives.
Beckoned by passions that force him to go,
it seems that he's riding against the flow.

Young men would follow when ever they see him,
just to pretend that they've got their own freedom.
And young women swoon with their intimate thoughts,
of giving up all, but all is for naught.

Both men stare at the poor husband's wife
Each man wishing for the other one's life.
The husband just sees her, the stumbling block
the renegade though, as his stable rock.

Resting against his old leather home,
Alone in the desert, he now feels alone.
The campfire dances and just seems taunt him
a troubled young childhood that still seems to haunt him.

And as the years have reached their toll
he questions now his troubled soul.
He wished he had stayed, and worked hard the land
and to feel the soft touch of a sweet woman's hand.

He's up before sunrise and follows the beckon.
the journey's his calling, that's all he can reckon.
A nomad of sorts, he's on his own mission,
and living a life where there is no contrition.

He's a renegade. He's a renegade.