

## O.R.R.

Lynyrd Skynyrd

There's a story to tell about days of old  
A man and his gun, a street fighter I'm told  
There's one in every town, tryin' to make himself a name  
If he's quicker on the draw, comes glory and fame

They say he's always alone, he rides a horse with no name  
His only friend was the devil by his side but it caused him so much pain  
If his guns could talk, oh, the stories they would tell  
Of all the men who tried and lost, all the ones he sent to hell

(chorus)

They are outlaws, renegades, rebels on the run  
They pay the price every day they live like the wrong end of a gun  
Move around from town to town can't stay in any place to long  
Outlaws, renegades... rebels on the run

Things haven't changed much these days  
Faces are younger, but still they keep playing the deadliest game

Brothers and sisters, what are we fightin' for  
It's not for the fame or the glory anymore  
I hear the mothers cryin'  
Too many children dyin'  
How many tears have to fall to bring this to an end

They are outlaws, renegades, rebels on the run  
They pay the price every day they live like the wrong end of a gun  
Move around from town to town can't stay in any place to long  
Outlaws, renegades... Oh  
They're all outlaws, renegades, rebels on the run  
They pay the price every day they live like the wrong end of a gun  
Move around from town to town can't stay in any place to long  
Outlaws, renegades... rebels on the run