

Born to Be Bad

The Outlaws

Out on the open road we ride
Rollin' thunder side by side
I like the leathery chrome, shinin' in the sun
People know I'm runnin' till the day is done
Praise the wind screamin' on two wheels
I love the way the highway feels

Born to bad, livin' to ride
A rebel gypsy, till the day I die
American made is the best I ever had
Bad is good, and now good is gone
I never hang around too long
Livin' to ride and born to be bad

Through the bad lands under a painted sky
A fairly distant ride we stride

Tear it wide open, let the horses run
The Harley's and the Indian's roar as one
Watering hose that we had in town
Me and the boys are gonna bag it down

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Whoo, here we go!

I was born for whiskey, and rock'n'roll
I can't live my life on cruise control
I ain't lookin' for trouble, but understand,
If I'm cornered I can be a fairly dangerous man
Motorcycle mamas for miles down the road
If you seen one you wanna, steal my own

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Yeah, I was born to be bad
Who's bad?