

## Doug Stone

### "Fadin' Renegade"

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Writer: Coke Sams

Saddle up my pickup truck  
Say goodbye and wish me luck  
Pass the word I'm riding out again

I gotta see that purple sage  
I've got to roll with one more stage  
Before this worn out western movie ends

Lord I used to ride so high  
They wrote songs about me  
But now the old man's home alone  
They rode on without me

And now my six guns not so fast  
I believe this trip might be my last  
This Fadin' Renegade made his last stand

Hand me down my boots and spurs  
Pray the weather don't get worse  
Pass the word I've done the best I can

I gotta ride out one more last storm  
I've got to rope one last longhorn  
Before I turn my pony loose for good  
Lord I used to think I'd ride  
Gods prairie all of my, my days  
But now you can't ride anywhere  
For the barb wire and the highways  
And I'm a stranger in this time  
My buckskin days are all behind  
This Fadin' Renegade's made his last stand  
This Fadin' Renegade's done all he can

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