

## Shooter Jennings

### "Outlaw You"

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I get home from a long day, put on the radio  
Lookin' for some country soul, but I don't find it, no  
It's a dirt road free for all, some old boys sayin' they're  
outlaws,  
They dress the part and they talk the talk  
You know they've been taught to walk the walk  
These boys think they're tough like they been robbin'  
banks  
Cause they name drop Johnny Cash and they name  
drop poor old Hank

Hey pretty boy in the baseball hat  
You couldn't hit country with a baseball bat  
Country ain't just about where you're at  
It's about bein' true to what's inside  
You say you're an outlaw with your perfect boots  
That you got from your record label's image group  
Sing another man's song with a big drum loop  
Listen, son, you ain't got a clue  
You can't buy true, tell you what they should do  
They should outlaw you

Let me paint a picture for you, Nashville in '62  
The formula had proven true, they didn't let nothing  
new through  
When Waylon came to town, they didn't like his original  
sound  
They tried hard to keep him down, they tried hard to  
starve him out  
But he kept playin' shows and pressin' on, chippin'  
away, song by song  
After years and years of strugglin' strong,  
he got his chance and he took it to #1  
With "This Time" back in '74, with his band in the back  
and 4 on the floor  
That one record busted down the door and the record  
labels had the control no more  
Then in '76 came the Outlaws record,  
sold the first million in country music ever  
Those old boys with long hair and braids stayed true  
to their sound and freed the slaves

And all these years later, the suits got back their grip  
They took the outlaw concept and they re-packaged it  
And there's a million Ol Waylon fans  
Singin' "Don't y'all think this outlaw bit has gotten way  
out of hand"

Hey pretty boy in your cowboy hat  
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You can't buy true, tell you what they should do  
They should outlaw you  
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It's about bein' true to what's inside  
You say you're an outlaw with your perfect boots  
That you got from your record label's image group  
Sing another man's song with a big drum loop  
Listen, man, you ain't got a clue  
You can't buy true, tell you what they should do  
They should outlaw you

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