

Smut Peddlers "Renegade"

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Rigid chopper
Six gun at his side
All he has to live for
Is another place to ride
Hasn't got a home or a family
Doesn't hold a regular job
He's living off the land
And the people that he robs
Lawless rebel
Outlaw renegade
Burning up miles of black top
Hoping to get laid
Here comes another one horse town
There goes another bank
Only a few had to be put down
And he's still got half a tank
Nights about Tennessee whiskey
Days are all bathtub crank
His pockets are bulging with money
And the good Lord gets all the thanks
Lawless rebel
Outlaw renegade
Sailing along on the open road
By sundown he'll get paid
Wind whips through his hair
In the high plains desert sun
Headed he cares not where
With two fifths, a bindle and his gun
One place he does not care to go
Is a place called life in jail
His iron cross rear view mirror
Shows a state trooper on his tail
He shoots it out with the copper
And he empties his .44
He's runnin' low on bullets
But the cops got plenty more
He takes cover behind the fat bob tanks
Of his '53 panhead
But a round ricochets of the S&S carb
And leaves him on the highway dead
Lawless rebel
Outlaw renegade

The universal truth is that
The piper must be paid

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