

Renegade

I can't tell you, Mother, why I feel this way.

People passing through my life, I let them slip away.

Standing in the bright light, let the music play.

Better in the spotlight, you gotta turn my night to day.

Lead me to the water, you can't make me drink.

Dressed like a renegade, faster than you think.

Can't put down these feelings rising to the boil

Colours of a rattlesnake, ready to uncoil.

Better by far this way

Turn, I want you to turn

Turn my night to day.

You yourself set me on this course when I was a child,

Walking down these mean streets like a boy gone wild,

Programmed for survival, all will be revealed

The child is father to the man, I guess my fate is sealed.

Better by far this way

Burn my blues

Burn my blues away

Like a renegade.