

# Bride, Everybody Knows My Name

Everybody knows my name, everybody wants the fame  
Everybody wants to see, everybody wants a piece of me  
Everybody wants the fun, everybody sees the gun  
Everybody be so kind, still got my piece of mind  
Everybody knows my name  
Everybody can you feel my pain

I was born a poor boy, left home when I was four  
Momma never named me so I never was for sure  
I learned to read enough to know life was not so kind  
All I own is my guitar and my peace of mind

I went out into the world to find my place in life  
I'm learning more every day surviving really bites  
They ask me for a line of coke, needles, knives and guns  
I said to myself I've found home cause this place sounds like fun

Everybody knows my name, everybody play the game  
Everybody wants the fame, everybody knows my name

I've seen holy rollers, midnight strollers, cops shake with fear I've seen high heels clicking, red lipstick

I voted for their politicians  
I've seen all the dirty religions  
I wore their three piece suits  
But I did not wear their army boots  
I didn't fire the guns of war  
Never knew what we were fighting for  
Everybody wants the fame  
Everybody knows my name