

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 fund 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 lipst

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