

# Ben Nichols, The Kid

Your mother died night you were born  
Her name you never knew  
Look away, Look away  
Nothing to lose  
Left East Tennessee at fourteen  
Wandered to the West  
Look away, Look away  
Born into death  
You fought the sailors in New Orleans  
You worked the flatboats and walked the streets  
Hit Nacogdoches in 49  
And there we met for the very first time  
Kid don't you know me?  
We are the last of the true  
Drink up! Drink up!  
Drink up! Drink up!  
Cause tonight your soul's required of you  
Signed on with a stone mad captain  
Rode on Mexico  
Look away, Look away  
War behold  
Jailed with killers one and all  
But we were killers free  
Look away, Look away  
Look to me  
You saw the lancers mid heathen hordes  
Bloodstained veils and costumes of war  
Hell ain't half full boy hear me  
War is the game and the god we seek  
We set out as men of reason  
Armed with Navy Colts  
Look away, Look away  
Work paid in gold  
But you stood witness to yourself  
Our trial you did betray  
Look away, Look away  
To judgment day  
We killed in the desert we killed in the streets  
We chose what shall and shall not be  
We stood with pistols, fought back to back  
Now you've stood your ground but what ground is that?