

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?