

# Blackhawk, Between Ragged And Wrong

We met in a honkey tonk with sawdust on the floor  
But I'm not supposed to hang out there anymore  
You fell in love with a side of me that you called wild and free  
Now that's not the way you want me to be

It must be nice to walk the straight and narrow  
See in black and white true as a arrow  
But out here on the edge is where I belong  
Walkin' that fine line between ragged and wrong

I know you think that you can manke somebody out of me  
But the good Lord did that job already, can't you see  
I'm sorry if my rebel ways don't fit into your plan  
But I kinda like me fine the way I am

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I've got my own way of bein' true  
I've got my own way of lovin' you  
If that ain't enough it'll have to do

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Between ragged and wrong  
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