

Pantera, Where You Come From

When the world pronounced me dead
Put me in the grave
The cut off my legs
It was not long
I couldn't hold my mouth
I ran my head
I ran my head

It's strange to be around again
Things might have killed me
But not the bastard in the skies
I was fucking with the plan
Asking for it all,
Call it karma or guilt
Being dragged down the road
Call it wisdom or ignorance

But it's still alive
And it's in me now
And it lives and breathes
But, I can't give a fuck
I've got a big mouth
And there's a lot to learn
From a bottle of whiskey
It's where you come from
(the south)

A remedy to the curse
Cold turkey, drop the bomb
On harder wares control
Suspend above, become one
Look at what's around
It may piss you off
It might be shit
But I just can't lie around
Feeling sorry for myself

I could care less
(from weed and whiskey)
I fell in front of my friends
I dropped out in front of the world
You call that supernatural?
I ain't

Black wings will weather your flight
For some there's no second time
Following paths of your life
I stepped off the mountain to the sky

Watch your ass no
It's where you come from
It's where you come from