

# Steve Earle, Feel Alright

I was born my papa's son  
A wanderin' eye and a smokin' gun  
Now some of you would live through me  
Lock me up and throw away the key  
Or just find a place to hide away  
Hope that I'll just go away  
I feel alright I feel alright tonight  
I'll bring you precious contraband  
And ancient tales from distant lands  
Of conquerors and concubines and  
Conjurers from darker times  
Betrayal and conspiracy  
Sacrilege and heresy  
I got every thing you want or need  
Your darkest fear, your fondest dream  
I ask you questions, tell you lies  
Criticize and sympathize  
Be careful what you wish for friend  
Because I've been to hell and now I'm back again