

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