Steve Earle, I Feel Alright

I was born my papa's son A wanderin' éye 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 wont 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