

# Walkabouts, Cold Eye

painted so many towns  
painted them up and down  
down to the broken ground  
pointed the last one, for now  
soon I will stow away  
into the cool nightshade  
watching fireworks fly  
in the reservation sky  
found only hell to pay  
draggin' these bones all day  
sun-up to cocktail time  
dragged 'em till I was blind  
the field full of also-rans  
stealin' my used up plans  
all of my friends were there  
They couldn't believe I cared  
when I put my cold eye to it X2  
and I couldn't say no  
luck is the thing I make  
luck is the thing you break  
after it all went wrong  
before I was good as gone  
deep in the beggin' bowl  
I found some scraps to take  
drank from your poison jar  
found I was wide awake  
when I, put my cold eye to it X2  
and I never said no, no I  
never said no  
when I, put my cold eye to it X2  
Yes, I put my cold eye to it  
and I never said no, no I  
never said no