

Bad reputation, seems to be my style
I've been categorized as a little wild
The police took my photograph
A hunted boy runnin' from his past
Some even called me the devil's child

At seventeen, I was on my own
Had the clothes on my back, from a broken home
Slapped in the face 'til my daddy got straight
I knew it was time to run

Now I'm back, back on the track again
I'm back, I'm holdin' my own, I'm leadin' the pack
I'm back, from a shattered home and a living hell
I'm back, back on the track

First indication, of trouble's up ahead
I saw the flashing blues, I saw the color red
A big commotion at the friendly store
Found a poor man robbed and a kid at the door
"Guilty as charged", or so the judge said

I was sent to school to try to learn a trade
But when the schoolboys laughed I became enraged
I prayed to god that's the last mistake I'd made

Bad reputation freedom's my desire
I tried to clear my name, I came under fire
A bad situation was a way of life
With a cutthroat lawyer given bad advice
The only hope I had was a proven liar

It was win or lose, out to clean the slate
It was some big news when I made the break
And I ran for years to avoid the state
Another chance I was forced to take

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