

# Junky Star

Ryan Bingham

Man come to shake my hand  
And rob me of my farm  
I shot him dead and I hung my head  
And drove off in his car

So on the run with a smokin' gun  
I'm lookin' for the coast  
Of all the things I've had and lost  
Your love I miss the most

And hell will have to pay  
I went a little bit too far, I'd say

Half drunk, I stumble on  
The whiskey from the bar  
Sleepin' on the Santa Monica pier  
With the junkies and the stars

For when I woke, a Spanish cross  
Reachin' for my hand  
Then a stranger took the place  
Of words I couldn't understand

And there's nothin' but the ground  
It's the only place I've found  
Where I can lay my head in town

Down on the boulevard  
The sidewalk shuffles change  
Cracked out from the night before  
Hallucinatin' in the rain

So I borrowed me a quarter for  
A call to the other side  
And told God that the whole damn world  
Was waitin' in line to die

But not me this time  
I left the trouble far behind  
And he tied his arm off one more time

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And rob me of my farm