

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