

I Was Once Possibly, Maybe, Perhaps A Cowboy King

Asking Alexandria

I see myself there waiting by the roadside
Laid claim to nothing but a black bag and the attire I stand in
 No name, no history
Just a target on my temple and a hole in my headI could've been one of kings
 The shell of a boy of the man that I used to be
 A monkey in a man suit
 I stand here as nothing to you
Wind me up and watch me goLay down your guns
 Cut me from ear to ear
 Eye for an eye
 The glass is long gone broken
 Lay down your guns
 Cut me from ear to ear
 Eye for an eye
The glass is long gone brokenI walk this road alone
 No thanks to you
 I walk this road alone
 No thanks to you
I walk this road aloneLoad up your six-shot baby
 Put it to my head
 Pull the trigger, blank I'd figured
 Put it to me, dead
 Lay your guns down let me die (scars)
 Load up your six-shot baby
 Put it to my head
 Pull the trigger, blank I'd figured
 Put it to me, dead
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 Put it to me, dead
 Lay your guns down let me die (scars)Why can't you just let me die (don't)
 Lay your guns down let me die (heal)

Why can't you just let me die (when)
Lay your guns down let me die (you keep)Scars don't heal when you keep cutting
Always cutting
Cutting deeper
Always deeperScars don't heal when you keep cutting

Songwriters

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