

# 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 head.

I 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 go.

Lay down your guns!

Cut me from ear to ear!

Eye for an eye!

The glass is long gone broken!

[x2]I walk this road alone,

No thanks to you.

I walk this road alone,

No thanks to you,

No thanks to you.

Load up your six-shot baby,

Put it to my head!

Pull the trigger,

Blank I'd figured!

Put it to me, dead!

[x4]Lay your guns down, let me die!

Why won't you just let me die?

Lay your guns down, let me die!

Why won't you just let me die?

Lay your guns down, let me die!

Scars don't heal when you keep cutting,

Always cutting,

Cutting deeper,

Always deeper!

'Yeeha'

Scars don't heal when you keep cutting!

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