

# I Feel Alright

Steve Earle

I was born my papa's son  
A wanderin' eye and a smokin' gun  
Now some of you would live through me  
Lock me up and throw away the key  
Or just find a place to hide away  
Hope that I'll just go away  
I feel alright I feel alright tonight

I'll bring you precious contraband  
And ancient tales from distant lands  
Of conquerors and concubines and  
Conjurers from darker times  
Betrayal and conspiracy  
Sacrilege and heresy

I got every thing you won't or need  
Your darkest fear, your fondest dream  
I ask you questions, tell you lies  
Criticize and sympathize  
Be careful what you wish for friend  
Because I've been to hell and now I'm back again

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