

# 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  
Lay down your guns  
Cut me from ear to ear  
Eye for an eye  
The glass is long gone broken I walk this road alone  
No thanks to you  
I walk this road alone  
No thanks to you  
I walk this road alone Load 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  
Lay your guns down let me die (scars)  
Load up your six-shot baby  
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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  
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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