

# 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

Songwriters

EARLE, STEVE Published by

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