

The Real Me

Shooter Jennings

I wake up with my children, right around the crack of noon.
And I do good, like a good daddy should, till the devil brings out that moon.
Once that whiskey hits my lips, it opens Pandora's box.
And I start lying, and a smokin, and a fightin, gettin crazy as a whitetail fox.

My eyes start burning wild and red,
two horns cut through the top of my head
my teeth get jagged, my tongue gets sharp
cold neon blood starts pumping to my heart
my hands get frisky, with a mind of their own
my legs start walkin me anywhere but home

And I'm a double talkin, chicken lickin,
meaner than the dickens,
sick and wicked, whole diggin, pickin son of a gun.
I'll love you like the devil, bite you like a snake,
then forsake and brake everything I don't take before I am done.

Most people who know me, say I'm as nice a a guy could be.
that's all fine fine cuz most of the time, they never get to see the real me.
He ain't got a bad bone in his body, is how they talk about me back home.
But here my dark side is unable to hide, you don't want to see my bad bone.

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Well I'm me when I'm lonesome.
I'm lonely when I'm high.
I'm gonna Dream when I want to.
And I'll chase that nightmare until I die.

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