

# Bad Magick

## Jennings, Shooter

The sun don't burn fast enough for me  
In a cloud of smoke my conscience becomes clean  
Long and lonesome road, I've traveled to be free  
And I carry no one and no one carries me  
I sleep away the days and ride the night  
To another lonely town and lonely night  
Yeah, I'll ride away with my freedom in my hands  
To die another day in the broken promised land  
Yeah, I'll ride away and I will leave you with the sun  
To a life's some would call tragic  
I was born unto the gun and I practice  
Bad magick  
The wind at my back, the desert at my feet  
I know no love, my only friend is my steed  
No one called family, my ties are severed clean  
My mother is the mountain, my father is the stream  
  
If you see me young lady, just turn and walk away  
I'll be gone in the morn before you wake  
Yeah, I'll ride away with my freedom in my hands  
To die another day in the broken promised land  
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