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
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
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/