Sex, Guns Gasoline

Black Star Riders

Billy went way out west
With a pawn shop stereo
And a junkie promise to himself
He left his soul on the bathroom floor of a Texaco
Tina was a blessing and a curse
An angel with a bullet in reverse
Never met the devil only God on junk
Black motorcycle boots she was on the run
Before she was all grown upSex, guns and gasoline
Make a poor boy richer than he's ever been
Love, hate and kerosene
Ease a dirty mind burn your conscience clean
Take it out on faith or call it a sin
Sex, guns and gasoline
Billy got a '38
Make his Saturday night so special
And a highway star that ran across his face
From his jawbone to his temple
Tina could been miss understood
In the land of Tulepo honey
While the emirs in his counting house
Counting oil and money
Before she was all grown up
Don't you love their wild waysSex, guns and gasoline
Make a poor boy richer than he's ever been
Love, hate and kerosene
Ease a dirty mind burn your conscience clean
Take it out on faith or call it a sin
Sex, guns and gasoline
Living is hard
When nothing dies easy
Living is hard
When you're on the run
Living is hard
When nothing dies easy
Tumbling dice you want the moon
All you got is a needle and a spoonBefore they're all grown up
Don't you love their wild waysSex, guns and gasoline
Make a poor boy richer than he's ever been

Love, hate and kerosene
Ease a dirty mind burn your conscience clean
Take it out on faith or call it a sin
Sex, guns and gasoline
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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