

# 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  
Then lock me up and throw away the key  
Or just find a place to hide away  
Hope that I'll just go away That I feel alright, I feel alright tonight  
I feel alright, I feel alright tonight And 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 And I feel alright, I feel alright tonight  
I feel alright, I feel alright tonight I got everything you won't need  
Your darkest fear, your fondest dream  
I ask you questions, tell you lies  
Criticize and sympathize  
Yeah be careful what you wish for friend  
Because I've been to hell and now I'm back again I feel alright, yeah I feel alright tonight  
Yeah I feel alright, I feel alright tonight  
Yeah I feel alright, feel alright

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