

# Chase That Song

Cody Jinks

I'm an eighteen wheeler with a throttle pin down  
And a brake line cut just a screaming through your town  
Well I'm a runaway ghost train  
With no way left to stop Well I'm a nightmare that comes from your California dreamin'  
With your bloodshot eyes thinkin' nothin's what it seems  
I'm a Bradbury story spreadin' like a fire from hell  
No I never met a lesson I didn't learn well I get wound up and found up in places you'll never see  
I was born to be a God fearin' song singin'  
Good timin' son of a son of an SOB  
I never set out to hurt anybody you'll see  
I just set out to chase that song that's chasin' me  
Well I'm a late night thunder tryin' to raise the dead  
Well I'm a pound and the haze of your whiskey trippin' head  
Well I'm the cough in your first smoke, go on and load that gun I'm a 13 squared, I'm a 13 twice  
Just a black cat walking on thin black ice  
I'm a jinx Lord, I can't help it I was born half bad  
Some times I can't remember they're the best I've had I get wound up and found up in places you'll never see  
I was born to be a God fearin' song singin'  
Good timin' son of a son of an SOB  
I never set out to hurt anybody you'll see  
I just set out to chase that song that's chasin' me (Solo) I get wound up and found up in places you'll never see  
I was born to be a God fearin' song singin'  
Good timin' son of a son of an SOB  
I never set out to hurt anybody you'll see  
I just set out to chase that song that's chasin' me  
(Solo) I set out to chase that song  
Out to chase that song  
I set out to chase that song that's chasin' me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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