

# Junky Star

[Ryan Bingham](#)

The man come to shake my hand, and rob me of my farm  
I shot 'em dead and I hung my head, and drove off his in his car  
So on the run with a smokin' gun, lookin' for the coast  
Of all the things I've had and lost, your love I miss the most  
And hell will have to pay  
I went a little bit too far I'd say  
Half drunk I stumble on the whiskey from the bar  
Sleepin' on the Santa Monica pier with the junkies and the stars  
For when I woke a Spanish cross, was reachin' for my hand  
Then the stranger took the place, the words I couldn't understand

And there's nothin' but the ground  
It's the only place I found  
Where I can lay my head in town

Down on the boulevard, the sidewalk shuffles change  
Cracked out from the night before, hallucinatin' in the rain  
So I borrowed me a quarter for a call to the other side  
I told God that the whole damn world was waitin' in line to die  
But not me, this time  
I left the trouble far behind  
And he tied his arm off one more time  
The man come to shake my hand, and rob me of my farm

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