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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