Born to Raise Hell

Graham Colton

There once was a story about a young boy in West Illinois
Six when his father died
And his mother put thoughts in his head, monsters in bed
His stepfather made him cryLa, la, la, la, la, la
Ten new addresses the next dozen years and misdemeanors
Yeah he was a troubled boy
He left his wife for a girl at a bar and took it too far
When he robbed a grocery store
He did his time he had thoughts in his head, monsters in bed
His heart was a cavern
It wasn't long before she was found lifeless and bound
Behind the tavern
La, la, la, la, la, la

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