

# The Unforgiven

## Hal Ketchum

Pistol in my pocket, whiskey on my face  
I guess this time the devil sent the bottle in his place  
Well, I lived to see the morning's sun  
Well, I make my way among the unforgiven  
Things get good and crazy once the bottle takes my hand  
I get to run in sideways like a snake across the sand  
Gliding on straight into the morning sun, yeah  
As I make my way among the unforgiven  
You may pity me, you may mark my time  
You may even understand  
How nobility and love go blind  
Once the bottle owns the man  
You may pity me, yeah, you may mark my time  
You may even understand  
How nobility and love go blind  
Once the bottle owns the man  
I got a funny feeling, I have been this way before  
Trouble on my shoulder, temptation at my door  
Win or lose, still I fly straight towards the sun  
Straight towards the sun  
As I make my way among the unforgiven  
As I make my way among the unforgiven

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