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 unforgivenThings 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 unforgivenYou may pity me, you may mark my time
You may even understand
How nobility and love go blind
Once the bottle owns the manYou may pity me, yeah, you may mark my time
You may even understand
How nobility and love go blind
Once the bottle owns the manI 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 sunAs I make my way among the unforgiven
As I make my way among the unforgiven

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