

## **Gone Jackals "Born Bad"**

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That's the way it begins -  
you try to behave,  
yeah, you try to fit in.  
But when you rise and stand  
you find a lock-step march -  
no room for jazz.

Born bad -  
with a slight-o-hand  
I go from jam to jam  
with a crash, boom, bam.

Born bad -  
I dodge a sucker punch  
and drop a bomb, like Liston,  
on an animal hunch.

I've been down.  
Yeah, I've spent some time downtown.  
I've covered sacred ground,  
soft and slow and round.

I gave up.  
Yeah, I learned to give it up,  
thinkin' that's the final cut.  
But it turns out I was wrong.

Born bad -  
that's the way it began,

stuffed a young pink lung  
down a rank glue bag.

Born bad -  
this is where it all lands  
for a bull headed, corner hangin'  
problem child man.

I grew hard.  
Over time my scars toughed up.  
When gettin' even just wasn't enough,  
I had to choke my conscience off.

I've come far.  
Yeah, I had to travel far.  
Peel through layers sick and raw  
just to taste and touch once more.

Born bad -  
like a synchro-mesh shift  
that's stuck in third  
just smokes and burns.

Born bad -  
with a cig-hangin' lip.  
A talk-back baby on a  
star-crossed ship.

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