

## **Maylene & The Sons Of Disaster "Raised By The Tide"**

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I feel change don't know it it's them or me.  
Hard going from a stranger to an old face that's just  
out of place.  
I feel stuck on fast-forward, and I'm passing the best  
parts all too fast.  
Lock in this movement. I pray the sky comes to life.

Way out in the cold west,  
But I'm soaring home to alabam,  
These states have taken me,  
But not for better things.

I've covered this country far and wide,  
But I'll always be a son of the south.  
I'll fight to the death to make our name proud.  
Cause, I ain't got nothin' to lose!  
Feelin' stuck on fast forward, and I'm passing the best  
parts all to fast.

Out in the cold west,  
But I'm soaring home to alabam,  
These states have taken me,  
But not for better things.

These miles have got me thinkin' about missin' home  
and all.  
I'm just laying here restless...  
But there is no reason for me to be hangin' my head.

We can't help but be blessed.  
When you've been raised by gods finest.

Way out in the cold west,  
But I'm soaring home to alabam,  
These states have taken me,  
But not for better things.

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