

Ryan Bingham

"Junky Star"

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The man come to shake my hand, and rob me of my farm.
I shot 'em dead and I hung my head, and drove off his in his car.
So on the run with a smokin' gun, lookin' for the coast.
Of all the things I've had and lost, your love I miss the most.
And hell will have to pay, I went a little bit too far I'd say.
Half drunk I stumble on the whiskey from the bar.
Sleepin' on the Santa Monica pier with the junkies and the stars.
For when I woke a spanish cross, was reachin' for my hand.
Then the stranger took the place, the words I couldn't understand.

And there's nothin' but the ground, it's the only place I found.
Where I can lay my head in town.
Down on the boulevard, the sidewalk shuffles change.
Cracked out from the night before, hallucinatin' in the rain.
So borrowed me a quarter for a call to the other side.
I told God that the whole damn world was waitin' in line to die.
But not me, this time.
I left the trouble far behind.
And he tied his arm off one more time.
The man come to shake my hand, and rob me of my farm.

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