

Gone Jackals, The

"Born Bad"

Visit "[Born Bad](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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, Ive spent some time downtown
Ive covered sacred ground
Soft and slow and round

I gave up
Yeah, I learned to give it up
Thinkin thats 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 wasnt 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

Visit [Gone Jackals, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.