

The 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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