

## Various Artists

# "Pantera - Where You Come From"

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When the world pronounced me dead  
put me in the grave  
the cut off my legs  
it was not long  
I couldn't hold my mouth  
I ran my head  
I ran my head

It's strange to be around again  
things might have killed me  
but not the bastard in the skies  
I was fucking with the plan  
asking for it all,  
call it karma or guilt  
being dragged down the road  
call it wisdom or ignorance

But it's still alive  
and it's in me now  
and it lives and breathes  
but, I can't give a fuck  
I've got a big mouth  
and there's a lot to learn  
from a bottle of whiskey  
it's where you come from  
(the south)

A remedy to the curse  
cold turkey, drop the bomb  
on harder wares control  
suspend above, become one  
Look at what's around  
It may piss you off  
It might be shit  
But I just can't lie around  
Feeling sorry for myself

I could care less  
(from weed and whiskey)  
I fell in front of my friends  
I dropped out in front of the world  
you call that supernatural?

I ain't

Black wings will weather your flight  
for some there's no second time  
following paths of your life  
I stepped off the mountain to the sky

watch your ass no  
it's where you come from  
it's where you come from

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