## Shooter Jennings, Bad Magick

The sun don't burn fast enough for me In a cloud of smoke my conscience becomes clean A long and lonesome road I've travelled to be free And I carry no one and no one carries me And I sleep away the days and ride the night To another lonely town and lonely night But I'll ride away with my freedom in my hands To die another day in the broken promise land Yeah, I'll ride away and I'll leave you with the sun To a life some would call tragic I was born unto the gun and I practice **Bad Magick** The wind at my back, the desert at my feet I know no love, my only fried is my steed No one called family, my ties are severed clean My mother is the mountain, my father is the stream If you see me young lady, just turn and walk away I'll be gone in the morn before you wake