

sixty-six

it's me. another town, another day
don't know where i come from, don't know where i'll be
the rain wipes away the dust from my boots
i keep my sunglasses on and my mind on the loose
i got sixty-six teardrops tattooed on my back
one for every heart that i smacked
i got a mouthful of freedom and a pocket full of dimes
and i'll have the hell of a time

whoever dealt the cards got me the ace of spades
and now i'm raising the bets on this hand of fate
sometimes you get screwed, sometimes you get paid
and i don't give a fuck who i'll be today
you may call me defiant – i call it free
and you will hate me for it but that's alright with me
i got my bottle o'jack and some cigarettes too
and a lotta nothing to do

and i'm going nowhere

read the writings on the wall
all the stories have been told
and each night i lie awake
and i watch the falling rain
and i pray to god again
to wash the blood stains off my hands

in the city behind is where i leave my woes
and my scars tell stories you don't wanna know
these eyes have seen what you never can tell
from the gates of heaven to the fires of hell
i keep a crucifix hanging around my neck
i keep the wind in my face and the sun on my back
some angels may sing, others may fall
so if you want to buy my soul...

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