

# Sex, Guns & Gasoline

Black Star Riders

Billy went way out west  
With a pawn shop stereo  
And a junkie promise to himself  
He left his soul on the bathroom floor of a Texaco  
Tina was a blessing and a curse  
An angel with a bullet in reverse  
Never met the devil only God on junk  
Black motorcycle boots she was on the run  
Before she was all grown up

Sex, guns and gasoline  
Make a poor boy richer than he's ever been  
Love, hate and kerosene  
Ease a dirty mind burn your conscience clean  
Take it out on faith or call it a sin  
Sex, guns and gasoline

Billy got a '38  
Make his Saturday night so special  
And a highway star that ran across his face  
From his jawbone to his temple  
Tina could been miss understood  
In the land of Tulepo honey  
While the emirs in his counting house  
Counting oil and money  
Before she was all grown up  
Don't you love their wild ways

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Living is hard  
When nothing dies easy  
Living is hard  
When you're on the run  
Living is hard  
When nothing dies easy  
Tumbling dice you want the moon  
All you got is a needle and a spoon

Before they're all grown up  
Don't you love their wild ways

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