

The Real Me

Shooter Jennings

I wake up with my children
Right around the crack of noon
And I do good like a good daddy should
Till the devil rolls out that moon

Once that whiskey hits my lips
It opens up Pandora's box
And I start a lyin and a smoking and a fightin
Getting crazy as a white tailed fox.

My eyes start burnin wild and red
Two horns cut thru the top of my head
My teeth get jagged, my tongue gets sharp,
Cold neon blood starts a pumpin to my heart
My hands get frisky, with a mind of their own,
My legs start walkin me anywhere but home

And I'm a double talking, chicken-lickin
Meaner than the dickens sick and wicked
Hole digging pickin son of a gun,
And I'll love you like the devil, bite you
Like a snake and then forsake and break
Everything I don't take before I'm done

Most people who know me, say I'm as nice as a guy could be.
That's all fine cuz most of the time
They never get to see the real me.

"He ain't got a bad bone in his body"
Is how they talk about me back home,
But here my dark side is unable to hide
And you don't want to see my bad bone.

I 'm mean when I'm lonesome,
I'm angry when I'm high,
But I'll chase that nightmare until I die.