

# The Crooked Kind

Blackberry Smoke

My ears ring, my head's on fire  
Air gets thin like I'm up on the wire  
World stands still like I'm passin' it by  
Got to grab 'hold of somethin' droppin' out of the sky

I got to step across every mine  
I like a high time every time  
You were lookin' for a straighter line  
Look at me, I'm the crooked kind  
I'm the crooked kind

Count the days you logged the miles  
Keep it all in place and right in style  
You forgot the way, you lost the key  
You don't have to outrun the bail, brother, you got to outrun me

I got to step across every mine  
I like a high time every time  
You were lookin' for a straighter line  
Look at me, I'm the crooked kind  
I'm the crooked kind

There ain't a whole lot to say  
Just gets in my way  
It's all here by design  
To help me lose my mind

I got to step across every mine  
I like a high time every time  
You were lookin' for a straighter line  
Look at me, I'm the crooked kind

I got to step across every mine  
I like a high time every time  
You were lookin' for a straighter line  
Look at me, I'm the crooked kind  
I'm the crooked kind  
Hey, I'm the crooked kind  
I'm the crooked kind