

Sentimental Saddle

Born Ruffians

You may make it out of here
Sitting on a little sentimental saddle
Riding on a wave of psychic radiation
Clopping through a field of fungus and mud cakes
Chewing on a stack of newspapers
They're wet and soggy and the ink does run
Learning in the school of woolly courage
Low placement in the rankings
It's a come back

Catch a cat's eye
Middle of the morning
Catch a raven's eye
Middle of the night
Catch a snake eye
Bitten with no warning cry
Catch a needle eye
Middle of nowhere

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Yeah your young eyes see so far
No you can't help who you are
So don't ever be held captive by tomorrow

I can't help but take a stand
I'm a sentimental man
And I will not be a victim of the sorrow

No I can't help who I am

But I still believe in us all
But I still believe in us
All right, all right
But I still believe in us all
But I still believe in us
All right, all right

And I wonder how that felt today?
And I wonder how that felt today? Yeah
And I wonder how that felt today?
And I wonder how that felt today? Yeah