

Jax Teller

Chris Webby

Packin' up and I'ma leave it behind
'Cause I've been runnin' like there's nowhere to hide
But I'll be rollin' 'til the wheels on my vehicle ride through the road
Highs and the lows
But I get back up and ride

On the road like I'm Jax Teller
With a reaper patch on the black leather
Through the storm clouds and the bad weather
Just a-nother dent, 'nother scratched fender
So I hit the throttle as hard as I hit the bottle
In times when the skies darken
I'm drownin' away my sorrows
Tryna survive the present, he stressin' over tomorrows
'Cause I know that where I'm headed, the devil is sure to follow
Swervin' through the heathens, the demons and Satan worshippers
And carvin' out a lane of my own and takin' it further
Even with the drug abuse and the liquor stain in the furniture
I'll leave my judgement up to the almighty determiner
Never sold my soul 'cause I knew it wasn't reversible
Non-returnable, so until I'm in that terminal
Shippin' me to heaven or hell, I'ma be at peace
Regardless of which direction I'm headed because at least
I'd have lived with a cold 'til I'm sick and I'm old
Or the wheels lose grip and I skid on the road
From the very highest mountain peak tip to the lows
Deep down underneath, but this gift that I chose
Got a curse to it too, the pressure'll cause fractures
Still, I keep my head held high with no master
Still, I stand the same man, new chapter
From the genesis to the rapture

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I'm gassin' up my Triumph, I've been tryna leave my devils in the rearview
Tired of that never respected until they fear you
Lifestyle screamin' they don't hear you
That's because the demons seem louder than any amount of cheers do
Maybe I'm old fashioned
Blood on the road, patched in
Swore that I'm all in with it, I ain't never look back since
The dark passenger callin' in different accents
Speakin' into the ether while tryna get me to cash it
Old people try to leave me on the pavement
Light a fluid on my name and put a flame to it
The crows circle, I'll never figure it out
They'd murder me in my sleep if I got any in this house
It's a cold shower on the morning of arraignment
I know exactly what I've done and don't blame shit
I've came all this way on my own, baby, don't get me wrong

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Highs and the lows
But I get back up and ride (I'm gone)
But I get back up and ride (And I'm gone)
But I get back up and ride (But I'm gone)
But I get back up and ride (And I'm gone, yeah)