

Tattoos and Cigarettes

Warren Haynes

Tattoos and cigarettes
A savior never stands out in a crowd
Beaten up with past regrets
He stands out on the corner, talking loud

He says, "If I find my luck's turned to sevens
I'd have a family vault full of four-leaf clover.
There's one way to get to heaven:
You gotta make 'em pay without rolling over."

Well, I could've been an astronaut
Could've been a movie star
Could've been anything I wanted to be
Could've learned to laugh a lot
Could've learned to call the shots
Could've been anything but something like me

Got a brand new alphabet
Several letters from a name I used to own
And the sunshine here always puts me to the test
But in the darkness I can slip away alone

In the neighborhood where I used to play
The girl next door now she's all grown up
People 'round here, Lord, they just won't let me have my say
They say, "Scapegoat on the flipside of luck"

Well, I could've been an astronaut
Could've been a movie star
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Rusty scenes seem to fade away
And sometimes I can't remember what I saw