

Black Sheep

Gin Wigmore

I got lots of jealous lovers that all wish they had me back
Got a pistol for a mouth, my own mama gave me that
Making my own road out of gravel and some wine
And if I have to fall then it won't be in your line
Everybody's doing it so why the hell should I
Everybody's doing it so why the hell should I
I'm a bad woman to keep
Make me mad, I'm not here to please
Paint me in a colour but my colour comes back
Once you go black, you never go back
I'm a black sheep
I'm a black sheep
I wasn't born a beauty queen but I'm okay with that
Maybe radio won't mind if I sing a little flat
I wear my boots to bed, hang a cross up on the wall
To save me from a shallow grave who
wants to take us all
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