

304-1000  
My guide

My conscience is my guide  
The man said to his son  
But the man didn't have a conscience  
He just wanted to have fun  
He never made decisions  
Based upon what was really right  
He drank a pint of whiskey  
And was rarin' for a fight  
He rode his motorcycle  
Wore his leather black  
Drove a pick up in the dirt  
A rifle in the rack  
He told his son the government  
Was beyond contempt  
He didn't pay his taxes  
He said he was exempt  
This was not his conscience  
It was just an excuse  
Words that helped him rationalize  
His particular abuse  
My conscience is my guide  
The man said to his boy  
He acted all self-righteous  
He pretend to be coy  
But in the end his conscience  
Led to his demise  
Those who lie like this man  
Their soul already dies