

## Wrong Side

Angela McCluskey

I've been living on the wrong side  
Of the law  
For so long  
I don't know which side I am on

And every hand I shake  
Is shaking me down  
For a hard-luck song

Is there no one I can ride beside  
You just came to mind  
You can be my trigger  
I can be your hanger-on

I've been digging at a ditch my dear  
But I hit concrete  
Late last year  
The spade and the shovel  
And all kinds of trouble  
Came and stripped me of my natural cheer

This could be a gravesite  
Or we could make a garden here  
You could plant gardenias  
I could be released from fear

Don't the night grow cold  
Sleeping in a garden  
Don't the birds move slow  
Their wings get frozen here

Lying on the wrong side of the bed  
Since you've gone  
I don't know which side I am on  
And every stitch on the bedspread  
Is doing my head in  
All night long  
Lord  
Let this be the last time  
I should have to suffer so  
Hurry down the morning  
And I will be prepared to go