

Living With The Law

Chris Whitley

Brother runnin' powder money
Daddy somewhere on a drunk
In the hours after washing
I do my dreaming with a gun

Well I come down from the country
Find a lesson in the draw
There ain't no secrets in the city
It's hard living with the law
They got machines mama I can't figure
They got a romance made for doing time
Send me out child, running outside

Out along a world of crime
Gonna swing my scythe, got a hand upon the handle
Gonna shade my children ways I understand
Milk the trigger, kill the hunger
Staring down this broken land
So fetch on up your greasy apron
Spread your lover in the straw
Hear me baby, I'm nearly crazy
It's hard living with the law