

## 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