

No Peace for the Wicked

Rory Gallagher

No peace for the wicked,
No way, no how.
If you've gone and done it,
You gotta pay somehow.
No use complaining,
About the hand that feeds.
Now you know that it's raining,
How come you talk to me?
How come you talk to me?

Well..yeah..

Well your friends in high places,
Won't bail you out this time.
With all your social graces,
It's like a pantomime.

Feeling so uneasy,
You can't tell friend from foe.
You're always looking back to see,
Who's coming through the door.

You sold protection,
Fed the common fear.
Took 'yes' for an answer,
You didn't see the tears.

Collecting for the loanshark,
With the silken fist.
Now you've crossed the 'company',
With the Judas kiss.
They've got you on the list.

Yeah...

You're like a loaded heater,
Just about to go off on the street.
You need a baby-sitter,
To pick you up if you can't stand the heat.

Yeah...

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You gotta pay somehow.

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About the hand that feeds.
Now you know that it's raining,
How come you talk to me?
How come you talk to me?

Yeah...

Well your friends in low places,
Have tightened up the screw.

They've made this town a nightmare,
You're trapped. What can you do?

The quality of mercy,
Is really out of reach.
Don't call on the ones you peeled,
Practice what you preach.