

No Hard Feelings

Ry Cooder

This land should have been om land
You took it for your land
You got a use for every stream and tree
When I go up the highway old trees are dying up that way

You pump out the water and sell it back to me
You build mansions in the city prisons in Mojave
Bet you're quite a pillar of high society
You call it law and order I call it dirty money

You lock the young ones down or send 'em off to war
No hard feelings no offense taken
You're just a ripple in the shifting sands of time
No bad karma no curses on ya

You go your way I'll go mine
You remind me of a fellow I heard of in the city
Nervous kind of fellow he loved money like you do
He derived no satisfaction so he jumped clear out the window

They tell me that he bounced a time or two
So take in mind the credo of a jackass prospector
Take what you need but please leave the rest alone
Try and live harmony with old Mother Nature

You'll remain in grace after you have gone
Don't get many callers that little road leads nowhere
Been here 40 years seems like yesterday
There's an aId screech owl living in my chimney

I don 't build no fires he keeps the mice away
No hard feelings na offense taken
You're just a murmur in the whispering sands of time
No bad karma na curses on ya

You go your way I'll go mine