

## Bendin' The Rules

The Badlees

Pity my brother  
For how he's suffered me  
Through nameless towns  
And cold prairie  
For restless women  
At the end of the line  
Who tendered checks for  
A promise divine  
Cash as quick as "vegas"  
Like "vegas" in a dream  
I work this charismatic ruse  
For my brother's peace and being  
Sittin' tight in Moline  
The money on the bed  
With every memory sharp to me  
And the fear of times ahead  
Maybe the good book  
Came from the divine  
Or maybe it was written  
Just to keep us in line  
The mistakes of the sages  
Make the rules for the fools  
So father forgive me  
For bendin' the rules.....  
Well, mister he improved some  
With the money I scammed  
Some days his light shines as bright  
As the light of the promised land  
Death was often something  
We freely would discuss  
When he was ten and I was twelve  
And the spectre would often brush  
In and out of treatments  
Since twenty months of age  
At eighteen the insurance  
No longer would maintain  
And my old man in the kitchen  
His hands upon his face  
Did weep to shake his very soul  
In the darkness of this place  
Maybe the good book  
Came from the divine  
Or maybe it was written  
Just to keep us in line  
The mistakes of the sages  
Make the rules for the fools  
So father forgive me  
For bendin' the rules.....  
Hold me Saint Christopher  
Over every county line  
Overlook my blasphemy  
For the sake of buying time  
Grant him days of laughter  
Bestow me clemency  
He sleeps soft in the backseat  
His freedom from ordeal  
To every ruddy youngster

Off free in summer's fields  
And every young lass poised to claim  
Her share of what love yields  
To all the grieving angels  
And the litany of saints  
I am my brother's keeper  
To what end decides the fates  
Maybe the good book  
Came from the divine  
Or maybe it was written  
Just to keep us in line  
The mistakes of the sages  
Make the rules for the fools  
So father for give me  
For bendin' the rules.....