wrong side

Hassaan Mackey

I've been living on the wrong side of the law
For so long, I don't know which side I am on
And every hand I shake, is shaking me down
For a hard luck songIs there no one I can ride beside?
And you just came to mind
You can be my trigger
I can be your hanger onI've been digging at a ditch, my dear
But I hit concrete late last year
Ohh, the spade and the shovel and all kinds of trouble
Came and stripped me of my natural cheerThis could be a grave site
Or we could make a garden here
You could plant gardenias
I could be released from fearDon't the night grow cold
Sleeping in a garden
Don't the birds move slow
Their wings get frozen hereLying on the wrong side of the bed
Since you've gone I don't know which side I am on
Ohh, and every stitch of the bedspread
Is doing my head in all night longLord, let this be, let this be the last time
I should have to suffer so
Hurry down the morning
And I will be prepared to go

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