

Bendin' The Rules

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.....

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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