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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