# God's Country

## Blackjack Billy

State trooper thinks I drive too fast
Pulled me over to tell me so
I say out here on the prairie
Any speed is too slow
I miss Brooklyn I miss my crew
Let's start over
I missed my cue
Guess I just forgot
Who I was talking to

I should have recognized
That fierce look in his eyes
I've seen it in the mirror
So many times
He's going to put his two cents in
'Cause he's got a gun
But I'm gonna put in three
'Cause history owes me one

Guess I came out here to see some
Stuff for myself
I mean, why leave the telling
Up to everybody else
This may be god's country
But it's my country too
Move over Mr. holiness
And let the little people through

Thank you for serving and protecting
The likes of me
Thank you for the ticket
Now can I leave?
You know I have left everywhere
I have ever been
I don't really recommend it
Though not like anyone asked me
Maybe you and I
Will meet again someday
I've been known to

Come down this road
Call it destiny
And then again
Maybe not
I don't know
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