

# 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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