Living With the Law

Chris Whitley

Brother runnin' powder money
Daddy's somewhere on a drunk
In the hours, after washing
I do my dreaming with a gunWell, I come down from the country
Find a lesson in the draw
There ain't no secrets in the city
It's hard living with the lawThey got machines, mama, I can't figure
And they got a romance made for doing time
Send me out, child, running outside
Out along a world of crimeGonna swing my scythe, got a hand upon the handle
Gonna shade my children ways I understand
Milk the trigger, kill the hunger
Staring down this broken land

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