

# Badlees, The, Bendin' the Rules

Badlees, The  
River Songs  
Bendin' the Rules  
Pity my brother

For how he's suffered me  
Pity my brother  
Through nameless towns  
For how he's suffered me  
And cold prairie  
Through nameless towns  
For restless women  
And cold prairie  
At the end of the line  
For restless women  
Who tendered checks for  
At the end of the line  
A promise divine  
Who tendered checks for  
Cash as quick as 'vegas'  
A promise divine  
Like 'vegas' in a dream

I work this charismatic ruse  
Cash as quick as &quot;vegas&quot;;  
For my brother's peace and being  
Like &quot;vegas&quot;; in a dream  
Sittin' tight in moline  
I work this charismatic ruse  
The money on the bed  
For my brother's peace and being  
With every memory sharp to me  
Sittin' tight in moline  
And the fear of times ahead  
The money on the bed

With every memory sharp to me  
CHORUS  
And the fear of times ahead  
Maybe the good book

Came from the divine  
(chorus)  
Or maybe it was written  
Maybe the good book  
Just to keep us in line  
Came from the divine  
The mistakes of the sages  
Or maybe it was written  
Make the rules for the fools  
Just to keep us in line  
So father forgive me  
The mistakes of the sages  
For bendin' the rules...  
Make the rules for the fools

So father forgive me  
Well, mister he improved some  
For bendin' the rules...  
With the money I scammed

Some days his light shines as bright  
Well, mister he improved some  
As the light of the promised land

With the money i scammed  
Death was often something  
Some days his light shines as bright  
We freely would discuss  
As the light of the promised land  
When he was ten and I was twelve  
Death was often something  
And the spectre would often brush  
We freely would discuss  
In and out of treatments  
When he was ten and i was twelve  
Since twenty months of age  
And the spectre would often brush  
At eighteen the insurance

No longer would maintain  
In and out of treatments  
And my old man in the kitchen  
Since twenty months of age  
His hands upon his face  
At eighteen the insurance  
Did weep to shake his very soul  
No longer would maintain  
In the darkness of this place  
And my old man in the kitchen

His hands upon his face  
CHORUS  
Did weep to shake his very soul

In the darkness of this place  
Hold me Saint Christopher

Over every county line  
(chorus)  
Overlook my blasphemy

For the sake of buying time  
Hold me saint christopher  
Grant him days of laughter  
Over every county line  
Bestow me clemency  
Overlook my blasphemy  
He sleeps soft in the back seat  
For the sake of buying time  
His freedom from ordeal  
Grant him days of laughter  
To every ruddy youngster  
Bestow me clemency  
Off free in summer's fields  
He sleeps soft in the back seat  
And every young lass poised to claim  
His freedom from ordeal  
Her share of what love yields

To all the grieving angels  
To every ruddy youngster  
And the litany of saints  
Off free in summer's fields  
I am my brother's keeper  
And every young lass poised to claim  
To what end decides the fates  
Her share of what love yields

To all the grieving angels

CHORUS  
And the litany of saints  
I am my brother's keeper  
To what end decides the fates

(chorus)