

Kind Of Like Spitting, Sheriff Ochs

I just finished a book with its cover torn and its pages worn.
The story starts on the day you were born in the city.
Where movie houses stood
Raised on Elvis and Hollywood.
The bad guys bad and the good guys good
And the weight of the worlds is always on the sheriff's
shoulders,

There was life in the little house
Above the hospital for the dying,
So I will keep singing,
I will keep finishing for some words in the water all around me

The house of home shook and as the shelter broke you got a
good long look
At a country and class run by buzzards and crooks
Mississippi! Mississippi!
Through CIA and Klan
Through McCarth's damn blacklist, Nixon, and Nam
They tear-gassed the students but you had a plan
And the weight of the world is on the sheriff's
shoulders

There was life in the little house,
Above the hospital for the dying.
So I will keep singing,
I will keep fishing for some words in this water all around me

There was life in the city that night.
You found your voice and you voiced your sight.
You held your ground to help us see
There's more to life than lovers and chores
There's more to life than an office at the top floor,
Somehow, somehow, we all find peace,
We all find