

Rory Gallagher, No Peace For The Wicked

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED

No peace for the wicked
No way, no how If you've gone and did it
You gotta pay somehow
No use complaining
'Bout the hand that feeds
Now you know it's raining
How come you talk to me
How come you talk to me,
Well your friends in high places
Won't bail you out this time
With all your social grace
It's like a pantomime
Feeling so uneasy
You can't tell friend from foe
Your always looking back
To see who's coming through the door
You're like a loaded heater
Just about to go off the street
You need a baby-sitter
To pick you up if you can't stand the heat
You sold protection
Fed the common fear
Took yes for an answer
You didn't see the tears
Collecting from the loanshark