

Chris Whitley, Living With The Law

Brother runnin' powder money
Daddy's somewhere on a drunk
In the hours, after washing
I do my dreamin' with a gun
Well, 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 law
They 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 crime
Gonna 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
So fetch on up your greasy apron
Spread your lover in the straw
Hear me, baby, I'm nearly crazy
It's hard living with the law
Hard living with the law