

# 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