

Jeff Finlin, Law Of The Land

Life's real good, yeah, life's real fine
I've got a blanket and a bed while I'm doing my time
I can sell what I know for ciggies and wine
And the food's not bad if you don't mind waiting in line

I can still see the old man, his face tired and cracked
Showing me again why poor boys finish last
That's why I don't mind watching these days unwind
It's better than being like him, out there busting my behind

It don't matter what I've done
I can't escape from where I begun
It don't matter where I hid the forty-seven grand
Yeah, I'm living by the law of the land

Sisters relax, recycle the facts
That the only pageant she knows comes in a phial of perfume
Takes what she wants and waters a claim
In the hot desert sun with lots of upstate rain

He sees the blood boil when the gate says oil
She'll while the bloody hours on the late-night news
She don't understand but still she gets with the plan
And puts her hand to her heart for the red, white and blue

It don't matter how long they eat grass
Do they pay or do they cut in half
It don't matter how long they kiss the sand
They're living by the law of the land

Whatever happened to what I wanted to be
And the things that I thought in my youth and my dreams
Last thing I know I was drawing up plans
But I'm still selling my heart out of the back of this van

I still wish I was with her in her tears and her blues
In the Alaskan rain somewhere west of Saskatoon
Our love was as deep as those mountains were high
Too bad love is one thing you don't need to survive

It don't matter where I've been
What I read or what I defend
It don't matter where I burn my brand
I'm living by the law of the land
The law of the land
The law of the land