

# Jeff Finlin, Law Of The Land

Life&#039;s real good, yeah, life&#039;s real fine  
I&#039;ve got a blanket and a bed while I&#039;m doing my time  
I can sell what I know for ciggies and wine  
And the food&#039;s not bad if you don&#039;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&#039;s why I don&#039;t mind watching these days unwind  
It&#039;s better than being like him, out there busting my behind

It don&#039;t matter what I&#039;ve done  
I can&#039;t escape from where I begun  
It don&#039;t matter where I hid the forty-seven grand  
Yeah, I&#039;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&#039;ll while the bloody hours on the late-night news  
She don&#039;t understand but still she gets with the plan  
And puts her hand to her heart for the red, white and blue

It don&#039;t matter how long they eat grass  
Do they pay or do they cut in half  
It don&#039;t matter how long they kiss the sand  
They&#039;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&#039;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&#039;t need to survive

It don&#039;t matter where I&#039;ve been  
What I read or what I defend  
It don&#039;t matter where I burn my brand  
I&#039;m living by the law of the land  
The law of the land  
The law of the land