

My Morning Jacket, Honest Man

try to walk this earth an honest man,
but eveil waves at me its ugly hand.
The radar watches me from above, shouting down:
"I hope you make it on this earth."
Sometimes this world will leave you, lord,
kickin and a screamin, wonderin if you'll see the next day through.
But as for me I do believe that good luck comes from tryin,
so until I get mine ill work me the whole day through.