

Seven Weeks In County

Billy Strings

I've got seven weeks in county, boys, but I don't blame the man
I've won and lost some poker chips, but I won't blame the hand
It's been seven years of famine, but I never blamed the land
Just give me peace and quiet, boss, I'll take it where I can
Give me peace and quiet, boss, I'll take it where I can

My only enemy is out to get me
To make me pay for what I've done
He's out to catch me, and he's on the trail to find me
Sure as hell he'll whip me when he does
Yeah, sure as hell he'll whip me when he does

There's a hunger in my belly and a pounding in my head
Buzzards turn impatiently, expecting I'll be dead
Desert sun is burning high above, my shadow can't find shade
I got seven weeks in county to lay in that bed I made
Seven weeks in county to lay in that bed I made

My only enemy is out to get me
To make me pay for what I've done
He's out to catch me, and he's on the trail to find me
Sure as hell he'll whip me when he does
Sure as hell he'll whip me when he does

Each day, I see his evil eyes, the man who put me here
See him when I shave my face, so guilty in the mirror
Looking back, disgusted with a hollow hateful stare
For seven weeks in county and for always, everywhere
Seven weeks in county and for always, everywhere

My worst enemy's out to get me
To make me pay for what I've done
Out to catch me, and he's on the trail to find me
Sure as hell he'll whip me when he does
Sure as hell he'll whip me when he does