## Living With The Law

## **Chris Whitley**

Brother runnin' powder money Daddy somewhere on a drunk In the hours after washing I do my dreaming 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 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