

Joseph Anthony Ricciardo

"The Wrong Side Of Love"

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He had dirt under his nails
His hair was a little long
If you could get past those calloused fingers
You see he work 'em to the bone
But he stood tall as he could
All that honesty had taken its toll
He had a spark in his eye
It was just the outside gettin' old
I asked him one day if he had any regrets
Without a second thought he looked me dead in eye
and he said

I got an old ball cap my jeans are gettin' old
If you look in my yard you'll see old glory on a pole
I got a wife at the house I can teach you how to shoot
Heck that's living son and that's how you know it's me

That got me thinking as we talked some more
Things have changed some
A man can't have no peace and he darned sure better
lock his door
But a million dollars can't by a life like that
You gotta earn it
Ain't no machine gonna do it
Ain't nobody gonna do it for you
So I straightened out my cap
Dusted off my jeans, smiled and said "Thanks"
And he said, "For what?"

I got an old ball cap my jeans are gettin' old
If you look in my yard you'll see old glory on a pole
I'll have a wife at the house I can teach you how to
shoot
Heck that's living son and that's how you know it's me

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