

## **Guy Clark**

# **"Supply And Demand"**

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He singin' what is that sound? What is that noise?  
I cannot figure it out for the life of me boys  
Is it the coast guard or is it the wind?  
Is it the mother ship comin' again?

Convicted on charges of supply and demand  
He was unloadin' the American Dream  
Caught in the middle of a bigger plan  
It was a South American scheme

He is no smuggler he is a fisherman  
All of his debts they're owed to the sea  
Some call it justice but it just ain't right  
This ain't live and let live and let be

He singin' what is that sound? What is that noise?  
I cannot figure it out for the life of me boys  
Is it the coast guard or is it the wind?  
Or is it the mother ship comin' again?

Layin' in his cell and thinkin' 'bout Ulysses  
How he picked up his oar and walked away from the  
sea  
Until someone said you ain't from round here, are you?  
And that's how far away he feels

He thinks of his wife and he thinks of his children  
And thinks about 'em takin' his boat  
He thinks about the killer in the bunk below  
And he's tryin' to keep his hopes afloat

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