

## Ry Cooder "No Hard Feelings"

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This land should have been om land  
You took it for your land  
You got a use for every stream and tree  
When I go up the highway old trees are dying up that  
way  
You pump out the water and sell it back to me  
You build mansions in the city prisons in Mojave  
Bet you're quite a pillar of high society  
You call it law and order I call it dirty money  
You lock the young ones down or send 'em off to war

No hard feelings no offense taken  
You're just a ripple in the shifting sands of time  
No bad karma no curses on ya  
You go your way I'll go mine  
You remind me of a fellow I heard of in the city  
Nervous kind of fellow he loved money like you do  
He derived no satisfaction so he jumped clear out the  
window  
They tell me that he bounced a time or two  
So take in mind the credo of a jackass prospector  
Take what you need but please leave the rest alone  
Try and live harmonie with old Mother Nature  
You'll remain in grace after you have gone  
Don't get many callers that little road leads nowhere  
Been here 40 years seems like yesterday  
There's an ald screech owl living in my chimney  
I don 't build no fires he keeps the mice away

No hard feelings na offense taken  
You're just a murmur in the whispering sands of time  
No bad karma na curses on ya  
You go your way I'll go mine

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