

## Angela McCluskey "Wrong Side"

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I've been living on the wrong side of the law  
For so long, I don't know which side I am on  
And every hand I shake, is shaking me down  
For a hard luck song

Is there no one I can ride beside?  
And you just came to mind  
You can be my trigger  
I can be your hanger on

I've been digging at a ditch, my dear  
But I hit concrete late last year  
Ohh, the spade and the shovel and all kinds of trouble  
Came and stripped me of my natural cheer

This could be a grave site  
Or we could make a garden here  
You could plant gardenias  
I could be released from fear

Don't the night grow cold  
Sleeping in a garden  
Don't the birds move slow  
Their wings get frozen here

Lying on the wrong side of the bed  
Since you've gone I don't know which side I am on  
Ohh, and every stitch of the bedspread  
Is doing my head in all night long

Lord, let this be, let this be the last time  
I should have to suffer so  
Hurry down the morning  
And I will be prepared to go

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