

The Badlees

"Bendin' The Rules"

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Pity my brother

For how he's suffered me
Pity my brother
Through nameless towns
For how he's suffered me
And cold prairie
Through nameless towns
For restless women
And cold prairie
At the end of the line
For restless women
Who tendered checks for
At the end of the line
A promise divine
Who tendered checks for
Cash as quick as 'vegas'
A promise divine
Like 'vegas' in a dream

I work this charismatic ruse
Cash as quick as "vegas"
For my brother's peace and being
Like "vegas" in a dream
Sittin' tight in moline
I work this charismatic ruse
The money on the bed
For my brother's peace and being
With every memory sharp to me
Sittin' tight in moline
And the fear of times ahead
The money on the bed

With every memory sharp to me
CHORUS
And the fear of times ahead
Maybe the good book

Came from the divine
(chorus)
Or maybe it was written

Maybe the good book
Just to keep us in line
Came from the divine
The mistakes of the sages
Or maybe it was written
Make the rules for the fools
Just to keep us in line
So father forgive me
The mistakes of the sages
For bendin' the rules...
Make the rules for the fools

So father forgive me
Well, mister he improved some
For bendin' the rules....
With the money I scammed

Some days his light shines as bright
Well, mister he improved some
As the light of the promised land
With the money i scammed
Death was often something
Some days his light shines as bright
We freely would discuss
As the light of the promised land
When he was ten and I was twelve
Death was often something
And the spectre would often brush
We freely would discuss
In and out of treatments
When he was ten and i was twelve
Since twenty months of age
And the spectre would often brush
At eighteen the insurance

No longer would maintain
In and out of treatments
And my old man in the kitchen
Since twenty months of age
His hands upon his face
At eighteen the insurance
Did weep to shake his very soul
No longer would maintain
In the darkness of this place
And my old man in the kitchen

His hands upon his face
CHORUS
Did weep to shake his very soul

In the darkness of this place

Hold me Saint Christopher

Over every county line
(chorus)
Overlook my blasphemy

For the sake of buying time
Hold me saint christopher
Grant him days of laughter
Over every county line
Bestow me clemency
Overlook my blasphemy
He sleeps soft in the back seat
For the sake of buying time
His freedom from ordeal
Grant him days of laughter
To every ruddy youngster
Bestow me clemency
Off free in summer's fields
He sleeps soft in the back seat
And every young lass poised to claim
His freedom from ordeal
Her share of what love yields

To all the grieving angels
To every ruddy youngster
And the litany of saints
Off free in summer's fields
I am my brother's keeper
And every young lass poised to claim
To what end decides the fates
Her share of what love yields

To all the grieving angels
CHORUS
And the litany of saints
I am my brother's keeper
To what end decides the fates

(chorus)

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