

Wrong Side

Angela McCluskey

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
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
The spade and the shovel
And all kinds of trouble
Came and stripped me of my natural cheer

This could be a gravesite
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
And every stitch on the bedspread
Is doing my head in
All night long
Lord
Let this be the last time
I should have to suffer so
Hurry down the morning
And I will be prepared to go