

## No Hard Feelings

Ry Cooder

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 harmony 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 aId 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