

## **Chained to the Line**

Your parents told you about your life of crime  
But they did it themselves, and now their doing their time  
And if someone asked you, you wouldn't have a dime  
You'll end your life, chained to the line

The wicked man will turn and the criminal will cry  
Chained to the line with a tear and a fork in his eye

Your father traded in geese and in sheep  
The money he made was piled up in a heap  
But his boots were concrete and the river was deep  
And he always told you how life would come cheap

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Your mother's evil, she dealt in arms  
To evil dictators if they'd grease her palms  
She sold me the bed that you used on the farm  
And with she gave me your radio alarm

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