

Justified (with Keb' Mo' & Robert Randolph)

Robben Ford

Creeky Steps and Ladder
I feel the floor in my cave
Carpet worn to tatters
It look like flowers on an early grave And I'd be justified (I would be justified)
Pick up my things and walk
I'd be justified (I would be justified)
Had enough of your crazy talk You take pot shots at my pride
And you refuse to take my side
I'd be justified Asked why so cold and cranky
You take a swipe at me
Ask any judge and jury
They'll pack you off and set me free
And I'd be justified (I would be justified)
Pack up my things and walk
Well I'd be justified (I would be justified)
Had enough of your crazy talk Well like a match and gasoline
About to blow to smithereens
Well I'd be justified Gone forever through solid days
Of Kentucky corn and southern ways
Harmonizing in perfect tune
With the light of my life to the bottom of moon Oh dreams of my salvation
They buckle at the knees
Hands tangled in frustration
That tried so very hard to please
And I'd be justified (I would be justified)
Pack up my things and walk
Well I'd be justified (I would be justified)
Had enough of your crazy talk Well let your love fall into decline
And me left to die upon the vine
Well I'd be justified

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