

## **Bic Runga**

### **"Punishment Fits The Crime"**

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I hear the bells of freedom chiming  
And inside my heart I feel I'm dying  
Wise guys never compromise  
They they loose their rights and they act surprised  
Jail really cuts ya down to size

Let the punishment fit the crime  
The footprints on (the sign the time)  
The philosophy of (warish crime)  
Make a man humble in his prime

You can go up, down, or sideways  
Be on Death Row, counting the days  
They say the answers are blowin' in the wind  
And to take yourself out would really be a sin  
You just have to cope and start over again

Let the punishment fit the crime  
The footprints on (the sign the time)  
The philosophy of (warish crime)  
Make a man humble in his prime

Little child cries in his sleep  
And life makes promises it can't keep  
And then you had, had enough  
You realize somehow, someway  
Your destiny was planned from the very first day

Let the punishment fit the crime  
The footprints on (the sign the time)  
The philosophy of (warish crime)  
Make a man humble in his prime  
(x 2)

Let the punishment fit the crime (x 4)

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