

Elvis Costello "Soul For Hire"

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Hang my head and shut my eyes
What kind of justice is this?
Fool I was, I thought that you fought fire with fire
Got to be more than just a soul for hire

Speaking for myself I wouldn't take the fame
The fees, the glory
For whoring in the practice of the law

I make my case stop and stutter
Soul comes unglued from the uppers
Blood is seeping in the hole
A mother's eye is weeping

I see every human kind
And still the truth is distant
I hear every evil men do and desire
Got to be more than just a soul for hire

When it's time to give protection
To the ones who need it most, who is desperate
I get distracted from my job

Streams of ink and piles of paper
What are the breaks?
Jump out the window, parole, escape
Blood is seeping in the hole
A mother's eye is weeping

Hang my head and shut my eyes
I can't see justice twisted
I hear every evil men do and desire
Got to be more than just a soul for hire

When it's time to give protection
To the ones who need it most, who is desperate
I get distracted from my job

Streams of ink and piles of paper
The hand them over to dopers and kiddie-rapers
Corrupt in every twisted grudge
And that is just the judge

Hang my head and shut my eyes
What kind of justice is this?
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What kind of justice is this?
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What kind of justice is this?

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