

Gary "u.S." Bonds "No Judgement Day"

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Willie Johnson was locking up his store Monday night
And someone snuck in and they commenced a fight
His wife Emilia found him lying on the freezer floor
Now this sleepy little town, it ain't sleepin' no more.

Sheriff Walker holds three local boys in jail
They confessed right down to the last detail
They beat Willie with a bat, he was 70 years old
Then they bought some beer with the six dollars they stole.

Well, I know my anger is not politically cool
But, brother we're in danger
When kids can be so cruel as to kill for play
Dear God have mercy
We're livin' just like there's no judgment day.

Billy Haney is the youngest of the three accused
His grandpa got him as a baby, hungry and abused
But no one guessed the depth of his emotional scars
Till we saw him on the news grinning like a movie star.

Well, I know my anger is not politically cool
But, brother we're in danger
When we can be so cruel as throw our kids away
Dear God have mercy
We're living just like there's no judgment day.

Today the headlights lined up in the drizzling rain
To the graveyard stretched a five mile chain
And we laid to rest one of this town's sweetest souls
And we buried the peace we know in that very same hole...

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