Thompson Richard Linda "Justice In The Streets"

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There's sickness in this land, hearts are turned to sand

Crushed with an iron hand, there's justice in the street

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

They've fooled you for so long, you can't tell right from wrong

They're weak and you are strong, there's justice in the street

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

Sometimes it seems a man can't hold his head up

To be just what he is he feels ashamed

They take away his dignity and freedom

But they can never take away the flame

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

Tired of living in shame, tired of a ball and chain

Run them down like a train, there's justice in the street

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

They've got you chained to a wheel and you don't know how to feel

Till you can't tell what's real, there's justice in the street

Ah la, ah la, ah la

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

How can you fight a man without a shadow?

How can you fight a face you've never seen?

A drop of rain will run into a river

Oh, see the river wash the valley clean

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

Ah la, ah la, ah la, ah la

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