

## Lorraine Feather "The Usual Suspects"

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There were two bad hats they didn't kill.  
He was the one I'd squeeze.  
I told the guy, "Get ready to spill  
Like the Exxon Valdez."

Leaned on him heavy "Not much time.  
In two hours tops, he'd fly.  
For a (con/mook) whose thing was small-time crime.  
He had a lotta friends up on high.

I mean!

Whenever we haul in the usual suspects,  
He's not the one you take seriously.  
Arms like a girl,  
Weak like a pup,  
A noticeable hitch in his giddy-up.  
(Told you/He (told/gave) me everything), and nothing  
at all.

There was a top-notch, first class entry man  
Seriously sick in the head.  
He was the (man/one) who whispered the plan,  
Or so this grifter said.

(Then/When) he talked about the  
Con from Queens, (as) mean as a snake,  
(And) The (Loud shirt/?pimped-up) marble-mouth  
And the fortyish, former cop-on-the-take  
Who took it hard when the job went south.

(Guess he had) He (said he had) fun being one of  
the usual suspects,  
(Got/Getting) to behave notoriously  
Dumb as a sock,  
Weak little wretch  
Who never even rated a composite sketch.  
See, he was usually nothin' at all.

So I get this tip and (I) drop a name.  
He drops his cigarette.  
That was the moment that changed the game,

But I didn't really get it yet.

He tells me a story "wasn't any bull,

But he (leaves/left) out the final twist.

He says,

"The slickest trick you see The Devil pull,

Is makin' like he doesn't exist."

Whenever we haul in the usual suspects,

He's not the one you take seriously;

No, no, no.

A year ago we busted him for Three-Card Monte.

He (told/gave) me everything), and nothing at all.

Nothing at all,

Nothing at all.

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