

## Angus Stone

### "Crime For Crime"

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The big day has come  
The bell is sounding  
I run my hands through my hair one last time  
Outside the prison walls  
The town is gathering  
People are trading crime for crime

Everyone needs to see the prisoner  
They need to make it even easier  
They see me as a symbol, and not a human being  
That way they can kill me  
Say it's not murder, it's a metaphor  
We are killing off our own failure  
And starting clean

Standing in the gallows  
Everyone turned my way  
I hear a voice ask me  
If I've got any last words to say  
And i'm looking out over the field of familiar eyes  
Somewhere in a woman's arms a baby cries

I think guilt and innocence  
They are a matter of degree  
What might be justice to you  
Might not be justice to me  
I went to far, i'm sorry  
I guess now i'm going home  
So let any amongst you cast the first stone  
Now we've got all these complicated machines  
So no one person ever has to have blood on their  
hands  
We've got complex organizations  
And if everyone just does their job  
No one person has to understand

You might be the wrong colour  
You might be too poor  
Justice isn't something just anyone can afford  
You might not pull the trigger  
You might be out in the car

And you might get a lethal injection  
'cause we take a metaphor that far

The big day has come  
The bell is sounding  
I run my hands through my hair one last time  
Outside the prison walls  
The town has gathered  
People are trading crime for crime  
People are trading crime for crime  
People are still trading crime for crime

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