

O.V. Wright "Eight Men, Four Women"

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(Eight men, four women
Lord, that's the jury of love)

I dreamed that love was a crime
I was alone, so lonely and blue
You know why?
Because eight men and four women
Lord, they found me guilty of loving you (loving you)

As they were taking me away
You were taking
I saw you when you were taking the witness stand
You know what?
I heard the lawyer when he asked you, my love
"Do you really love that man?"

It was eight men and four women (guilty)
How could they be so blind (guilty)
How could they?
I know they sat there
And called true love a crime
This is what killed me

But a tear rolled down my cheek
I felt so sorry for you
You know why?
Because in my heart I knew
Oh yes, baby I knew
That they would find you guilty too

Judge, your honor and to the jury
I intend to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt
That we are innocent
And true love is not a crime

(Lord, that's the jury of love)
Lord, that's the jury of love

A mean judge, a mean jury, oh, that's the jury of love
(Lord, that's the jury of love)

(Lord, that's the jury of love)

Oh that's just the way it goes baby
They found me guilty of love

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