

Richard Thompson**"Crimescene"**

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Broken glass, a broken chair
A lamp hangs by a thread
Scattered pages, spattered walls
Mayhem on the bed

Peace is gone and love is gone
And darkness wins the day
A soul is torn away
A soul is torn away

A crumpled shirt, a hank of hair
A shoe print made of blood
Phone ripped out, shades all drawn
A life is hammered shut

And I should ball my fists and scream
Against the dying of the dream
But I can't aim my rage at fate
Where's the face to pin the hate?

But I can't aim my rage at fate
Where's the face to pin the hate?
Where's the face to pin the hate?

A ticket booked, a suitcase packed
A diary on the desk
Free will's just a walk on part
In this ugly humoresque

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But where's the face to pin the hate?

Here we stand around like victims
Waiting for the crime
Waiting for the butcher's knife
Just one cut at a time

You plan and he plans
You sleep while he steals
Your wheels can only spin
Inside of other wheels

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