

## **Robyn Hitchcock**

# **"Legalized Murder"**

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In the hall of legalized murder  
A young black man is waiting for his death  
He killed a white policeman  
Or so they say, and the judges want his breath  
In the hall of legalized murder  
Time goes by and no one does a lot  
But they tested out the gas chamber  
On a young black rabbit, at least he won't be shot  
They should give him a medal  
Isn't our world based on murder?  
They should give him a medal  
Isn't our world based on crime?  
In the hall of legalized murder  
A young black man is strapped into a chair  
And the warden says "We'll get through this together,  
Jim."  
But the warden doesn't seem to have a chair  
In the hall of legalized murder  
There's a lump of flesh that's lying a tray  
It's been freshly killed but it wasn't killed for eating  
It's been freshly killed to be dumped and thrown away  
They should give him a medal  
Isn't our world based on murder?  
They should give him a medal  
Isn't our life based on crime

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