

# Bad Law

[Sondre Lerche](#)

Bad Law

My baby surrendered to fate  
And I couldn't even say how I felt later on that evening  
Stating my name to the officer's aide was in vain !  
Cause I knew they were out to get me  
Place four of five fingers flat on a sticky plastic bat  
Scan my blue bloodshot eyes for the history of my trials  
When crimes are passionate can love be separate?  
En route to my cell I retraced every step  
and found a way to redact and retell my story  
No evidence and no witness to summon or finesse  
I confess, it all sounds unlikely  
A sweaty, paranoid palm pressed against a leathered wall  
The law in all its flaws, me in an oversized overall !  
When crimes are passionate can love be separate?  
Baby it's a bad, bad law !  
It's a bad, bad law, Geronimo  
Baby it's a bad, bad law !  
It's a bad, bad law, Geronimo!  
I straddled out on the stand  
My defense scrawled on my hand  
Killed time and time again but then I lost again  
When crimes are passionate can love be separate?

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