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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