

# One More Murder

## Better Than Ezra

One more murder in this town,  
Don't mean a thing just lock your doors  
And drive around.

One more murder in this town,  
Don't worry the rain will  
Wash the chalk marks from the ground.

Saturday night, shots ring out,  
Add one to the body count.

You come alive to see another's end.

Plead it to a lesser count,  
D.A. says without a doubt,  
In 3-5 you're on the streets again.

One more murder in this town  
Don't mean a thing  
You get accustomed to the sound  
One more murder in this town  
Block off the street and  
Wrap the crime scene tape around.

Hosanna! Hosanna!  
I can't feel a thing at all!  
Hosanna! Hosanna!  
I can't feel a thing!  
I can't feel a thing at all!

Saturday night you're going out  
Parking lot, a figure come about  
Feel a piece click against your head.

Pleading to his sympathy,  
"Take the car, I got a family"  
You hear a laugh,  
"It don't mean shit to me."

One more murder in this town

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