

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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