

Crime for Crime

Ani DiFranco

Big day has come, bell is sounding
I run my hands through my hair one last time
Outside the prison walls town is gathering
People are trading crime for crime Everyone needs to see the prisoner they need to make it even easier
They see me as a symbol and not a human being
That way they can kill me, say it's not murder, it's a metaphor
We are killing off our own failure and starting clean Standing at the gallows everyone turned my way
I hear a voice ask me if I've any last words to say
I'm looking out over the field of familiar eyes
And somewhere in a woman's arms the baby cries And I say guilt and innocence they are a matter of degree
What is justice to you might not be justice to me
I went too far, I'm sorry, I guess now I'm going home
So let he amongst you cast the first stone Yeah, now a days we have all kinds of complicated machines
So no one person ever has to have blood on their hands
We've complex organizations, if everyone just does their job
No one person ever has to understand Yeah, you might be the wrong color, yeah, you might just be too poor
Justice isn't something just anyone can afford
Yeah, you might not pull the trigger, you might be out in the car
You might get a lethal injection 'cause we take metaphor that far The big day has come and my bell is sounding
And I run my hands through my hair one last time
Outside the prison walls the town has gathered
People are trading crime for crime People are trading crime for crime
People are still trading crime for crime, yeah
People are still trading crime for crime People are still trading crime for crime, yeah
People are still trading crime for crime, oh yeah
People are still trading crime for crime

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