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.N.A. says without a doubt
In 3 to 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
Just 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
And I can't feel a thing at all
I can't feel a thing at all
Well I can't feel a thing at all
I can't feel a thing
Saturday
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
One more murder
One more murder in this town
In this town

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
...

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