

# Blind Justice

## The Business

Burn, Burn, Burn the paper screamed out loud  
Die, Die, Die, sang the voices in the crowd  
Lock him up and throw him in a cell  
He didn't really do it and you know full well  
So, burn, burn, burn the papers screamed out loud  
Die, Die, Die sang the voices in the crowd [Chorus]  
And when it was over where did you go  
To look at the photos of a dead hero  
He was a victim of inhuman revenge  
He was a scapegoat for political ends  
And no one knows if he did it or not  
They never thought of that when they tightend the knot  
Burn, burn, burn the papers screamed out loud  
Die, die, die sang the voices in the crowd  
Lock him up and throw him in a cell  
He didn't really do it and you know full well  
He didn't do it, He didn't do it  
He wasn't there but you don't really care

Songwriters

BOYCE/BRENNAN/FITZSIMONS/WHALE Published by

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