Justice In Ontario

Steve Earle & The Dukes

Oh you who hail from Ontario
Know the tale of the Donnelly's Oh
Died at the hands of a mob that night
Every child and man by the oil torch light
Jim Donnelly was no angel sure
But they burned his barn, broke down the door
Well the children cried while they killed old Jim
Then they killed his wife, then they turned on them
No judge, no jury, no hangman, no justice in Ontario
A hundred years or more have turned
And you always hear how much we've learned
Well a man lay dead in a Port Hope bar
And the blood ran red on a hardwood floor
And the big men ran through the nearest door
Only one man knew what had happened for sure
Well one and all wore the outlaws' brand
And the big bikes roared through the Great Northland
When you live on the edge of the law
You know, justice in Ontario
Blue smoke still hung in the air
No one spoke when the cops got there
Well the local constable made the call
Send us Corporal Terry Hall
They all sang a different tune
When Corporal Hall walked in the room
With his picture book and a list of names
One by one the witnesses came
And they told him what he wanted to know
Justice in Ontario
The provincial cops searched far and wide
And the outlaws ran but they could not hide
And they brought em in every single one
Save the man who actually fired the gun
It was down in London, they were tried
And the guilty man stood free outside
When he took the stand to pay his debt
The judge was blind and the jury deaf
In Kingston Town they're locked up still
When the sun goes down and the air is chill

You could swear you heard Jim Donnelly's ghost cry
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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