

# Doin' Time

Justin Hayward

They tell me that the sun comes up every morning  
They tell me that there's people out on the streets  
But why is life so cruel  
They tell me man he tops the list in creation  
He takes his place as uncrowned king of the world  
But why is man so cruel  
He's doin' time  
Ain't it a crime Oh Prince of peace  
We need you now  
Give us a sign  
To show us how Locked in her room the lover mourns her betrayer  
Seems even love possesses treachery too  
But how can love be cruel  
Ain't it a shame  
He took the blame Seems this old world  
Has lost its way  
On such a torn  
And troubled day  
Locked in her room the lover mourns her betrayer  
Surely not love possesses treachery too  
But how can love be cruel  
He's doin' time  
Ain't it a crime

Songwriters

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