You're Gonna Make Me Cry

O.V. Wright

Lord, that's the jury of love)I d reamed that love was a crimeI was alone, so lonely and blue
You know why? Because eight men and f our women, Lord
They found me guilty of loving you (loving you)As they were taking me away
You were taking, I saw you when you were taking the witness stand
You know what? I heard the lawyer when he asked you, my love
Do you really love that man?"It was eight men and four women (guilty)
How could they be so blind (guilty)
How could they? I knew t hey sat there
And called true love a crime (this is what killed me)But a tear rolled down my cheek
I felt so sorry for you
You know why? Because in my heart I knew, oh yes, baby I knew
That they would find you guilty tooJudge, your honor and to the jury
I intend to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that we are innocent
And true love is not a crime(Lord, that's the jury of love)A mean judge and a mean jury, oh, that's the jury of love(Lord, that's the jury of love)
(Lord, that's the jury of love)

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