

# Ballad Of Mr. Jones

Jake Bugg

There's a blind man in the witness stand  
With three young men's lives in his hands  
There's a poor boy who stood at the scene  
Who'll be haunted by the dirty things he's seen

It's a shame all the jury knew the accused  
'Cos now they're running free when they left her cold and bruised  
There's a chalked white line stained with blood  
Sorry Mr. Jones, we did all we could

There's a whole lot of people out there and they're all running free  
Some will kill and some will steal the last breath that you breathe from you  
From you

So Mr. Jones in a cruel twist of fate  
Found the perpetrators in a drunken haze  
Gave them retributions for their twisted ways  
Now he's going down for yesterday

There's a whole lot of people out there and they're all running free  
Some will kill and some will steal the last breath that you breathe from you  
From you  
From you

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