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
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