Graffiti Limbo

Michelle Shocked

Lay down your burdens
Lay down your cares
The Holy Virgin
She's gonna greet you up thereWith a big can of spray paint
With a big blank wall
And I can guaran-damn tee ya
There ain't no cops around at allGraffiti Limbo
Where do you go?
Graffiti Limbo
When there ain't no justiceI only speak for myself
But the word around town
Is that something's shaking
In the undergroundI only speak for myself
But the word on the street
Is that the writing's on the wall
And the cop's on the beatI wrote this song for a man named Michael Stewart
A young black man arrested while writing graffiti
On a subway wall in New York City
And while under arrest, surrounded by eleven white transit copsMichael Stewart was strangled to death
And when his case went to court
Not one cop was found guilty
Because the coroner lost the evidenceYou see, in order to determine
That Michael Stewart was strangled to death
The coroner had to use Michael Stewart's eyeballs
His eyes, as evidenceSo now when I tell you
That it was Michael Stewart's eyes
That the coroner lost, do you know what I mean
When I tell you that justice is blind?You can have your little Style Wars
You can keep your little dance
But those crazy writers
Don't stand a ghost of a chanceIt's, "Color them Cons", Mayor Koch said
Call it a crime
It's steer clear of the engineer
Of the midnight special line

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