

# Graffiti Limbo

## Michelle Shocked

Lay down your burdens  
Lay down your cares  
The Holy Virgin  
She's gonna greet you up there With 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 all Graffiti Limbo  
Where do you go?  
Graffiti Limbo  
When there ain't no justice I only speak for myself  
But the word around town  
Is that something's shaking  
In the underground I only speak for myself  
But the word on the street  
Is that the writing's on the wall  
And the cop's on the beat I 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 cops Michael Stewart was strangled to death  
And when his case went to court  
Not one cop was found guilty  
Because the coroner lost the evidence You see, in order to determine  
That Michael Stewart was strangled to death  
The coroner had to use Michael Stewart's eyeballs  
His eyes, as evidence So 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 chance It's, "Color them Cons", Mayor Koch said  
Call it a crime  
It's steer clear of the engineer  
Of the midnight special line

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>