

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 four 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 they 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)

Songwriters

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