

# Your Love Is Incarceration

## Clutch

I make my move when the tower guards are changing  
Camouflage and evasion  
One minute later, I'm back in your paddy-wagon and receiving, uh, re-education  
Throw me in cuffs, no chance  
of parole  
Back in the house, thirty days in the hole  
Segregate me from the local population, your love is, uh, incarceration  
Hey, no justice to be had, you feel me?  
I'd cop a plea to larceny and public nuisance  
Conspiracy and sedition  
But that thing that happened in Chattanooga  
I'm just asking for forgiveness  
Throw me in cuffs, no chance of parole  
Back in the house, thirty days in the hole  
Segregate me from the local population, your love is, uh, incarceration  
Hey, no justice to be had, you hear  
me?  
As to the charges of verbal arson  
Before the court, hey, how do you plead?  
As to the charges of getting down  
Before the court, hey, how do you plead?  
To all the charges that are laid before me  
I confess I am guilty in the first degree  
I dig my way out with a plastic spoon and thimble  
Hide the dirt in the cages  
'Cause that thing that happened in Chattanooga  
With a garden hose and Yellow Pages  
Throw me in cuffs, no chance of parole  
Back in the house, thirty days in the hole  
Segregate me from the local population, your love is, uh, incarceration  
Hey, no justice to be had  
Hey, no justice to be had

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