

# Framed

## Canned Heat

I was walkin' down the street mindin' my own affair  
When two policemen grabbed me, unaware  
He say, Is your name Henry? I says, Why sure  
He says, You the boy I've been lookin' for I was framed, framed, I was blamed, framed  
Well, I never knew nothin' but I always get framed, oh, framed They took him in the line up and let those bright  
lights shine  
There was ten poor souls like me in that line  
I knew I was a victim of someone's evil plan  
When a stool pidgeon walked in and says, That's your man I was framed, framed, I was blamed  
Oh, framed, framed, framed  
Well, I never knew nothin' but I always get framed Well, the prosecutor turned and started a-prosecutin' me  
Man, that cat didn't give me the one but the third degree  
He says, Where were you on the night of July 1953?  
Man I was just home, just a tweedle-a-dee I was framed, oh framed, I was blamed  
Oh, framed, framed, framed  
Well I never knew nothin' but I always get framed  
Oh framed, oh framed

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