# Framed

## Ritchie Valens

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' forI was framed, framed, I was blamed, framed
Well, I never knew nothin' but I always get framed, oh, framedThey 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 manI was framed, framed, I was blamed
Oh, framed, framed, framed
Well, I never knew nothin' but I always get framedWell, 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-deeI 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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