

Richard Thompson, Justice In The Streets

(Richard Thompson)

There's sickness in this land
Hearts have turned to sand
Crushed with an iron hand
There's justice in the streets

They fooled you for so long
You can't tell right from wrong
They are weak and you are strong
There's justice in the streets

Sometimes it seems a man can't hold his head up
To be just what he is he feels ashamed
They take away his dignity and freedom
But they can never take away the flame

Tired of living in shame
Tired of a ball and chain
Run them down like a train
There's justice in the streets

They've got you chained to a wheel
'Til you don't know how to feel
'Til you can't tell what's real
There's justice in the streets

How can you fight a man without a shadow
How can you fight a face you've never seen
A drop of rain will run into a river
O see the river wash the valley clean