

# Steve Earle & The Dukes, Justice In Ontario

Oh you who hail from Ontario  
Know the tale of the Donnelly's Oh  
Died at the hands of a mob that night  
Every child and man by the oil torch light  
Jim Donnelly was no angel sure  
But they burned his barn, broke down the door  
Well the children cried while they killed old Jim  
Then they killed his wife, then they turned on them  
No judge, no jury, no hangman, no justice in Ontario  
A hundred years or more have turned  
And you always hear how much we've learned  
Well a man lay dead in a Port Hope bar  
And the blood ran red on a hardwood floor  
And the big men ran through the nearest door  
Only one man knew what had happened for sure  
Well one and all wore the outlaws' brand  
And the big bikes roared through the Great Northland  
When you live on the edge of the law  
You know, justice in Ontario  
Blue smoke still hung in the air  
No one spoke when the cops got there  
Well the local constable made the call  
Send us Corporal Terry Hall  
They all sang a different tune  
When Corporal Hall walked in the room  
With his picture book and a list of names  
One by one the witnesses came  
And they told him what he wanted to know  
Justice in Ontario  
The provincial cops searched far and wide  
And the outlaws ran but they could not hide  
And they brought em in every single one  
Save the man who actually fired the gun  
It was down in London, they were tried  
And the guilty man stood free outside  
When he took the stand to pay his debt  
The judge was blind and the jury deaf  
In Kingston Town they're locked up still  
When the sun goes down and the air is chill  
You could swear you heard Jim Donnelly's ghost cry  
&quot;Justice In Ontario&quot;