

# Tom Verlaine, Cry Mercy Judge

(Verlaine)

cry mercy judge. cry mercy. You chewed me up  
once upon a time. Now, it's real neat watching you  
court contempt. You are confusing you, I'm not  
amusing me, cry mercy judge, this lie is guaranteed.  
cry mercy. this jury's gone to seed. oh I suppose  
you enjoy trying to put my fingerprints on all that  
cold evidence that will convict you. Ain't that nice?  
You are refusing you, you are amusing me. Cry mercy,  
judge. I think the verdict's coming in. I guess you'd  
call it some sweet sin. It's not the sound of things.  
It's not the gift you bring. It's not the choice of  
words. Cry mercy, Judge.