

Ani DiFranco, Crime For Crime

the big day has come
the bell is sounding
i run my hands through my hair one last time
outside the prison walls
the town is gathering
people are trading crime for crime
everyone needs to see the prisoner
they need to make it even easier
they see me as a symbol, and not a human being
that way they can kill me
say it's not murder, it's a metaphor
we are killing off our own failure
and starting clean
standing in the gallows
everyone turned my way
i hear a voice ask me
if i've got any last words to say
and i'm looking out over the field of familiar eyes
somewhere in a woman's arms a baby cries
i think guilt and innocence
they are a matter of degree
what might be justice to you
might not be justice to me
i went to far, i'm sorry
i guess now i'm going home
so let any amongst you cast the first stone
now we've got all these complicated machines
so no one person ever has to have blood on their hands
we've got complex organizations
and if everyone just does their job
no one person has to understand
you might be the wrong colour
you might be too poor
justice isn't something just anyone can afford
you might not pull the trigger
you might be out in the car
and you might get a lethal injection
'cause we take a metaphor that far
the big day has come
the bell is sounding
i run my hands through my hair one last time
outside the prison walls
the town has gathered
people are trading crime for crime
people are trading crime for crime
people are still trading crime for crime