

Elton John, Have Mercy On The Criminal

Have you heard the dogs at night
Somewhere on the hill
Chasing some poor criminal
And I guess they're out to kill
Oh there must be shackles on his feet
And mother in his eyes
Stumbling through the devil-dark
With the hound pack in full cry

Have mercy on the criminal
Who is running from the law
Are you blind to the winds of change
Don't you hear him any more

Praying Lord you got to help me
I am never gonna sin again
Just take these chains from around my legs
Sweet Jesus I'll be your friend

Now have you ever seen the white teeth gleam
While you lie on a cold damp ground
You're taking in the face of a rifle butt
While the wardens hold you down

And you've never seen a friend in years
Oh it turns your heart to stone
You jump the walls and the dogs run free
And the grave's gonna be your home