

# Elvis Costello, Soul For Hire

Hang my head and shut my eyes  
What kind of justice is this?  
Fool I was, I thought that you fought fire with fire  
Got to me more than just a soul for hire

Speaking for myself I wouldn't take the fame, the fees, the glory  
For whoring in the practice of the law  
I make my case stop and stutter  
Soul comes unglued from the uppers  
Blood is seeping in the hole  
A mother's eye is weeping

I see every human kind  
And still the truth is distant  
I see every evil men do and desire  
Got to be more than just a soul for hire

When it's time to give protection  
To the ones who need it most, who are desperate  
I get distracted from my job  
Streams of ink and piles of paper  
What are the breaks?  
Jump out the window? Parole? Escape?  
Blood is seeping in the hole  
A mother's eye is weeping

Hang my head and shut my eyes  
I can't see justice twisted  
I see every evil men do and desire  
Got to be more than just a soul for hire

When it's time to give protection  
To the ones who need it most, who are desperate  
I get distracted from my job  
Streams of ink and piles of paper  
To hand them over to dopers and kiddie-rapers  
Corrupt in every twisted grudge  
And that is just the judge

Hang my head and shut my eyes  
What kind of justice it this?