

Elvis Costello, Soul For Hire (45 Alibis Version)

Hang my head and shut my eyes
What kind of justice is this?
Fool I was that thought that
You fight fire with fire
Got to be more than just a soul for hire
Speaking for myself I couldn't
Take the fame, the fees, the boredom
For whorin' 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 hear 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
The good and desperate
I get distracted from my job
(Streams of vagrant piles of paper
One of the verdicts
Jump out of a window for no escape)
Blood is seeping in the hole
A mother's eye is weeping

Hang my head and shut my eyes
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
The good and desperate
I get distracted from my job
Streams of vagrant piles of paper
A hand to hold for the dopers and kiddie rapers
Corrupt in every twisted grudge
and that is just the judge

Hang my head and shut my eyes
I can't see justice twisted
Hang my head and shut my eyes
What kind of justice is this?
Hang my head and shut my eyes
What kind of justice is this?