

# Gary Allan, No Judgement Day

Willie Johnson was locking up his store Monday night  
And someone snuck in and they commenced a fight  
His wife Emilia found him lying on the freezer floor  
Now this sleepy little town, it ain't sleepy no more  
Sheriff Walker holds three local boys in jail  
They confessed right down to the last detail  
They beat Willie with a bat, He was 70 years old  
Then they bought some beer with the six dollars they stole  
Well I know my anger is not politically cool  
But, brother we're in danger when kids can be so cruel as to kill for play,  
Dear God have mercy we're livin just like there's no judgment day  
Billy Haney is the youngest of the three accused  
His grandpa got him as a baby hungry and abused  
But no one guessed the depth of his emotional scares  
Till we saw him on the news grinning like a movie star  
Well I know my anger is not politically cool  
But, brother we're in danger when we can be so cruel, as throw our kids away  
Dear God have mercy we're living just like there's no judgment day  
Today the headlights lined in the drizzling rain  
To the graveyard stretched a five mile chain  
And we laid to rest one of this towns sweetest souls  
And we barried the peace we know in that very same hole