

The Cross, Rough Justice

Your criminal eyes that see straight through
We criminalise - your kind of voodoo
Make me sell my soul for the easy life
Sell my mother, trade in my wife
Rough justice - alright
Rough justice - on the streets tonight
Rough justice - we're the chosen few
If you want to scream, if you want to fight
Better take it to the man with the big house - in white
It's rough justice

Your bleeding heart got a hold on me
Your criminal heart won't let me be
For finer feelings I didn't feel the need
When I'm dealing you'd better watch my speed
Get rough

Rough justice - alright
Rough justice - on the streets tonight
Rough justice - we're the chosen few
Rough justice, somebody loosened my screws
Vigilante man of the neighbourhood
Well I ain't like Doris Day, and I ain't no Robin Hood
It's rough justice

Your criminal eyes don't cut no ice
We criminalise don't take no outside advice
It's a real cruel life when you have to lose it
It's a heavy knife when you have to use it
It's rough justice, it's rough justice
It's rough justice, it's rough justice