

Ward Thomas, Justice & Mercy

He grew up in a small town
Burned his own house down
'Fore he hit the age of eight
His mother took flight
And left him behind
And then there was hell to pay
They said he had a friend that
Followed where he went and
Covered his tracks but then
His friend took his bike
And wrecked it one night
And he was never seen again

Some said, "What we gonna do?
The Devil had a baby and he's comin' for you"
Some said, "He can be saved"
They got together and they knelt to pray
Half the town cried "mercy," half the town cried "justice"
And nobody got their way

Years turned to ghosts
On the low road
He left a trail of pain
He swindled the good
In each neighbourhood
And ran with no trace of shame
Romancing robber
Fraudulent father
He had a hundred names
But the word of mouth
Across the whole South
Was he was the one to blame

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One stormy night
They caught him hiding
Or so the story goes
As the town's people argued
He was struck by a lightning bolt

Some said, "Let's celebrate
He's gone to Hell and we're finally safe"
Some said, "God is grace"
They got together for his soul to pray
Half the town cried "mercy," half the town cried "justice"
It is what it is either way