

Suspect Fled the Scene

Pedro the Lion

old friend
your horse is ready to ride
when morning comes

from this church town
where damning rumors drip
from holy tongues

it won't go away

the fever
to find a scapegoat fast
and fix the blame

i know
you never meant to leave
the way you came

looking down
from their stained glass steeples
they'll never know
why you had to run

ride as fast as you can
they're shooting to kill