

Punishment Fits the Crime

Ramones

I hear the bells of freedom chimin'
And inside my heart I feel I'm dyin'
Wise guys never compromise
Then they loose their rights and they act surprised
Jail really cuts ya down to size

Let the punishment fit the crime
The footprints on the sand of time
The philosophy of the poet's rhyme
Makes a man humble in his prime

You can go up, down, or sideways
Be on death row, counting the days
They say the answers are blowin' in the wind
And to take yourself out would really be a sin
You just have to cope and start over again

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Little child cries in his sleep
And life makes promises it can't keep
And then feel you had, had enough.
You realize somehow, someway
Your destiny was planned from the very first day

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