

Bad Law

Sondre Lerche

My baby surrendered to fate
And I couldn't even say how I felt later on that evening
Stating my name to the officer's aide was in vain
Cause I knew they were out to get me

Place four of five fingers flat on a sticky plastic bat
Scan my blue bloodshot eyes for the history of my trials

When crimes are passionate
can love be separate?

En route to my cell I retraced every step
and found a way to redact and retell my story
No evidence and no witness to summon or finesse
I confess, it all sounds unlikely

A sweaty, paranoid palm pressed against a leathered wall
The law in all its flaws, me in an oversized overall

When crimes are passionate
can love be separate?

Baby it's a bad, bad law
It's a bad, bad law, Geronimo
Baby it's a bad, bad law
It's a bad, bad law, Geronimo

I straddled out on the stand
My defense scrawled on my hand
Killed time and time again but then I lost again

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