

# The Judge

Twenty One Pilots

Na na na na, oh oh  
Na na na na, oh oh  
Na na na na, oh oh

When the leader of the bad guys sang  
Something soft and soaked in pain  
I heard the echo from his secret hideaway  
He must've forgot to close his door  
As he cranked out those dismal chords  
And his four walls declared him insane

I found my way  
Right time wrong place  
As I pled my case

You're the judge, oh no  
Set me free  
You're the judge, oh no  
Set me free  
I know my soul's freezing  
Hell's hot for good reason  
So please, take me

Na na na na, oh oh  
Na na na na, oh oh  
Na na na na, oh oh

Three lights are lit  
But the fourth one's out  
I can tell cause it's a bit darker  
Than the last night's bout  
I forgot about the drought  
Of light bulbs in this house  
So I head out  
Down a route I think is heading south  
But I'm not good with directions  
And I hide behind my mouth  
I'm a pro at imperfections  
And I'm best friends with my doubt  
And now that my mind's out  
And now I hear it clear and loud  
I'm thinking, "Wow  
I probably should've stayed inside my house."

I found my way  
Right time wrong place  
As I pled my case

You're the judge, oh no  
Set me free  
You're the judge, oh no  
Set me free  
I know my soul's freezing  
Hell's high for good reason  
So please

I don't know if this song

Is a surrender or a revel  
I don't know if this one  
Is about me or the devil

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Set me free, oh no  
You're the judge, oh no  
Set me free, oh no  
I know my soul's freezing  
Hell's hot for good reason  
So please

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