

# Criminals

Uncle Tupelo

We've got two kinds here  
Those that bleed the blood  
And those that work to will it  
Can't believe the big screen  
There's no justice in the hall  
We're all criminals waiting to be called

We've got shackles to keep the laws  
Made by men who bought and sold themselves with not a prayer to  
keep their powers at bay  
They want us kinder and gentler at their feet

They say don't step off the sidewalk  
And don't cross over the line  
But we'll serve time at night  
When the light begins to dim  
When the smoke seems to clear  
You can say what you want  
We're all criminals here

How many times will the teeth bite the tongue looking for salvage  
in the damage that's done  
I searched for you every place I thought I knew still we're criminals  
looking for something to do