

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 salva
ge in the damage that's done
I searched for you every place I thought I knew still we're cri
minals looking for something to do