

Justice

Molly Hatchet

The daltons ride and the desert sky gets swallowed up by the night

Up ahead a stranger hides with a thombstone in his eye

The stranger knows this is his very last ride

A crescent moon in the sky you can't run and hide

They ride for freedom around the world and across the land

For the woman and the baby chird and for the ones who can't

The stranger knows hell is coming, coming up from behind

They call it justice, heaven knows justice is blind

We need some justice to make the wrong into right

Justice don't play favourites and justice don't pick sides

We need some justice, heaven knows justice is blind

This man is pure in his heart and in his mind

Thinks of a woman who is wheeping in the night

Vengeance makes him righteous when the smoke is clear

It's only pure if it's justice, nothing else comes near

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