

## 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  
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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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