

# Rape

Ian Hunter

He searched through his love like a thief on the run  
He searched through his face - to see the guilt water run  
But he's fresh out of tears and nobody has come  
And justice has got to be done

Oh moon in the city stay open and clear  
For his vision ain't good and his mind's disappeared  
'Get along mother nature' they spat at your son  
So justice has got to be done

And beauty is lying alone in the park  
Her friend has gone bowling in the alleys so dark  
Where's her knight in white armour who rides a chrome Ford  
Justice would seem to be bored  
Justice would seem to be bored

A knife full of life penetrated the bait  
While he thinks 'o the sister and the mother that he hates  
And he thinks he'll get off 'cos he's sick, rich, and stoned  
And justice was made to be honed  
And justice was made to be honed

And his lawyer is smiling one hell of a smile  
'N he's lying all the lies - of the lies in exile  
While she's dying of grief he's defending his brief  
And justice would seem to be cheap  
And justice would seem to be cheap

Well I've searched through the falling, and I searched through  
the failed  
I've searched through the jury - the judge and the jailed  
But sleeping beauty is dead no use pricking her thumb  
And justice has got to be done

Justice just is - justice just is - justice just is - Not!