

Ballad of Mr Jones

Jake Bugg

There's a blind man in the witness stand,
With three young men's lives in his hand,
There's a poor boy who stood at the scene,
Who'll be haunted by the dirty things he's seen.

It's a shame all the jury knew the accused,
'Cause now they're running free when they left her cold and bruised,
There's a chalked white line stained with blood,
Sorry Mr. Jones, we did all we could.

There's a whole lot of people out there and they're all running free,
Some will care and some will steal,
The last breath that you breathe,
From you,
From you.

So Mr. Jones in a cruel twist of fate,
Found the perpetrators in a drunken haze,
Gave them retributions for their twisted ways,
Now he's going down for years instead of days.

There's a whole lot of people out there and they're a wild and restless sea,
Some will care and some will steal,
The last breath that you breathe from you,
From you,
From you.