

## Punishment Fits the Crime

Ramones

I hear the bells of freedom chimin'  
And inside my heart I feel I'm dyin'  
Wise guys never compromise  
Then they loose their rights and they act surprised  
Jail really cuts ya down to size

Let the punishment fit the crime  
The footprints on the sand of time  
The philosophy of the poet's rhyme  
Makes a man humble in his prime

You can go up, down, or sideways  
Be on death row, counting the days  
They say the answers are blowin' in the wind  
And to take yourself out would really be a sin  
You just have to cope and start over again

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Little child cries in his sleep  
And life makes promises it can't keep  
And then feel you had, had enough.  
You realize somehow, someway  
Your destiny was planned from the very first day

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