

Three Seconds

Resurrection Band

They got him banging his head again,
The family fights; but who cares when?
Crack party waiting in the street, where hell is heaven and nothing's free.

They'll be coming, they'll be searching,
They'll be looking for him, that's for certain,
They'll be coming, they'll be searching,
They'll be looking for him, that's for certain.

Picks up his jacket with the colours on,
Picks up his girl, and the gig is on,
Tough boys in a squad car scene; and he ends up downstate, wearing prison green.

They were coming, they were searching,
They were looking for him, that was certain,
They were coming, they were searching,
They were looking for him, that was certain.

He was a loser; they got him,
Three seconds and the jury was in,
Bad dope, bad shot, bad rap, and it was prison he got,
He was a loner, he got time,
Three seconds, and his life on the line,
An old song in his ears - Amazing Grace for him, and then came the tears.

My love won't leave you alone,
My love will carry you home,
My love won't leave you alone,
My love will carry you home, carry you home.

There was a scene in his cell again; they tried breaking his will again,
But he ain't really under their command; he knows the freedom of another plan.

They'll be coming, they'll be searching,
They'll be looking for him, that's for certain,
Jesus coming, angels searching,
They'll be loving him long, that's for certain,
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They'll be looking for him, that's for certain,
Jesus coming, angels searching,
They'll be loving him long, that's for certain.