

Unfortunates

State Radio

Come all the unfortunates,
Come on with your throwaway youth.
They say it's written for you,
No matter what you do.

'Cause you see something happened up in robin hood hills,
The devil had his way.
But the locals say they're on to something,
They say they know his name.

Did you happen to see the paper today,
And see what them troubled boys had done?
Another unidentified youth,
Mistaken for something he'd never done.

Come all the unfortunates,
Come on with your ghetto youth.
There's talk on the police radio,
Any suspect will do.

'Cause there was an on-scene deputy,
And he had it in for the West Memphis Three.
Got them for murder of the first degree,
But the crowd wanted more.

Did you happen to see the paper today,
And see what them troubled boys had done?
Another unidentified youth,
Mistaken for something he'd never done.

So get goin', get gone.
So get goin', it's time to move on.

So get up get going, see what them troubled boys have seen.
'Cause the future is all-
knowing, but get too close and too close you'll be.

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