

A Mean Kind Of Justice

Carrie Newcomer

There's a ring around the moon,
There's a chill in the air.
There's a mean kind of justice,
Coming down coming down.
Angels wring their hands and put ashes on their heads.
There's a mean kind of justice coming down.

It don't ever stop a thing,
An eye for eye, tic for tat.
And I've never seen nobody truly satisfied like that.
It just rolls around the head eating holes in your heart.
There's a mean kind of justice coming down.

There is a goodness on this earth
That will not die will not die.
It bears all, and seen it all, and still it survives.
I know that we have failed,
But I I've seen that we can fly.
There's goodness on this earth that will not die.

Oh no, forgiveness never sleeps.
But the devil wants its due and says human life is cheap .
When we give up any hope we could ever change the past ,
Then at last. . .

There's a ring around the moon,
There's a chill on the breeze.
There's somebody with their hands clasped,
Down on their knees.
Angels hold their breath for what might set them free.
There's a mean kind of justice coming down.