

# Crimescene

Richard Thompson

Broken glass, a broken chair  
Lamp hangs by a thread  
Scattered pages, spattered walls  
Mayhem on the bed

Peace is gone and love is gone and  
Darkness wins the day  
A soul is torn away  
A soul is torn away

A crumpled shirt a hank of hair  
A shoe print made of blood  
Phone ripped out, the shades all drawn  
A life is hammered shut

And I should ball my fists and scream  
Against the dying of the dream  
But I can't aim my rage at fate  
Where's the face to pin the hate?

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A ticket booked, a suitcase packed  
A diary on the desk  
Free will's just a walk on part  
In this ugly humoresque

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Here we stand around like victims  
Waiting for the crime  
Waiting for the butcher's knife  
One cut at a time

You plan and he plans  
You sleep while he steals  
Your wheels can only spin  
Inside of other wheels

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