

The Long Arm of the Law

Warren Zevon

When I was young, times were hard
When I got older it was worse
First words I ever heard:
"Nobody move, nobody get hurt"

It's the long arm, it's the strong arm
It's the long arm of the law
It's the long arm, it's the strong arm
It's the long arm of the law

After the war in Paraguay
Back in nineteen ninety-nine
I was laying low in Lima
Working both sides of the borderline

It's the long arm, it's the strong arm
It's the long arm of the law

You can run, but you can't hide

Well, I have to live like a fugitive
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Someone's coming after me
And I'm running, running, yeah

Now, don't protest your innocence
Only the dead get off scott free
And when the judge says, "Whodunit?"
You'll be crying, "Not me! Not me!"