

Willie Johnson was locking up his store Monday night
And someone snuck in and they commenced a fight
His wife Emilia found him lying on the freezer floor
Now this sleepy little town, it aint sleepy no more
Sheriff Walker holds three local boys in jail
They confessed right down to the last detail
They beat Willie with a bat, He was 70 years old
Then they bought some beer with the six dollars they stole

Well I know my anger is not politically cool
But, brother we're in danger when kids can be so cruel as to kill for play,
Dear God have mercy we're liven just like theres no judgment day

Billy Haney is the youngest of the three accused
His grandpa got him as a baby hungry and abused
But no one guessed the depth of his emotional scares
Till we saw him on the news grinning like a movie star

Well I know my anger is not politically cool
But, brother we're in danger when we can be so cruel, as throw our kids away
Dear God have mercy we're living just like theres no judgment day

Today the headlights lined in the drizzling rain
To the graveyard stretched a five mile chain
And we laid to rest one of this towns sweetest souls
And we barried the peace we know in that very same hole