

THE RELEASE.

Locked up in a prison cell,
I didn't do it.
Set up by the man from Hell.
I didn't do it.

They've let me out for two short days,
I didn't do it.
They said, to help me mend my ways.
I didn't do it.

He'd set me up to punish me,
I didn't do it.
'Cos I had left him, to be free.
I didn't do it.

And now I cannot know my son,
I didn't do it.
He's all my heart, my only one.
I didn't do it.

The blows that rained on our son's head,
I didn't do it.
Have left him speechless, almost dead.
I didn't do it.

So on this day, I'm out of jail,
I didn't do it.
To do what's right, I cannot fail,
I didn't do it.

To tell him, 'Please just tell the truth',
I didn't do it.
You are the one who stole Paul's youth.
I didn't do it.

And so I knock on John's front door,

'I didn't do it!'

To his still face, I just implore.

'I didn't do it!'

He takes me in, then wields a knife,

I didn't do it.

To threaten me, his former wife.

I didn't do it.

But then he stands in front of me,

Lunging, grinning, with great glee.

Then I turn back the knife and watch him die. Now I am free.

Yes, this time I did it.