

Crooked Tree

Sting & Shaggy

All rise for the Honorable Judge Burrell. This court is called to order,
These charges are serious,
Stand up and face the bench,
How do you plead, Sir? How do you plead?" Guilty as charged," the Judge decreed, "stand up
and face the bench,
I have some words to say to you before we recommence.
A list of crimes this serious, I swear I have not seen,
In all the years that I have served Her Majesty the Queen. Arson, murder, blackmail, grand
larceny and theft,
Drug dealing, human trafficking, I ask the court, what's left?
Are there words of mitigation, before I pass the sentence?
Anything that you can tell the court to add to your defense?"
I faced the court, thought long and hard before I gave reply,
"There's something that you need to hear, from me before I die.
The circumstances of my birth were something short of bliss,
I have this from my mother, it was told to me like this..." The day that I was born, she said, The
Good Lord woke from slumber,
Looking 'round his timber yard, He found He had no lumber,
Apart from some old twisted branch, in shadows left to lurk,
He pulled it out into the light and set about his work. 'She told me that the world should not
expect too much of me,
When the Good Lord carved my crooked soul, out of a crooked tree.
When the Good Lord carved my crooked soul, out of a crooked tree.'" "Stand up and face the
bench,
I've heard all you've got to say,
That there look on your face says you're guilty,
And now it's your judgment day."
"I'm not asking for forgiveness,
I'm not proud of what I've done,
I did the things I had to do, like any other mother's son.
None of us are perfect, so remember what you see.
When the Good lord carved this crooked soul, out of a crooked tree.
When the Good Lord carved this crooked soul, out of a crooked tree."

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>