

Two Inches to the Right

By Mat Lloyd

There was a murder last night
because it was two inches to the left.
Now you wouldn't have heard of last night,
but it was two inches to the left.

You see they blame it on boredom,
this getting drunk in the park,
and they blame it on boredom,
terrorizing people in the dark.

And on this particular cold dark night,
they'd chosen their usual path.
They were stupid, drunk, and bored,
and someone was gonna feel their wrath.

In the dark, they chose their victim.
It was easy, a random choice.
Because they were stupid, drunk, and bored,
and someone was gonna hear their voice.

As Head Idiot swung his instrument,
he had all his friends runnin' in tow.
Now he wasn't quite sure why this was cool,
but at least his mates said so.
And as he struck the head of Random,
he stumbled to the floor.
He was dead before he hit it.
They didn't need to kick him more.

Witnesses, they screamed and hollered.
but Idiot just ran off into the night,
while Random up and left this earth
and walked calmly into the light.

As the judge handed down the sentence,
it sounded a lot like LIFE.
He said, get this idiot shackled and in a cage tonight.

His lawyers said, if you hadn't killed him,
you probably would've been all right.
You probably would've got community service
and been in your own bed tonight.

Now Idiot, still an idiot,
realizes it's not quite so cool to fight,
sits there in his handcuffs and chains, and wishes
he'd gone two inches to the right.