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You Don't Know This Man

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You don't know this man.
You don't know a thing.
You come here with these horrifying stories,
these contemptible conceits,
and you say you understand how a man's heart beats.
And you don't know a thing.

You don't know this man.
You don't even try.
When a man writes his mother every Sunday,
pays his bills before they're due,
works so hard to feed his fam'ly,
there's your murderer for you!
And you stand here spitting words that you know aren't
true.

Then you don't know this man
I don't think you could.
You don't have the right to know a man that wise and good.
He is a decent man!
He is an honest man!

And you don't know...
And you never will.
Not from me, not from anyone who knows him,
not a morsel, not a crumb, not a clue.
I have nothing more to say to you.