

# no body, no crime

by Taylor Swift

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He did it  
He did it

Este's a friend of mine  
We meet up every Tuesday night for dinner and a glass of wine  
Este's been losing sleep  
Her husband's acting different and it smells like infidelity  
She says, "That ain't my merlot on his mouth"  
"That ain't my jewelry on our joint account"  
No, there ain't no doubt  
I think I'm gonna call him out

She says  
"I think he did it but I just can't prove it"  
I think he did it but I just can't prove it  
I think he did it but I just can't prove it  
No, no body, no crime  
But I ain't letting up until the day I die  
No, no  
I think he did it  
No, no  
He did it

Este wasn't there  
Tuesday night at Olive Garden, at her job, or anywhere  
He reports his missing wife  
And I noticed when I passed his house  
his truck has got some brand new tires  
And his mistress moved in  
Sleeps in Este's bed and everything  
No, there ain't no doubt  
Somebody's gotta catch him out

'Cause

I think he did it but I just can't prove it (he did it)

I think he did it but I just can't prove it (he did it)

I think he did it but I just can't prove it

No, no body, no crime

But I ain't letting up until the day I die

No, no

I think he did it

No, no

He did it

Good thing my daddy made me get a boating license when I was fifteen

And I've cleaned enough houses to know how to cover up a scene

Good thing Este's sister's gonna swear she was with me

("She was with me dude")

Good thing his mistress took out a big life insurance policy

They think she did it but they just can't prove it

They think she did it but they just can't prove it

She thinks I did it but she just can't prove it

No, no body, no crime

I wasn't letting up until the day he

No, no body, no crime

I wasn't letting up until the day he

No, no body, no crime

I wasn't letting up until the day he died

# The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll

by Bob Dylan

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William Zanzinger killed poor Hattie Carroll,  
With a cane that he twirled around his diamond ring finger  
At a Baltimore hotel society gath'rin',  
And the cops were called in and his weapon took from him  
As they rode him in custody down to the station,  
And booked William Zanzinger for first-degree murder.  
But you who philosophize, disgrace and criticize all fears,  
Take the rag away from your face, now ain't the time for your tears.

William Zanzinger, who at twenty-four years,  
Owns a tobacco farm of six hundred acres  
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him,  
And high office relations in the politics of Maryland,  
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders,  
And swear words and sneering, and his tongue it was snarling,  
In a matter of minutes on bail was out walking.  
But you who philosophize, disgrace and criticize all fears,  
Take the rag away from your face, now ain't the time for your tears.

Hattie Carroll was a maid of the kitchen.  
She was fifty-one years old and gave birth to ten children  
Who carried the dishes and took out the garbage,  
And never sat once at the head of the table  
And didn't even talk to the people at the table,  
Who just cleaned up all the food from the table,  
And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level,  
Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane  
That sailed through the air and came down through the room,  
Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle.  
And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger.  
But you who philosophize, disgrace and criticize all fears,  
Take the rag away from your face, now ain't the time for your tears.

In the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel,  
To show that all's equal and that the courts are on the level  
And that the strings in the books ain't pulled and persuaded,  
And that even the nobles get properly handled  
Once that the cops have chased after and caught 'em,  
And that the ladder of law has no top and no bottom,  
Stared at the person who killed for no reason,  
Who just happened to be feelin' that way without warnin'.  
And he spoke through his cloak, most deep and distinguished,  
And handed out strongly, for penalty and repentance,  
William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence.  
Oh, but you who philosophize, disgrace and criticize all fears,  
Bury the rag deep in your face, for now's the time for your tears.