

It started with a word to read and write and rhyme,

That God would come back and judge all of the crime;

I think it's wrong to sin and end up in gaol,

So I'll perfect this life of mine and try not to fail.

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As you read along these lines of verse and of rhyme,

There are many locked up people committed doing time;

As are many kinds of crimes of which they did commit,

Things they lied about or stolen and still won't even admit.

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Stealing is for thieves, who rob life and live to die,

Or must end up in court with their case to hear and try;

Murder is so awful and the worst thing that can happen,

With drug lords and syndicates that catch you napping.

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There's cheating or swindling or even committing fraud,

Which idiots do to stop themselves from getting bored?

Or what about adultery which is a kind of sexual sin,

Men and women trying to get away and hopefully to win.

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Then there are juvenile delinquents who vandalise or graffiti,

Who heist cars and get killed on roads you find in the media;

There's tax evasion people and the laundering of money,

Criminals think they get away with when it's dark not sunny.

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Well now this crime is down with this pen of mine,

That you can read along while having a good time;

Now remember while in your prime don't get caught in crime,

It's better to live in freedom and read these lines of rhyme.

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**Signed,**

**To catch a crook.**