

## Just the Facts

By Robin Lipinski

Just keep it simple Madame, stick to the facts.  
You say you saw him try to attack you?  
Drawn to you under the covers, and you're sure he was a bad man?  
There was no apparent struggle, no blood upon your hands,  
It appears though you bashed his head,  
With a cast iron frying pan.

Now laying crumpled, eyes last looking at you,  
It is a serious moment you are now in trouble,  
More than you could know after what you did to him.

Come with me and give no cry,  
You see,  
The police are coming now and we must leave,  
I'm your victim's brother, and believe-you-me,  
I'm a more evil man than he.

The End