

# John Lennon, John Sinclair

It ain't fair, John Sinclair  
In the stir of breathing air  
Won't you care for John Sinclair?  
In the stair of breathing air.  
Let him be, set him free  
Let him be like you and me.

They give him ten for two  
What else can the judges do?  
Gotta, gotta.....gotta, set him free.

If he had been a soldier man  
Shooting gooks in Vietnam  
If he was the CIA  
Selling dope and making hay  
He'd be free, they'd let him be  
Breathing air, like you and me

They gave me ten for two  
What more can the judges do?  
Gotta, gotta....gotta set him freee.

Was he jailed for what he done?

Representing everyone  
Free john now, if we can  
From the clutches oof the man  
Let him free, lift the lid  
Bring him to his wife and kids.  
They gave me ten for two

What more can the bastards do?  
Gotta, gotta...gotta set him free...