

John Lennon, John Sinclair (Live)

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...