

# The Cruel Sea, Better Get A Lawyer

With blood shot eyes  
And bleedin' hands  
I put my new suit  
In the cleaners again  
Took the first buss  
I didn't look back  
Lungs long blowin'  
Like a smoke stack  
Hair fallin' out  
As the wind blows through it  
My horse ran second  
Just like I knew it would  
Overflowin' ashtray  
Yay

And the Officer said  
Better get a lawyer son  
Better get a real good one  
Get yourself a suit and tie  
Get your hair cut way up high  
Get yourself a lawyer son  
Better get a real good one

I got legs I can walk  
All the way down the dirt track  
I fell Down  
I got up  
I turned around then  
I walked back  
I walked to the sea  
I stood there, looked for a sign  
It took time  
But it came  
I added up and took  
What was mine

Better get a lawyer son  
Better get a real good one  
Don't drop the soap  
Don't smoke no dope  
Get yourself a lawyer son  
Your gonna need a good one  
To getcha outa this one