

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