

Yoko Ono, John Sinclair

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

They gave him ten for two,
What else can the judges do?
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got,
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got,
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got to set him free.

If he'd been a soldier man,
Shooting gooks in vietnam,
If he was the c.i.a.,
Selling dope and making hay,
He'd be free, they'd let him be,
Breathing air like you and me.
Right on!

They gave him ten for two,
What else can the judges do?

We got, we got, we got, we got, we got,
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got,
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got to set him free, free!

They gave him ten for two,
They got old lee otis too!
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got,
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got,
We got, we got, we got, we got to set him free, free now!

Was he jailed for what he done
Or representing ev'ryone?
Free john now, if you can,
From the clutches of the man.
Let him be, lift the lid,
Bring him home to his wife and kids.
Alright!

They gave him ten for two,
What else can the bastards do?
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got,
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got,
We got, we got, we got, we got, we got to set him free, free!