

Al Stewart, License To Steal

He walks into the room
He's got a briefcase like a bomb
A smile on both faces
And he calls it aplomb

He wants a bite of your apple
Hands you back the peel
He's fresh out of law school
He's got a license to steal

When he offers his advice
You can guarantee
For several hundred dollars an hour
He will see just how many complications
Your life will reveal
He's fresh out of law school
He's got a license to steal

He's an ambulance chaser
A waver of papers
He loves to mix with the movers and shakers
He's taking from them
He's taking from you
Lawyers love money
Anybody's will do
Just take it

He's poking his nose into people's despair
When tragedy strikes he will always be there
Looking so cool
His greed is hard to conceal
He's fresh out of law school
You gave him a license to steal

We've got seven hundred thousand attorneys at law
Nobody can tell me what we need them all for
We should throw them in chains
Chastise them and rebuke them
If it doesn't work
We ought to take 'em out and nuke 'em

Blow a lawyer to pieces
It's the obvious way
Don't wait for a thesis
Do it today
Take him to the court of no final appeal
When you're fresh out of lawyers
You don't know how good it's gonna feel