

# 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