

# Cold Chisel, Mr Crown Prosecutor

No matter what I say or do  
You take money, to put whatever  
May be the opposite view  
What you see, is what I am  
I will always be, an honest man  
Mr Crown Prosecutor, raise my hand  
I can't say the same about you  
Mr. Crown Prosecutor, go down now  
I'll show you where your children play  
The deep shit they get to play with  
And the people that they've got to pay  
I got caught, in a traffic jam  
A girl on the street, with a chain of command  
Goin' up through the city  
To the government of the day  
Mr. Crown Prosecutor, raise my hand  
The hands of a fish so small  
You know, if it wasn't so  
I wouldn't be here at all  
What you see, is what I am  
I will always be, an honest man  
Lost in the blind stupidity of it all  
Mr. Crown Prosecutor, go down now  
I'll show you where your children play  
The deep shit they get to play with  
And the people that they've got to pay  
But Mr. Crown Prosecutor, if you look  
You'll find where it tells it to ya in this book  
How the vine by the well  
Gotta branch out over the wall