

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