John Sinclair

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One, two, one, two, three, four
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 Judge Colombo do?
We gotta, gotta, gotta set him free
If he was as a soldier man
Shooting gooks in Vietnam
If he was the CIA
Selling dope and making hay
He'd be free, they'd let him be
Breathing air, like you and me
They gave him ten for two
What else can Judge Colombo do?
We gotta, gotta, gotta set him free
They gave him ten for two
And they got Punk Colombon too
We gotta, gotta, gotta set him free
Was he jailed for what he done?
Or representing everyone
Free John now, if we can
From the clutches of the man
Let him be, lift the lid
Bring him to his wife and kids, alright
They gave him ten for two
What else can the bastards do?
We gotta, gotta, gotta set him free, free

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