

# John Sinclair

## John Sinclair

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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