

Better Get A Lawyer

The Cruel Sea

I wasn't doin' nothin', anyway
Just what is it that I'm supposed to have done?

With bloodshot eyes and bleedin' hands
I put my new suit in the cleaners again
I took the first bus, I didn't look back
Lungs long blowin' like a smokestack
Hair fallin' out as the wind blows through it
My horse ran second, just like I knew it would
Overflowin' ashtray, yeah

Oh yeah
Then the officer said

Better get a lawyer, son
You better get a real good one

Get yourself a suit and tie
And get your hair cut way up high
Get yourself a lawyer, son
You're gonna need a real good one

I got legs, I can walk
All the way down the dirt track
I fell down, I got up
I turned around and then I walked back
I walked to the sea
I stood there and looked for a sign
I took time, but it came
I added up and took what was mine

Don't drop the soap
Don't smoke no dope
Get yourself a lawyer, son
You're gonna need a good one to get you outta this one

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