

# Rotting On Remand

Billy Bragg

I stood before the judge that day  
As he refused me bail  
And I knew that I would spend my time  
Awaiting trial in jail  
I said there is no justice  
As they led me out of the door  
And the judge said, "this isn't a court of justice, son  
This is a court of law." They first sent me to Windsor  
And then to stoke on Trent  
In a holding cell in Liverpool  
Three days and nights I spent  
My solicitor can't find me  
And my family don't know  
I keep telling them that I'm innocent  
They just say, "come on son, in you go." I was picked up on suspicion of something I haven't done  
Here I sit in 'f' wing waiting for my trial to come  
It's a cruel unusual punishment that society demands  
Innocent till proven guilty, rotting on remand I ended up in this jail  
Built in 1882  
When one man to one prison cell  
Was a Victorian value  
Now three of us are squeezed in here  
And you can't escape the smell  
Of that bucket in the corner  
And we eat in here as well They let me out of this cage  
To slop that bucket out  
To get my food and bring it back  
And if I'm lucky, get a shower  
Apart from one hour's exercise  
I'm locked in here all day  
You don't turn criminals into citizens  
By treating them this way Is the price of law and order the stench of wormwood scrubs  
With judges quick to sentence more down from above  
It's a cruel unusual punishment that society demands  
Innocent till proven guilty, rotting on remand

Songwriters

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