

John Sinclair

John Lennon

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

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