Respectable

Don Mclean

Ah, it ain't so easy is it? you almost lost your place.
And perhaps you're wondering how you're going to cope with your disgrace.
Well your wealth is well established and your friends were never few,
And all the things they told you of you're finding to be true.
Well if truth can free the guilty while the innocent must die,
Then I respect, respect, respect the coldest lie.
And you talk of human justice while you drive on fancy wheels.
And you push them to their limit just to see how nice it feels.
Well it doesn't really matter if she's living or she's dead,
You just drive away forgetting that your bumper's dipped in red.
Well if that's the kind of justice that our hall of justice claims,
Then I respect, respect, respect old jesse james.

And most cordially they caught you and they asked you to obey.
And they threw you into prison, just in case you could not pay.
Well king arthur jousted lancelot, who stole away his wife;
And your lawyers jousted with the court to save your precious life.
Well if living is what matters though you lie with every breath,
Then I respect, respect, the ones we put to death.
And you won your case most easily and soon you will be free.
But there will be a million more who lose their liberty.
Not because of what they did, but what they did not do:
They did not pay a lawyer or a judge to see them through.
Why, they had no friends to call on and they could not raise their bail.
Well if winning is what matters, I respect the ones who fail.

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