

Dirty Davey

Levellers

Dirty Davey's down the front
He's met the coppers there
They'll take you in 'cause they hate your skin
And you're dragged away by the hair It's a kick in the head and a prison bed
And you tell me it's the law Well Davey's out on two weeks bail
And he's down the town to score
When it all falls in and he's pinned by the chin
And they've busted every floor It's a kick in the head and a prison bed
And you tell me it's the law Davey's down the old gray squat
And he's lying with his lass
Brick through the pane and he's out on the lane
With the bailiffs and the glass It's a kick in the head and a prison bed
And you tell me it's the law The court comes up on a Monday morning
And Davey's in the dock
He can't stop his tears when he gets two years
And he can't turn back the clock It's a kick in the head and a prison bed
And you tell me it's the law Well Davey's had it up to here
Banging his head on the wall
So he's tied his pants to the prison bars
And he's hung till he's clear of it all It's a kick in the head and a prison bed
And you tell me it's the law There's a law for the rich and a law for the poor
And a law for Dirty Davey
His body's gone but his soul lives on
Here's to you Dirty Davey It's a kick in the head and a prison bed
And you tell me it's the law Corrupt, corrupt from the bottom to the top
And you tell me it's the law Corrupt, corrupt from the bottom to the top
And you tell me it's the law Corrupt, corrupt from the bottom to the top
And you tell me it's the law Corrupt, corrupt from the bottom to the top
And you tell me it's the law

Songwriters

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