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Malcom Barber

FOR TEN LONG YEARS, I HAD TO WAIT  
FOR THEM TO OPEN UP, THAT BIG STEEL GATE  
I WENT AROUND SHAKING HANDS, SAYING MY GOOD-BYES  
~~AM~~ NOT CARING ABOUT THE WATER, FLOWING FROM MY EYES.

IN THE BACKGROUND, THE JAIL CHOIR ~~THEY~~ SINGS  
AS THEY TAKE ME TO RECEPTION, TO COLLECT MY THINGS  
I'M GREETED BY A SCREW, WITH A PUDGY-LITTLE NOSE  
HE SAYS, "THERE'S A PROBLEM SON, YOU'VE GOT NO CLOTHES."

WELL BLOW ME DOWN, AM I AWAKE  
HOW MUCH MORE, DO I HAVE TO TAKE  
WELL IT'S LIKE THIS BOSS, I JUST DON'T CARE  
FOR NAKED OR NOT, I'M GOING OUT THERE"

"WELL HERE'S YOUR MONEY, IF THAT'S YOUR CHOICE"  
THERE SEEMS A BIT A SARCAISM, BEHIND THAT VOICE  
IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER, THIS MIGHTN'T BE A GOOD IDEA  
BUT I'VE WAITED TOO LONG, FOR THIS DAY TO GET HERE

WITH SHOULDERS HELD HIGH, I WALK TO THE GATE  
ONLY TO BE TOLD, MY TAXI IS RUNNING LATE  
THE SCREW WANTS TO SEARCH ME, BEFORE I LEAVE HERE  
BUT WHY HAS HE GOT, THAT SNICKERING SNEER

WITH THE FORMALITIES OVER, THERE'S FREEDOM AT LAST  
YET VERY LITTLE TIME, TO REFLECT ON THE PAST  
FOR A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND, HAS SHRUNKEN MY MEMBER  
GOD, I WISH I WAS RELEASED, IN EARLY DECEMBER

NOW I WAIT FOR MY TAXI, ON A VERY BUSY STREET  
BUT WHY THE DISAPPROVING LOOKS, FROM THE PEOPLE I MEET

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HAVEN'T THEY SEEN SOMEONE, GET OUT OF PRISON BEFORE  
AT LEAST SEEING THAT PRETTY GIRL, MY MEMBERS, NOT SHRUNKEN ~~ANY~~ <sup>NO</sup> MORE

WHY IS IT TAKING SO LONG, FOR THE TAXI TO COME  
I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO, MY FIRST DRINK OF RUM  
THE PEOPLE WALKING PAST, ARE STILL LOOKING AT ME  
BUT ALL THEIR EYES ARE STARING, AT WHAT'S HANGING FREE

UP AHEAD, I HEAR SIRENS, COMING MY WAY  
SOMETHING PRETTY BIG, MUST BE HAPPENING TODAY  
I SEE A POLICE CAR APPROACH, ~~BUT~~ I DON'T CARE, I'M FREE  
BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT STOPS BESIDE ME

"GET BACK FROM THE CAR, AND PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR"

"HANG ON A MINUTE, THIS ISN'T QUITE FAIR"

I'VE JUST COME OUT <sup>FROM BEHIND</sup> ~~OF~~ THOSE BIG STEEL GATES"

"WELL WE'RE GOING TO RETURN YOU, TO ALL OF YOUR MATES"

ONCE BACK INSIDE, WITH HANDCUFFS ON ME AGAIN  
THEY STAND ME IN LINE, BESIDE ~~FIVE OTHER MEN~~ ALONE WITH MY PAIN  
OUT COMES THE SCREW, WITH THE PUDGY-LITTLE NOSE  
AND SAYS, "NOW JIM, AT LEAST YOU'LL GET CLOTHES"