

## Expatriate

### "Barry Prossit"

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Lyn in a stone cold room  
Some would call a cell  
For poor old barry prossit  
This one had just been hell  
The screws went in with batons out  
And took this young mans life  
They left behind a family  
A heartbroken widowed wife  
Barry prossit dead  
The papers screamed for justice  
Put these men in jail  
Ha barrys friends and family  
Knew that this would fail  
The screws at last were brought to court  
The charges then were read  
But no-one really knew for sure  
Who rendered barry prossits dead  
Barry prossit dead  
The verdict came as no great shock  
To those who knew the score  
And behind that prison walls that night  
There was an angry roar  
But life goes on as normal  
In all the british nicks  
Cos after all what can you say  
To men who carry sticks

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