

## **Bruce Cockburn**

### **"Let The Bad Air Out"**

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Judge said to the hooker, "Can you come out to play?  
I've been condemning people all day long, that's how I  
get paid  
My dreams are full of criminals frolicking about

Open up the window, let the bad air out  
Open up the window, let the bad air out

Strangled by confusion, my mind is in decay  
Can't picture tomorrow, can't remember yesterday  
Send out for the Black and Decker and the psychiatric  
couch

Open up the window, let the bad air out  
Open up the window, let the bad air out

Traitors in high places take my money, tell me lies  
Take a walk past Parliament, smells like something  
died  
They ask for trust, but somehow I've got serious doubts

Open up the window, let the bad air out  
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Too much monkey business, like Mr. Berry said  
Drugs and oil and money, there'll be nothing when  
you're dead  
At the risk of being subversive, nothing left to do but  
shout

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