

Mott The Hoople

"Lawman"

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Your evil eye, in the night,
Cruising low, flashing white,
There together, in the dark,
But it ain't no friend just another scared nark,
Lawman, I think you're a poor man

Every time you speak to me,
Makes it plain that you don't see,
What's really happening here,
You just confuse respect with fear,
Lawman, I think you're a poor man

I see you in the Crown Court,
Seems to me it's like a blood sport,
I know you live by a book of rules,
But anyone who needs a book is a fool,
Lawman, I think you're a poor man

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