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Tom Robinson Band
"Law & Order"

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Well I'm six foot nothing of muscle and bone
With my Colt .45 I weigh seventeen stone
Got a Stetson hat and a big cigar
And I clean up trouble with my little tin star

Law and Order... trouble in a bulletproof vest
Law and Order... I'm the troubleshooting king of the West

Well I cleaned up the commies and the longhaired bums
All the Chinee, queers and Red Indian scum
I cleaned out the liquor, loose women and dope
And put the uppity niggers on the end of a rope

Law and Order... trouble in a bulletproof vest
Law and Order... I'm the troubleshooting king of the West

My mommy held tupperware parties
Had acne when I was a boy
Headed out West - expanded my chest
Now they treat me like the real McCoy

Now I never get trouble from nobody else
I can sit right back and feel proud of myself
Got the cleanest city this side of the West
It's so damn clean there ain't nobody left

Law and Order... trouble in a bulletproof vest
Law and Order... I'm the troubleshooting king of the West

I'm the cotton-pickin', high fallutin',
Rooty-tootin', put-the-boot-in
Troubleshooting king of the West

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