

## **Men They Couldn't Hang "Life Of A Small Fry"**

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A wretched party stood and prayed  
Under the lashing rain and thunder  
The ropes fell through the handles, the coffin sloping  
under  
The earth slipped through black fingers  
At the graveside where she stooped  
And an ill wind howling through her veil  
For a man who served no good, he served no good  
He never was an evil man, hard but fair, his mother  
said  
A timid youth of ridicule, each schoolday made him  
quake with dread  
In the showers and the rugby field, the bullies came to  
play  
Most nights he'd weep and piss the bed  
But he vowed they all would pay, they all would pay!  
Like his father in the coldstream guards, he was soon  
in married quarters  
Licked his way up through the ranks, he had no time for  
sons and daughters  
She waits on him, the sweet young thing  
Repenting at her leisure  
Like a blinkered mount he charges on  
How much longer is her tether  
How how she laughed, while so lovingly she spurned  
him  
For time had stole ungraciously all the dreams she'd  
been yearning  
No joyous cries of children, is this marriage granite  
firm  
It breaks his heart that seeds can't grow, from a bag of  
watered sperm  
He joined the prison service, she broke the chains and  
left him  
For the first time he was all alone, a demon's soul  
possessed him  
An institute of misery, in a painful sea of darkness  
And from inside his tortured mind, cruel, bleak and  
heartless  
An angry mob was breaking out from the chokey cells  
and 'D' wing  
Tonight the hard lags call me tune, come the dawn, no

birds will sing  
No more raining down the stick, a violent end draws  
nigh  
No hope, no tears, no mercy, for the life of this small  
fry!

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