

Rotting On Remand

Billy Bragg

I stood before the judge that day
As he refused me bail
And I knew that I would spend my time
Awaiting trial in jail
I said there is no justice
As they led me out of the door
And the judge said, "this isn't a court of justice, son
This is a court of law."

They first sent me to Windsor
And then to Stoke on Trent
In a holding cell in Liverpool
Three days and nights I spent
My solicitor can't find me
And my family don't know
I keep telling them that I'm innocent
They just say, "come on son, in you go."

I was picked up on suspicion of something I haven't done
Here I sit in 'f' wing waiting for my trial to come
It's a cruel unusual punishment that society demands
Innocent till proven guilty, rotting on remand

I ended up in this jail
Built in 1882
When one man to one prison cell
Was a Victorian value
Now three of us are squeezed in here
And you can't escape the smell
Of that bucket in the corner
And we eat in here as well

They let me out of this cage
To slop that bucket out
To get my food and bring it back
And if I'm lucky, get a shower
Apart from one hour's exercise
I'm locked in here all day
You don't turn criminals into citizens
By treating them this way

Is the price of law and order the stench of wormwood scrubs
With judges quick to sentence more down from above
It's a cruel unusual punishment that society demands
Innocent till proven guilty, rotting on remand