

Let The Bad Air Out

Bruce Cockburn

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!"

Strangled by confusion, my mind is in decay
Can't picture tomorrow, can't remember yesterday
Send out for the Black & Decker and the psychiatric couch
Open up the window, let the bad air out

Traitors in high places take my money, tell me lies
Take a walk past Parliament, it smells like something died
They ask for trust, but somehow I've got serious doubts
Open up the window, let the bad air out

Too much monkey business, like Mr. Berry said
Drugs and oil and money, don't mean nothing when you're dead
At the risk of being subversive, nothing left to do but shout
"Open up the window, let the bad air out!"