

## The Trial

Phil Ochs

Outside the cats are scratching  
Inside the doors are latching  
On the room, the greedy gloom  
The trial is revealed  
Police are six feet deep  
With switchblades in their teeth  
So no one leaves and they all believe  
This is absolutely real  
Yes, it's real  
And the sergeant says, "are you ready, boys?  
Get ready, boys  
Aim...  
And fire...

Order in the court  
People ready for the sport  
They squirm and squeak and lick their beaks  
And grease their feathers down  
Everybody rise  
Judge is here with bathroom eyes  
A grizzly bear, he hugs his chair  
And the greedy gavel pounds  
Yes, it pounds  
And the sergeant says, "are you ready, boys?  
Get ready, boys  
Aim...  
And fire...

In the dungeon s falls  
Writing appeals upon the wall  
And the priest in prayers is not even there  
So precious is his time  
To the stake he's tied  
The swallows sing the triggers slide  
He bids goodbye to the wattery sky that plunges from his mind  
From his mind  
And the sergeant says, "are you ready, boys?  
Get ready, boys  
Aim...  
And fire...