

# Mental Torture

Razor

You wanna be cool, you wanna be tough  
You wanna be respected, be a man  
So you shaved off your face, cut off your hair  
Then they gave you a gun and a badge  
Now you're the law, you do what you want  
And 'We the people' do what you say  
'Cause you are the man with the gun in your hand  
God help us if we get in your way

Hey, give me a break  
What the hell do you think is going on?  
They always think I'm stoned, never leave me alone  
I think it's 'cause my hair is long  
Hey, get off my case  
I'm speaking on behalf of my defence  
They're always acting brave behind those tinted shades  
I'm guilty 'till I'm proven innocent

Now the world needs law and order as common sense dictates  
But big shot rookies busting heads is what I really hate  
The law is their authority, their actions justified  
To 'serve and protect', I think what they meant  
They'll do what seems right at the time

They think I'm trouble 'cause I look like I do  
I see suspicion rise  
It's getting harder just to walk down the street  
Without their Big Brother eyes  
It's in the paper, now it's on my TV  
I've seen the violence and hate  
They call it justice but they've pushed it too far  
Stop it before it's too late

Torture yourself with the facts  
You do what you've chosen to do  
No one is giving you sympathy  
Changes are long overdue

I've got no problems with the cops 'round the world  
Who put their lives on the line  
Rounding up rapists and diddlers and sorts  
Taking a bite out of crime  
But what's this shit with the heavies some pull?  
I'm seeing Billy The Club  
It's over race, religion, colours and creeds  
I've seen gunned down in cold blood

Wise up if you are a supercop, hero I'm talking about  
No one has jurisdiction to play God and snuff a life out