

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