

Dirty Davey

The Levellers

Dirty Davey's down the front
And he's met the coppers there T
hey'll be taking you in cos they hate your skin
And you're dragged away by the hair

It's a kick in the head and a prison bed
And you tell me it's the law

Well Davey's out on two weeks bail
And he's down the town to score
When it all falls in and he's pinned by the chin
And they've busted every floor

Davey's down the old grey squat
And he's lying with his lass
When there's a brick through the pane
And he's out on the lane
With the bailiffs and the glass

The court comes up on a monday morning
And Davey's in the dock
He can't stop his tears
When he gets two years
And he can't turn back the clock

Well Davey's had it up to here ...
Banging his head on the wall
So he's tied his pants to the prison bars ... A
nd he's hung till he's clear of it all

There's a law for the rich
And a law for the poor
And a law for Dirty Davey
His body's gone but his soul lives on
Here's to you Dirty Davey

Corrupt, corrupt from the bottom to the top
And you tell me it's the law