

D **A** **D**
Every time you pick up a newspaper
G **D** **A7**
Every time you turn on the TV
G **D** **G** **D**
You can bet your old boots that at some point you ll see
A **G** **A7**
A high ranking copper or else an MP
D **A** **G** **D**
Calling on all who are British and free
A7 **D**
To stand up and defend law and order

It s illegal to rip off a payroll
It s illegal to hold up a train
But it s legal to rip off a million or two
That comes from the labour that other folks do
To plunder the many on behalf of the few
Is a thing that is perfectly legal

It s illegal to kill off a landlord
Or to trespass upon his estate
But to charge a high rent for a slum is OK
To condemn 2 adults and 3 children to stay
In a hovel that s rotten with damp and decay
Is a thing that is perfectly legal

If your job turns you into a zombie
Then it s legal to feel some despair
But don t be aggressive that is if you re smart
And for Christ s sake don t upset the old apple cart
Remember the boss has your interests at heart
And it grieves him to see you unhappy

If you fashion a bomb in your kitchen
You're guilty of breaking the law
But a bloody great nuclear plant is OK
Though plutonium processing hastens the day
When this tiny little isle may be blasted away
Nonetheless it is perfectly legal

It s illegal if you are a Gypsy
To camp by the side of the road

But it s proper and right for the rich and the great
To live in a mansion or own an estate
That was got from the people by pillage and rape
That s what they call a tradition

It s illegal to carve up your missus
Or put poison in your old man s tea
But poison the rivers, the seas and the skies
And poison the mind of a nation with lies
If it s done in the interest of free enterprise
Then it s proper and perfectly legal

It s legal to join a trade union
And to picket is one of your rights
But don t be offensive when scabs cross the line
Be nice to the coppers and keep this in mind
To picket effectively that is a crime
Worse than if you had murdered your mother

D **A** **D**
It s legal to sing on the telly
G **D** **A7**
But they make bloody sure that you don t
G **D** **G** **D**
If you sing about racists and fascists and creeps
A **G** **A7**
And thieves in high places that live off the weak
D **A** **G** **D**
And those who are selling us right up the creek
D
The twisters, the takers, the conmen, the fakers
A7 **D**
The whole bloody gang of exploiters!