

# Let The Bad Air Out

Bruce Cockburn

Judge said to the hooker, "Can you come out to play?  
I've been condemning people all day long, that's how I get paid  
My dreams are full of criminals frolicking about  
Open up the window, let the bad air out!"

Strangled by confusion, my mind is in decay  
Can't picture tomorrow, can't remember yesterday  
Send out for the Black & Decker and the psychiatric couch  
Open up the window, let the bad air out

Traitors in high places take my money, tell me lies  
Take a walk past Parliament, it smells like something died  
They ask for trust, but somehow I've got serious doubts  
Open up the window, let the bad air out

Too much monkey business, like Mr. Berry said  
Drugs and oil and money, don't mean nothing when you're dead  
At the risk of being subversive, nothing left to do but shout  
"Open up the window, let the bad air out!"