

Shiny button-down clown suit
Oxymoron
Expand the simplest of chores
Oxymoron
Mr. constant consternation
And his declaration of war
Makes a fist out of demands
With his plasticene hands

Matey makes a big big deal
Oxymoron
And matey makes a big big meal
Oxymoron
Boasts of a conscience so big
It means his uniform won't fit
Cooking books and punching drunks
Working for the real crooks

The good cop
Oxymoron
The good cop
Oxymoron

I don't believe in the good cop

At the ticket inspector 's party
Oxymoron
Prison guards eye store detectives
Oxymoron
All good fighters of crime
Same repeated chat-up line:
'are you well tooled up?
Come and have a go if you think
You're hard enough'

Watch them tighten their straps
Oxymoron
Yes sir I switched on the taps
Oxymoron
Heads to crack, eyes to black
Beaurocrats will cover your tracks
Here's how dictatorships begin:
Fools obey without thinking

The good cop
Oxymoron

I don't believe in the good cop