

Barry Prossit

Exploited

Lying in a stone cold room
Some would call a cell
For poor old Barry Prossit
This one had just been hell
The screws went in with batons out
And took this young man's life
They left behind a family
A heartbroken widowed wife

Barry Prossit's dead
Barry Prossit's dead

The papers screamed for justice
Put these men in jail
Ha Barry's friends and family
Knew that this would fail
The screws at last were brought to court
The charges then were read
But no-one knew for really sure
Who rendered Barry Prossit's dead

Barry Prossit's dead
Barry Prossit's dead

The verdict came as no great shock
To those who knew the score
And behind that prison walls that night
There was an angry roar
But life goes on as normal
In all the British nicks
Cos after all what can you say
To the men who carry sticks

Barry Prossit's dead
Barry Prossit's dead