The Trial
By Phil Ochs

Outside the cats are scratching
Inside the doors are latching
On the room, the greedy gloom
The trial is revealed
Police are six feet deep
With switchblades in their teeth
So no one leaves and they all believe
This is absolutely real
Yes, it's real
And the Sergeant says, "Are you ready, boys?
Get ready, boys
Aim...
And Fire...

Order in the court
People ready for the sport
They squirm and squeak and lick their beaks
And grease their feathers down
Everybody rise
Judge is here with bathroom eyes
A Grizzly bear, he hugs his chair
And the greedy gavel pounds
Yes, it pounds
And the Sergeant says, "Are you ready, boys?
Get ready, boys
Aim...
And Fire...

In the dungeon s(?) falls
Writing appeals upon the wall
And the priest in prayers is not even there
So precious is his time
To the stake he's tied
The swallows sing the triggers slide
he bids goodbye to the wattery sky that plunges from his mind
From his mind
And the Sergeant says, "Are you ready, boys?
Get ready, boys
Aim...
And Fire...