

B. B. B. (1 of 4)

Barristers Buzzards Barristers, Or so to me it seems,
Stealing The Life from a man who had already lost his dreams ,
No Sense Of Irish Justice, No just British Bullshit again,
As the speech that I heard, well here is how it began!

Tim Sheehan A Junior Council a learned man they say,
A sort of Bloated Bullfrog ! as his wig he did display
Now George, you do realize the three judges could be like this
One man honest Number Two frustrated, Number 3 whiskey in the Jar

Now I did not understand it surely Judges are Just honorable men
Why was I told how they behave as if they were Immoral Once Again!
The good Judge if you get him, you could get a real fair hearing!
But the bad and moody judge, To you will never be endearing

And PMT Drunken Judge, Well he is just Post Mensa Trauma
Too much to drink the night before the Courthouse just drama
So now my understanding of Irish Justice on the Emerald Isle
Still based on British Bastards who all Irishmen still Revile

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I was mistreated By Brian Morton, A Good Solicitor or so they say
Much better to know him as the man who was on holidays next day
I had got my Judgement day in court, Five Years of My life I lost
But all they want is Settle for Them The Buzzards little cost

But George Noel my life in tatters, Five Years out of work
I nearly died from Kidney Failure, Diabetes the cause you Jerk
Morton did you Prepare My case that day ? No !Australia on your mind
The B.B Buzzards just want any easy settlement, sorry to be unkind

GEORGE NOEL FINN (c) 5th SEPT 2008