



Search Where I Please

Topic: Writs of Assistance & British Customs Enforcement

Written from the perspective of a gleefully tyrannical British customs agent, this comedically villainous song makes abstract concepts like general warrants vividly memorable. The agent boasts about his unlimited search powers, singing, "I don't need a specific name to search... I'll check your cellar, check your barn, I'll kick in every door!" The intentionally anachronistic outro, where the agent dismisses the future Fourth Amendment, creates a powerful teaching moment that connects colonial grievances to constitutional protections.

Key Learning Objectives:

- What writs of assistance were, and why colonists opposed them
- The difference between general and specific warrants
- British perspective on colonial smuggling
- Direct connection to the 4th Amendment

Song Style

British Invasion rock, 1960s jangly guitars, theatrical sarcastic male vocals, Kinks-style wit, building energy, sneering condescending tone, vintage rock with dramatic villain song flair

Lyrics

[Intro: Jangly British Invasion guitar, steady bass]

[Verse 1: Sneering, matter-of-fact delivery]

I sailed across the Atlantic
To this provincial little land
You'd think they'd show some gratitude
But they don't understand
The Crown has built your harbors

The Navy guards your sea
But when I ask to search your ship
You throw your tea at me

[Pre-Chorus: Building frustration]

It's called mercantilism, dear
It's really not that hard
You make the goods, we sell the goods
And Britain holds the cards
The Navigation Acts are clear
You trade with us alone
Every shilling that you earn
Should benefit the throne

[Chorus: Big, theatrical, anthemic but condescending]

I've got a writ of assistance
And I'll search where I please
Your cellar and your counting house
I don't need expertise
No specific warrant needed
No judge to hear your case
I represent the Crown, my friend
So wipe that look off your face

[Verse 2: Increasingly exasperated]

We fought the French to save you
Do you know what soldiers cost?
Seven Years of warfare
And look at what we've lost
So when I find your smuggled goods
Your Holland tea and Spanish wine
Forgive me if I'm not impressed
By your little "rights" shrine

[Pre-Chorus: Dripping sarcasm]

"Oh, our English liberties!
A man's home is his castle!"
Well, your castle's full of contraband
And you're becoming quite a hassle
You want protection from the French?
You want our ships and swords?
Then open up your warehouse doors
For your benevolent lords

[Chorus: Big, theatrical]

I've got a writ of assistance
And I'll search where I please
Your attic and your storefront
Your papers and your keys

No specific accusation
No probable cause required
I am the law in Boston Harbor
Until I'm reassigned

[Bridge: Momentarily softer, then building rage]

You know... I had such hopes for you
Little England across the sea
But you pout about your "privacy"
While we're protecting you for free
(building)
You call it tyranny, I call it order!
You call it oppression, I call it trade!
You want to whine about your rights?
Wait 'til you see the bill for the wars we made!

[Chorus: Full explosion, almost unhinged]

I've got a writ of assistance
AND I'LL SEARCH WHERE I PLEASE
Your homes, your ships, your warehouses
I'll bring you to your knees
No knock required, no questions asked
The Crown sees all, my dear
And if you don't like mercantilism—
(spoken, deadpan) Well. That's why I'm here.

[Outro: Jangly guitar fading, official muttering]

Ungrateful colonists... smuggling tea... after all we've done...
(fade)

Album Cover

Created using Nano Banana Pro.

Prompt: Album cover art in the style of a mid-1960s British Invasion rock record. A pop-art collage illustration shows a sneering British man with a powdered wig, but dressed in a tailored 1960s mod suit with a Union Jack cravat. He is holding a magnifying glass over a stylized map of 1770s Boston Harbor. Behind him are explosions of words in comic-book style bubbles: "WRIT!" and "CONTRABAND!" The colors are bold primary colors—red, royal blue, yellow, and black—with halftone dot patterns. The title "SEARCH WHERE I PLEASE" is at the top in blocky, distressed, stencil letters. ar 1:1