# Rubber Bullets

## The Hated

I went to a party at the local county jail;
All the cons were dancing, and the band began to wail.
But the guys were indiscreet;
They were brawling in the street.
At the local dance; at the local county jail.
Well, the band were playing,
And the booze began to flow,
But the sound came over on the police car radio,
Down at Precinct forty-nine,
Having a tear-gas of a time.
Sergeant Baker got a call from the governor of the county jail.
Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets.
Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets.
I love to hear those convicts squeal;
It's a shame these slugs ain't real.
But we can't have dancin' at the local county jail.
Sergeant Baker and his men made a bee-line for the jail.
And for miles around
You could hear the sirens wail/
There's a rumor goin' 'round death row
That a fuse is gonna blow;
At the local hop; at the local county jail.
Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do?
Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do?

Sergeant Baker started talkin'
With a bullhorn in his hand.
He was cool; he was clear;
He was always in command.
He said "Blood will flow;
Here Padre,
Padre, you talk to your boys..."
"Trust in me,
God will come to set you free."
Well, we don't understand
Why you called in the National Guard,
When Uncle Sam is the one
Who belongs in the exercise yard.
We all got balls and brains,

But some's got balls and chains;
At the local dance; at the local county jail.
Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets.
Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets.
Is it really such a crime
For a guy to spend his time
At the local dance; at the local county jail?
At the local dance; at the local county jail.
Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do?
Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do?

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