

# JAIL GUITAR DOORS

## THE MODS

One, two, three, four  
Let me tell you 'bout Wayne and his deals of cocaine  
A little more every day  
Holding for a friend till the band do well  
Then the D.E.A. locked him away  
Clang clang, go the jail guitar doors  
Bang bang, go the boots on the floor  
Cry cry, for your lonely mother's son  
Clang clang, go the jail guitar doors  
And I'll tell you 'bout Pete didn't want no fame  
Gave all his money away  
Well there's something wrong, it's why it's good for you son  
And so they certified him insane  
Clang clang, go the jail guitar doors  
Bang bang, go the boots on the floor  
  
Cry cry, for your lonely mother's son  
Clang clang, go the jail guitar doors  
And then there's Keith an' waiting for trial  
Twenty-five thousand bail  
If he goes down you won't hear his sound  
But his friends carry on anyway, fuck 'em!  
Clang clang, go the jail guitar doors  
Bang bang, go the boots on the floor  
Cry cry, for your lonely mother's son  
Clang clang, go the jail guitar doors  
Jail guitar doors  
Jail guitar doors  
Jail guitar doors

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