

# Riot In Cell Block #9

Wanda Jackson

On July the second, 1953  
I was serving time in Tahatchopee  
Four o'clock in the morning  
I was sleepin' in my cell  
I heard a whistle blow  
And I heard somebody yell  
[Chorus]  
There's a riot goin' on  
There's a riot goin' on  
There's a riot goin' on  
Up in cell block number nine  
The trouble all started up in cell block number four  
It spread like fire across the prison floor  
Warden came in with a big tommy gun  
Bang-bang-bang, tryin' to stop our fun  
The warden said, come out  
With your hands up in the air  
If you don't stop this riot  
You're all gonna get the chair  
Two-gun Mathilda said  
It's too late to quit  
Pass the dynamite Molly  
'Cause man, this fuse is lit  
They called the state militia  
To help them win the fight  
Drove up to the prison  
In the middle of the night  
Each and every trooper  
He looked so tall and fine  
All the chicks went crazy  
Up in cell block number nine

Songwriters

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