

Jail Guitar Doors

The Clash

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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