Jail Guitar Doors

Babyshambles

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

An' I'll tell you 'bout Pete, didn't want no fame
Gave all his money away
"Well there's something wrong, it'll be good for you, son"
And so they certified him insane

And then there's Keith, 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!
Jail guitar doors
Fifty four/forty six was my number
Jail guitar doors
Right now someone else has that number

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