Jail Guitar Doors

[unknown]

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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