

Borstal Boys

Faces

Cell block five; how I hate bromide
With your coffee in the morning; makes you so sterile
The corner gang never made a man of me, boy, no You know the walls are tall, and the inmates scheme
There's no one here that's more than seventeen
Bet your life there's a riot tonight in the mess hall, listen A letter from your home town makes you sad
You read it when the warden's had a second laugh
He said sentimental rubbish ain't got no place in here, boy See the years roll on by
Such a senseless waste of time
What a way to reform
Call out your number
Who's a non conformer?
Not me, baby, oh yeah Shakey Brown didn't hang around
When a Molotov didn't do its stuff
You went back in there and said it with a sawed-off shotgun You know Poker Sam couldn't lose a hand
If he did, you was hit by a downtown tram
Or crushed in the path of a moving elevator, elevator See the years roll on by
What a senseless waste of time
What a way to reform
Call out your number
Who's a non conformer?
Not me, baby, oh When I get out, I'll get straight
If this old world gives me half a break
But, if you see me in the corner with a chip on my shoulder
Don't blame me, don't blame me, baby, no, no, chip, ooo , ow ow ow ow Got to make a break for the county line

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