

Walla, Walla

Mark Portmann

Goodbye my friend, you've messed up again
You're going to prison, you're off to the pen
 You've gotten off easy so many times
 I guess no one told you how to get a life

The judge wasn't lenient like he was before
You got three to five and a kick out the door
 The public defender really did try
 Too little, too late, you didn't get a life

Hey, in Walla
I'll see you in a Walla Walla
Slap on the wrist? Well, not this time
 Hey, in Walla
 I'll see you in a Walla Walla
 Folsom prison is the destination
 Hey, in Walla
 I'll see you in a Walla Walla
 Slap on the wrist? Well, not this time
 In the scheme of life, we're all just brothers
 Rehabilitate with all the others, Oh
 Well, I'll see ya

That car looked so tempting, so easy to drive
Just like that apartment that you burglarized
 You started to run, but didn't get far
 Cause under your arm was a VCR

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I'm innocent

I didn't do it

I didn't do nothin' man

This is bullshit

He just gave it to me, it was a present

Ho ho, not this time my friend

You'll be in lockdown by ten

I'm afraid you can't talk your way out of this one, son

Now four walls are your 24-hour-a-day, constant companions.

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Slap on the wrist? Well, not this time

In the scheme of life, we're all just brothers

Rehabilitate with all the others

Well, I'll see ya

Have a nice life

Lyrics submitted by makkara.

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