

Dropkick Murphys, Borstal Boys

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 boys

You know the walls are taller 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

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 nonconformer

Shakey Brown didn't hang around
When a Molotov didn't do its stuff
He 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

See the years roll on by
such a senseless waste of time
What a way to reform
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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