

Faces, 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 boy
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 messhall, listen
a letter from your home town makes you sad
you read it when the wardens 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
not me baby, oh yeah
Shakey Brown didn't hang around
when a Molotow 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 were hit by a downtown tram
or crushed in the path of a moving elevator, elevator
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
not me baby, oh yeah
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
got to make a break for the county line