

# The Clash, Jail Guitar Doors

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

An' I'll tell you 'bout Pete, didn't want no fame  
Gave all his money away  
"Well there's something wrong, it'll be good for you, son"  
And so they certified him insane

And then there's Keith, 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!  
Jail guitar doors  
54/46 was my number  
Jail guitar doors  
Right now someone else has that number