

10Cc**"Medley: Rubber Bullets/silly Love Songs/life Is A Hinestrone"**

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I went to a party at the local county jail
All the cons were dancing and the band began to wail
But the guys were indiscreet
They were brawling in the street
At the local dance at the local county jail
Well the band were playing
And the booze began to flow
But the sound came over on the police car radio
Down at Precinct 49
Having a tear-gas of a time
Sergeant Baker got a call from the governor of the
county jail
Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets
Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets
I love to hear those convicts squeal
It's a shame these slugs ain't real
But we can't have dancin' at the local county jail
Sergeant Baker and his men made a bee-line for the
jail
And for miles around
You could hear the sirens wail
There's a rumor goin' round death row
That a fuse is gonna blow
At the local hop at the local county jail
Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do
Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do
Sergeant Baker started talkin'
With a bullhorn in his hand
He was cool, he was clear
He was always in command
He said "Blood will flow;
Here Padre
Padre you talk to your boys..."
"Trust in me -
God will come to set you free"
Well we don't understand
Why you called in the National Guard
When Uncle Sam is the one
Who belongs in the exercise yard
We all got balls and brains
But some's got balls and chains

At the local dance at the local county jail
Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets
Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets
Is it really such a crime
For a guy to spend his time
At the local dance at the local county jail
At the local dance at the local county jail
Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do
Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do
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10CC - Silly Love
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Hey toots, you put the life into living
You brought a sigh into sight
Ah hon, you make my legs turn to water
You bring the stars out at night
But they ain't half so bright
As your eyes
Gee whiz, you take the beauty out of beautiful
You play the strings of my heart
Oh babe, you take the wonder out of wonderful
Oh my, oh my, and my, if you were mine
The rain would turn to sweet sweet wine
Well he's been up all night
Breakin' his head in two to write
A little sonnet for his chickadee
But between you and me
I think it's sssssssssilly. Silly
Ooh treas, you got a smile like a Rembrandt
Aha, you got the style of a queen
Oh dear, you are the petal of a rosebud
Next to you all the others could be weeds
You're the only one my garden needs
Ooh, you know the art of conversation
Must be dying
Ooh, when a romance depends on
Cliches and toupees and threepes
We're up to here with moonin' and junin'
If you want to sound sincere -
Don't rely on Crosby's croonin' -
Take a little time
Make up your own rhyme
Don't rely on mine
'Cos it's sssssssssilly - silly - silly - silly
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10CC - Life Is A Minestrone
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I'm dancing on the White House lawn
Sipping tea by the Taj Mahal at dawn

Hanging round the gardens of Babylon
Minnie Mouse has got it all sewn up
She gets more fan mail than the Pope
She takes the mickey out of all my phobias
Like signing cheques to ward off double pneumonia
Life is a minestrone
Served up with parmesan cheese
Death is a cold Lasagne
Suspended in deep freeze
I'm leaning on the Tower of Pisa
Had an eyeful of the tower in France
I'm hanging round the gardens of Madison
And the seat of learning
And the flush of success
Relieves a constipated mind
I'm like a gourmet in a skid row diner
A fitting menu for a dilettante
Life is a minestrone
Served up with parmesan cheese
Death is a cold Lasagne
Suspended in deep freeze
Love is a fire of flaming brandy
Upon a crepe suzette
Let's get this romance cooking, honey
But let us not forget
Life is a minestrone
Served up with parmesan cheese
Death is a cold Lasagne
Suspended in deep freeze

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