

Faces "Borstal Boys"

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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

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