

Gama Bomb

"Sentenced To Thrash"

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Thrashing around, banging your head
Wrecking your room, there's sick on the bed
So stick on destruction, crack open a beer
Your deafened-up neighbours are lining up to sue you
Down at the clink it's a hard life
Breaking your back to mortal way of live
Smashing up the rocks 'till darkness descends
Parole in ten years then the trashing will end
I'm shackled to these bullet belts for all eternity
The warden laughs in his gasmask as I scream in
search of sanity
Guilty as fuck, it's sentencing day
Sent to the slammer, attacked by the gays

Sticked up like a kipper, goodbye to my wife
I'm going down for a hundreds times life
I'm peeling potatoes but I'm carving a key
A life washing dishes, that's insanity
The warden is a bastard, my cell's a shoebox
I hope my dinghy won't get dashed on the rocks

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