## Godley & Creme "Rubber Bullets"

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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 beeline 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, 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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