

## **Cold Chisel** **"Four Walls"**

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They're calling time for exercise  
Round her Majesty's hotel  
The maid'll hose the room out  
When I'm gone  
I never knew such luxury  
Before my verdict fell  
Four walls, washbasin, prison bed  
Well the Bathurst riots ended  
When they clubbed the rebels down  
And in every congregation  
There was silence  
You can hear the Angels singin'  
When Christmas comes around  
Four walls, washbasin, prison bed  
I love to march while some Nazi calls the time  
Who'd wanna go home  
I can't see  
I can't hear  
They've burnt out all the feeling  
I've never been so crazy  
And it's just my second year  
Four walls, washbasin, prison bed

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