

## **The Vindictives "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 dancing 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 going round death row,  
That a fuse is gonna blow.  
At the local hop at the local 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 dancing at the local county jail.

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 weights,  
Some 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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