

Rod Stewart

"Borstal Boys"

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(ian mclagan, ron wood, rod stewart)Cell block five,
how I hate bromideWith your coffee in the morning
makes you so sterileThe corner gang never made a
man of me boyYou know the walls are tall and the
inmates schemeThere?s no one here that?s more than
seventeenBet your life there?s a riot tonight in the
mess hallListenA letter from your home town makes
you sadYou read it when the wardens had a second
laughHe said sentimental rubbish ain?t got no place in
here boySee the years roll on bySuch a senseless
waste of timeWhat a way to reformCall out your
numberWho?s a nonconformer,Not me baby, oh
yeahShakey brown didn?t hang aroundWhen a
molotow didn?t do it?s stuffYou went back in there and
said it with a sawed-off shotgunYou know poker sam
couldn?t lose a handIf he did you were hit by a
downtown tramOr crushed in the path of a moving
elevator, elevatorSee the years roll on bySuch a
senseless waste of timeWhat a way to reformCall out
your numberWho?s a nonconformer,Not me baby, oh
yeahWhen I get out, I?ll get straightIf this old world
gives me half a breakBut, if you see me in the corner
with a chip on my shoulderDon?t blame me, don?t
blame me baby, no, noGot to make a break for the
county line

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