

Stewart Rod

"Borstal Boys"

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(Ian McLagan, Ron Wood, Rod Stewart)

Cell block five, how I hate Bromide
With your coffee in the morning makes you so sterile
The corner gang never made a man of me boy

You know the walls are tall and the inmates scheme
There's no one here that's more than seventeen
Bet your life there's a riot tonight in the mess hall
listen

A letter from your home town makes you sad
You read it when the wardens had a second laugh
He said sentimental rubbish ain't got no place in here
boy

See the years roll on by
such a senseless waste of time
What a way to reform
Call out your number
who's a nonconformer,
not me baby, oh yeah

Shakey Brown didn't hang around
when a Molotow didn't do its stuff
You went back in there and said it with a sawed-off
shotgun

You know Poker Sam couldn't lose a hand
If he did you were hit by a downtown tram
Or crushed in the path of a moving elevator, elevator

See the years roll on by
such a senseless waste of time
What a way to reform
Call out your number
who's a nonconformer,
not me baby, oh yeah

When I get out, I'll get straight
If this old world gives me half a break
But, if you see me in the corner with a chip on my

shoulder

Don't blame me, don't blame me baby, no, no

Got to make a break for the county line

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