

Artist: faces

Title: 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 boys

You know the walls are taller 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

A letter from your home town makes you sad  
You read it when the warden's 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

Shakey Brown didn't hang around  
When a Molotov didn't do its stuff  
He 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 was hit by a downtown tram  
Or crushed in the path of a moving 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

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