

Borstal Boys

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 it's 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

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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