

# Rod Stewart, Borstal Boys

(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 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

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