

# Rubber Bullets

10cc

I went to a party at the local county jail  
All the cons were dancing and the band began to wail  
But the guys were indiscreet  
They were brawling in the street  
At the local dance at the local county jail Well the band were playing  
And the booze began to flow  
But the sound came over on the police car radio  
Down at Precinct 49  
Having a tear-gas of a time  
Sergeant Baker got a call from the governor of the county jail Load up, load up, load up with  
rubber bullets  
Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets  
I love to hear those convicts squeal  
It's a shame these slugs ain't real  
But we can't have dancin' at the local county jail  
Sergeant Baker and his men made a bee-line for the jail  
And for miles around  
You could hear the sirens wail  
There's a rumor goin' round death row  
That a fuse is gonna blow  
At the local hop at the local county jail Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do  
Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do Sergeant Baker started talkin'  
With a bullhorn in his hand  
He was cool, he was clear  
He was always in command  
He said "Blood will flow;  
Here Padre you talk to your boys..."  
"Trust in me -  
God will come to set you free"  
Well we don't understand  
Why you called in the National Guard  
When Uncle Sam is the one  
Who belongs in the exercise yard  
We all got balls and brains  
But some's got balls and chains  
At the local dance at the local county jail Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets  
Load up, load up, load up with rubber bullets  
Is it really such a crime  
For a guy to spend his time  
At the local dance at the local county jail  
At the local dance at the local county jail  
Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do

Whatcha gonna do about it, whatcha gonna do

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>