

There's No Night Out in the Jail

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Chorus: Well you dream of blondes and you dream of beer And life gets terribly stale It's dead in the morgue but it's deader in here There's no night out in the jail

The fellas I knew must all miss me now I guess I better come clean I'm sweating it out in the boot me boys An unpaid guest of the queen

Well this prison life sure suits me fine I lead a decent life At last my days are organized Outside it's nothing but strife

Me cobbles inside are just normal blokes Who lead rather colorful lives Like breaking and entering and stealing cars And just not supporting their wives

Well some blokes just like collecting things And some like guzzling beer Well some blokes just can't resist a fight And some keep getting ideas

I'm working the farm it's a healthy life I jump outta bed with a spring The tukka's not bad I get lots of sleep So who'd wanna change with the king?

No unemployment scares me now And even when I am tired I know I'm on a cushy job For sure I can never be fired

Me creditors just don't annoy me now Me wife has to get off my back Me mother-in-law had to drown herself Who said the outlook is black?

Nothing now can worry me Behind these prison walls Just like a bull of pedigree I'm locked up at night in the stalls