

# Cell Number Seven

John Entwistle

Six thirty in the morning, I'd just got to sleep  
I felt so tired didn't even count sheep  
I woke up with six policemen standing by the bed  
The voice of doom was ringing in my head  
Get up fella, and don't make no fuss  
Put your clothes on, you gotta come with us.

To cell number seven  
Cell number seven  
Cell number seven  
Cell number seven ain't exactly Heaven.

Bill the con said, I think it appears  
I've only been dreaming the last four years  
Wiggy said, I'm having so much fun  
Cell number one has something for everyone  
Meanwhile in Boston the kids were queuing  
Back in Montreal we were just stewing.

In cell number seven  
Cell number seven  
Cell number seven  
Cell number seven's a long way from Heaven.

Micky boy was busy banging his cell  
While the admiral was trying to talk his way outta Hell  
Well Bobby needs a change of seed and sand  
The promoter's tearing out his hair screaming where's the band?

(Guitar Solo)

The chicks were in the chicken shack eating bread and honey  
The hotel manager was adding up the money  
Come on froggies let us pay  
We got a show to do  
We gotta get away.

In cell number two was the singer of The Who  
Pacing up and down like a tiger in a zoo  
Cousin Graham didn't even know what he'd done  
To make them take away his, Nikon  
Meanwhile in Boston the kids were waiting  
While back in Montreal we were just speculating.

In cell number seven  
Cell number seven  
Cell number seven  
Cell number seven ain't nothing like Heaven.

The Birdman was sleeping in cage number three  
Waiting for the sound of a turning key  
While Dougal the Dane leant against the wall  
Frightened to sleep in case he should fall  
And meanwhile in Boston the kids never knew  
That in cell numbers two, three, and seven were The Who.

Cell number seven

Me and Moonie were in cell number seven  
He dribbled on my jacket in cell number seven  
Oo hoo  
Snored like a goat  
Ruined my coat.