

Stand Up and Be Counted

One two - "Stand still! Yes you!"
Three four - they lock the door.
Five six - the grass arse licks.
Seven eight - out of the gate.
Nine ten - I'm back again.

Ring-a Ring-a on the yard.
Hide the dealing from the guard.
Look away and turn your back.
Coz we've got puff and Hand crack.
Lots of bang up? Not so nice.
Cheer yourself up - buy some spice.
Yes you'll giggle, shake and frown,
Cough up blood and - all fall down.

Ronnie had a mobile phone
He kept it up his bum
And every time his mummy rang
You should've seen him run.

One for bang up. Two for work.
Three kangas run. The S.O.s a berk
Four for an escort. Five for a fight.
Can I have a rollie, have you got a light?
Six are the packs of snout I'm owing.
Seven are the cells on fire aglowing.
Got into debt on the old double-bubble,
Waiting for a-soash coz I know there'll be trouble.
Eight for the kicks. Nine for the knife.
Only got ten years, but it cost me my life.

Clocky clocky warder,
Where do you wander?
"Upstairs and downstairs
And glance in every cell.
There I saw a poor lad
A hacking at his wrist.
Hoping for an artery
Thank the Lord he missed."

Twinkle twinkle little nonce,
Beat his balls and break his bonce.
Screws don't care, won't make a fuss
All agree, they're not like us.
Twinkle twinkle little nonce,
Beat his balls and break his bonce.

Ten nine - your canteen's mine.
Eight seven - B wing heaven.
Six five - the bullies thrive.
Four three - they ponce off me.
Two one -

"No sorry he's gone

Can't find a pulse, he's got no breath.
Have you got the form for an in-cell death?