

Borstal Boy

0 Introduction verse no vocals guitar only

Very, very guilty there is no other plea.
Yes very, very guilty looked like 3 years to me

1 Taken to the court house, by the powers that be. In answer to the charges, I had to make a plea.

Mr very guilty took them by surprise.
Having no defense set forth my demise.

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2 Made up my portfolio, listing all my crimes, and knew with my past history, I was doing time.

Told the court my teenage past, and recognized the bench, there, was my silver girl the love I could not quench

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3 She was now a magistrate, how would all this end. Once she was my sweetheart, loved her to the end.

The dear john that she give me, had sent me round the bend, off into the night I drove, my life was at an end.

His sadness and heart ache could not be conveyed the Night was so long as he could not find the day

4 Far more to my story, and was intent to tell. Stood before the court that day, told of my trip to hell.

Told them all in detail, about my life of crime since leaving Dover Borstal, 1969.

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5 Four stitches to the inch we learned, work-in' on the line. Slop out was a dirty task, and was a wast of time.

Learned to keep our cool inside, always out of line. Flash Clarke was what they called me, number five one nine.

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6 A Dover Borstal Graduate, was my rise to fame. So entered this new chapter of life's little game.

Her Majesties Detention, was no remedy. Not Wormwood Scrubs, or Dover was any help to me.

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7 Along with crafty dealings, loved my life of crime. With careful callous planning of undetected crime.

Gleeful aspirations rode the coaster high, Got no satisfaction with my sex, drugs or crime.

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8 Mocked at all religion, thought that i knew best. Stole those things i needed, thinking I was blessed.

Sudden change took place one night, took me by surprise. An acid trip was on the cards I didn't realise.

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9 A striking revelation and, an epiphany. Agonizing horrors induced by LSD.

Cried out to the lord above, to save me from the pit. That single tab of acid, an

agonizing trip.

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10 Light was what I needed, directions how
to love. then like a roar from Aslan, his voice
lifts me above.

Rescued from my pit that night, my
heart sees like a dove. I turn my back on crime
that night, to follow this new love.

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11 guitar only no vocals

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12 guitar only no vocals

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13 guitar only no vocals

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This Borstal Boy, a Graduate, was now
completely free.

Music: Michael A Fisher

Lyrics: David Clarke
