

Four Walls

Cold Chisel

They're calling time for exercise
Round her Majesty's hotel
The maid'll hose the room out
When I'm gone
I never knew such luxury
Before my verdict fell
Four walls, washbasin, prison bed

Well the Bathurst riots ended
When they clubbed the rebels down
And in every congregation
There was silence
You can hear the Angels singin'
When Christmas comes around
Four walls, washbasin, prison bed

I love to march while some Nazi calls the time
Who'd want to go home

I can't see
I can't hear
They've burnt out all the feeling
I've never been so crazy
And it's just my second year
Four walls, washbasin, prison bed