Goodbye my friend, you've messed up again You're going to prison, you're off to the pen You've gotten off easy so many times But I guess no one told you how to get a life

The judge wasn't lenient like he was before You got three to five and a kick out the door The public defender really did try Too little, too late, you didn't get a life

Hey, in Walla
I'll see you in Walla Walla
Slap on the wrist? Well, not this time
Hey, in Walla
I'll see you in Walla Walla
Folsom prison is the destination
Hey, in Walla
I'll see you in Walla Walla
Slap on the wrist? Well, not this time
In the scheme of life, we're all just brothers
Rehabilitate with all the others
Well, I'll see ya

That car looked so tempting, so easy to drive Just like that apartment that you burglarized You started to run, but didn't get far Cause under your arm was a VCR

Ho ho, not this time my friend You'll be in lockdown by ten I'm afraid you can't talk your way out of this one, son Now four walls are your 24-hour-a-day, constant companions.

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Have a nice life