

## Central Booking

Bishop Allen

Sunday night in central booking  
Hope no one I know is looking in on where I am, on where I've been  
To add to my list of disgraces, they took my belt and my shoelaces  
Yet, I'm not a threat, no, not like that

And when I stand for my defense  
Should I protest my innocence  
Or should I say, "I know I was wrong"  
Because despite all the evidence  
The photograph and the fingerprints  
I don't need to stay here  
I don't belong, I don't belong, I don't belong

When I saw them coming for me, I knew that I was disorderly  
How could that be? I felt so free  
Ran a block then, took a tumble  
Handcuffs lock and I just mumble  
"No, don't make me go, don't make me go"

And when I stand for my defense  
Should I protest my innocence  
Or should I say, "I know I was wrong"?  
Because despite all the evidence  
The photograph and the fingerprints  
I don't need to stay here  
I don't belong, I don't belong, I don't belong

Share a cell with little hellions caught up in some teen rebellion  
But I don't know what still makes them strut  
Use the phone but no one answers  
That guy swears he's just a dancer  
And we all misunderstand

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Where have I been?