

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"

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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
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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?