

Wanda Jackson, Riot in cell block 9

On July the second, 1953
I was serving time in Tahatchopee
Four o'clock in the morning
I was sleepin' in my cell
I heard a whistle blow
And I heard somebody yell
[Chorus]
There's a riot goin' on
There's a riot goin' on
There's a riot goin' on
Up in cell block number nine
The trouble all started up in cell block #4
It spread like fire across the prison floor
Warden came in with a big tommy gun
Bang-bang-bang, tryin' to stop our fun
The warden said, come out
With your hands up in the air
If you don't stop this riot
You're all gonna get the chair
Two-gun Mathilda said
It's too late to quit
Pass the dynamite Molly
'Cause man, this fuse is lit
They called the state militia
To help them win the fight
Drove up to the prison
In the middle of the night
Each and every trooper
He looked so tall and fine
All the chicks went crazy
Up in cell block number nine