

Herman Brood, Prisoners

They told you you're so damn important
& you thought important was the way to be
you'll never find the song within you
preoccupied you were with bein' free

you know the day's gonna come
a man finds his soul is on the run
(ain't that fun)

nothin' matters, it's all lies
(ain't that nice)

find yourself a jail
only prisoners can sing
find yourself a crutch
only crippled ones can't swing