

# Iron And Wine, Prison On Route 41

Theres a prison on Route 41  
Home to my father, first cousin, and son  
And I visit every weekend  
Not with my body but with prayers that I send

Ive a reason for my absentee  
And no lack of love for my dear family  
But my savior is not Christ the Lord  
But one named Virginia whom I live my life for

And if I dont mind to her  
Id rot in that prison for sure  
Yeah, shed toss me aside  
And Id surely wait to die

By decree, law, or demand  
So unlike my uncle, grandpa, and great aunt  
Whom Id most likely see every day  
If not for the righteous grand Virginias way

Theres a prison on route 41  
Home to my mother, stepbrother, and son  
And Id tear down that jail by myself  
If not for Virginia who made me somebody else

And I owe it to her  
Id rot in that prison for sure  
Yeah, shed toss me aside  
And show me the way to die

By the precepts of her purity  
So unlike the habits of my whole family  
Whom I only see down on my knees  
In prayer by Virginia whom I live for to please