

Violet Indiana, Jailbird

Here I am, waiting for you
To feel what you say you feel, can I believe in you?
There's no reason for me to stay inside
Waiting for my release when I don't have to hide
Tuesday morning a letter came from you
A picture of yourself telling me, what you want to do
You're fifty eight, and I'm nineteen again
You promised me a life outside
You say you just want to be my friend

Having the best day of my life
Until the day I met you
Having the best day of my life
Until I found out you were you

Where does it lead me, right back inside?
Walking down for trial not the aisle as your bride
Six feet under, a duvet under your head
I'm lying in your flowery sheets in your four poster bed

Having the best day of my life
Until the day I met you
Having the best day of my life
Until I found out you were you

I hope you'll understand this
This wasn't planned you know
It's hard for me to say this
But you know you let me down
I don't do well with pain Mr. Davies
So I had to take you down
To comfort me and help me
I'm safer inside
So I can't harm anyone else again
Sleep well Mr. Davies
I'm back inside again
Writing you another letter
I hope you still want to be my friend
I'll love you until the end