

# Calexico & Iron And Wine, Prison On Route 41

There's a prison on Route 41  
A home to my father, first cousin, and son  
And I visit on every weekend  
Not with my body but with prayers that I send

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

'Cause I owe mine to her  
And I'd rot in that prison for sure  
If she'd tossed me aside  
And not shown me the way to abide

By the creed, the law of the land  
Unlike my uncle, grandpa, and great aunt  
Whom I'd most likely see every day  
If not for the righteous pair of Virginia's legs

There's a prison on Route 41  
A home to my mother, stepbrother, and son  
And I'd tear down that jail by myself  
If not for Virginia who made me someone else

And I owe all to her  
And I'd rot in that prison for sure  
If she'd tossed me aside  
And not shown me the way to abide

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