

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