

# Chris Whitley, Phone Call from Leavenworth

Now, they hold me here much longer  
Probably go mad all by myself  
Now, I really need somebody  
Said, I really need somebody's help, yeah  
Why does a man up in the judgment chair  
Got his ass, God's right arm  
In some double pair? Alright  
Walkin' a frozen line  
A western winter, be hail and rain  
Way back in New York this mornin'  
There ain't no one there  
Who ever gonna remember my name  
Now when the sun comes up  
Mama, you should know  
That now I just don't care no more, alright  
Three o'clock this morning  
I thought I saw Jesus coming down  
He came through the concrete, baby  
He came through them walls without no sound

And I say, concrete walls, that ain't no clay  
I closed my eyes, watched him slip away, alright  
They look at you sideways  
They call no man by his Christian name  
His natural born name  
All you got is your backbone to lean on  
You can expect no help from your brain  
Now when a man wants reason  
He best be willing to pay  
I'm down in Leavenworth Prison, now  
And I do not count no days  
Said, when a man wants reason  
He best be willing to pay  
I'm down in Leavenworth Prison now  
And I do not count no days  
Phone call from Leavenworth  
A phone call from Leavenworth