

Joan Baez, Prison Trilogy (Billy Rose)

Billy Rose was a low rider, Billy Rose was a night fighter
Billy knew trouble like the sound of his own name
Busted on a drunken charge driving someone else's car
The local midnight sheriffs claim to fame
In an Arizona jail there are some who tell the tale how
Billy fought the sergeant for some milk that he demanded
Knowing they'd remain the boss, knowing he would pay the cost
They saw he was severely reprimanded
In the blackest cell on "A" Block
He hanged himself at dawn
With a note stuck to the bunk head
Don't mess with me, just take me home
Come lay, help us lay
Young Billy down
Luna was a Mexican the law called an alien
For coming across the border with a baby and a wife
Though the clothes upon his back were wet still he thought
That he could get some money and things to start a life
It hadn't been to very long when it seemed like everything went wrong
They didn't even have the time to find themselves a home
This foreigner, a brown-skin male thrown into a Texas jail
It left the wife and baby quite alone
He eased the pain inside him
With a needle in his arm
But the dope just crucified him
He died to no one's great alarm
Come lay, help us lay young Luna down
Were gonna raze, raze the prisons to the ground
Kilowatt was an aging con of 65 who stood a chance to stay alive
And leave the joint and walk the streets again
As the time he was to leave drew near he suffered all the joy and fear
Of leaving 35 years in the pen
And on the day of his release he was approached by the police
Who took him to the warden walking slowly by his side
The warden said "You won't remain here but it seems a state retainer
claims another 10 years of your life"
He stepped out in the Texas sunlight
The cops all stood around
Old Kilowatt ran 50 yards
Then threw himself on the ground
They may as well just laid the old man down
And we're gonna raze, raze the prisons to the ground
Help us raze the prisons to the ground