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 repremanded

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 te 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