

Kirsty McGee, The Prisoner

some days i'm free
some days i'm not
some days i lie all the day in my cot
some days are long
some days are hot
some days i wish you were here

i've seen the icicles between the bars
seen the snow lying unspoilt in the yard
it's only natural when i close my eyes
i see you as you once were

some days i'm sorry
some days i'm not
sometimes i remember
the things i forgot
the things that i'd say
if i saw you today
some days i wish you were here

some days there's anger
some days regret
some days pass quickly
some days cigarettes
some days a spider
will wind me a web in the air

what time takes from us
the mind will replace
the bright eye will shine
in the darkest place
we are all prisoners
of time and of will
some days i wish you were here with me still...

for august is golden
september is fine
october swifts cut an arc through the sky
november glistens
december she shines
some days i wish you were here

i wish you were mine