

# 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