Kris Kristofferson, Prisoner

Thanking you for openining my eyes so clear
Sweeping old illusions from my soul
But most of all for turning something simple and sincere
Into somethin' jaded and as jive as rock and roll

Ain't you always looked at lovin' like a four letter word
That I've made up to make you ill at ease
I fought to free you from your castle of despair
Till I saw the prisoner wall was me

See the soul who calls itself a prisoner
Cause it's still too frightened to be free
I feel so much older now and wiser
Ain't it sad how lonesome that can be

[guitar]
Ain't you always looked at lovin'...