

Marianne Faithfull, Sing Me Back Home

The warden led a prisoner down the hallway to his doom
I stood up to say good-bye like all the rest
And I heard him tell the warden just before he reached my cell
'Let my guitar playing friend do my request.'
(Let him...)

Sing me back home with a song I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Oh please take me away and turn back the years
Sing Me Back Home before I die

I remember Sunday morning a choir from on the streets
They came in to sing a few old gospel songs
And I heard him tell the singers 'There's a song my mama sang.
Won't you sing it once before I move along?'

Won't you sing me back home with a song I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Please take me away and turn back the years
Sing Me Back Home before I die

Won't you sing me back home before I die