

Mr. T Experience, She's My Alcatraz

Now you see it now you don't
things make sense, and then they won't
I can barely see across the bay

she's so distant and obscure
I can't escape from her
until I'm far enough away

and Alcatraz comes in and out of sight
and Alcatraz is flashing in the night
and I think of the one, a distant blur,
a piece of me still lodged in her
held prisoner - she's my Alcatraz

things I think I almost know
discontinued long ago
once occurred inside her walls

and I can't helping thinking of
harsh rituals of love
that no one quite recalls

but Alcatraz doesn't really care
and Alcatraz almost isn't there
but I think of the one, so dear to me
whose face I still can almost see
distantly --she's my Alcatraz

so un-together
under the weather
I can't make it out

and Alcatraz is a distant blur
so Alcatraz looks a lot like her
and I almost see her taking shape
and part of me still can't escape
nobody has - she's my Alcatraz