

# Ray Charles, Come With Me

Come with me  
Where the food is free  
Where the landlord never comes near you  
Be a guest in a house of rest  
Where the best of fellows can cheer you.  
There's your own little room  
So cool, not too much light  
Where you're one man for whom  
No wife waits up at night  
When day ends  
You have lots of friends  
Who will guard you well while you slumber  
Safe from battle and strife  
Safe from the wind and gale  
Come with me to jail  
You'll never have to fetch the milk  
Or walk the dog at early dawn  
There's no "Get up- you're late for work!"  
While you rest in the pearly dawn  
You're never bored by politics  
You're privileged to miss a row  
Of tragedies by Sophocles  
And diatribes by Cicero  
Your brother's wife will never come  
On Sunday noon to bring to you  
Her little son who plays the lute,  
Her little girl to sing to you  
You can commit you little "sin";  
And relatives won't yell "Fie!"  
You needn't take the annual trip  
To the oracle at Delphi  
You snore and swear and stretch and yawn  
In this, your strictly male house  
The only way that sinners go to Heaven  
Is in the jailhouse!