

# Steve Hackett, Cell 151

My lucky number's on a prison door  
And it's found on everything I wear

And I've got to get away from 151  
Cell 151

Sharing it with me is a man who shot his wife  
And I'm afraid to fall asleep at night

And I've got to get away from 151  
Cell 151

And it makes me sad  
Thinking about the past feeling bad  
I know I've been blind  
All I needs a space to unwind

But I can't stay in 151  
Cell 151

Hear me when I cry  
I can't see the sky  
Too much time  
I've left the world behind

And I've got to get away from 151  
Cell 151

And it makes me sad  
Thinkin' 'bout the past feeling bad  
I know I've been blind  
All I needs a space to unwind

But I can't stay in 151

151, I've gotta get away from 151  
151, I've gotta get away from 151

151, 151