

The Afghan Whigs, What Jail Is Like

I'll warn you, if cornered
I'll scratch my way out of the pen
Wired, an animal
The claustrophobia begins

You think I'm scared of girls
Well maybe, but I'm not afraid of you
You want to scare me then you'll cling to me no matter what I do

Tell you a secret
Shared a needle once or twice
I loved her, she loved me
Slept together a couple of times

You think I'm proud of this
Well maybe
But the shame you never lose
Infatuated with a lunatic and cornered by the muse

And it goes down every night
This must be what jail is really like
And I will scratch my way out of this pen, again

Lonely, maybe
Or maybe not, it all depends
Your ideal, your image
Your definition of a friend

If what you're shoveling is company
Then I'd rather be alone
Resentment always goes
Much further than it was supposed to go

And it goes down every night
This must be what jail is really like
And I will scratch my way out of this pen
And I will fall back into it again

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I'll scratch my way out of the pen
Wired, an animal