

Warren Zevon, Prison Grove

(Warren Zevon & Jorge Calderon)

An icy wind burns and scars
Rushes in like a fallen star
Through the narrow space
Between these bars
Looking down on Prison Grove

Dug in, hunkered down
Hours race without a sound
Gonna carry me to where I'm bound
Looking down on Prison Grove

Iron will hard as rock
Hold me up for the fateful knock
When they walk me down in a mortal lock
Out on Prison Grove

Shine on all these broken lives
Shine on
Shine the light on me

Knick Knack Paddy Wack
They say you'll hear your own bones crack
When they bend you back to bible black
Then you'll find your love

Some folks have to die too hard
Some folks have to cry too hard
Take one last look at the prison yard
Goodbye Prison Grove

Shine on all these broken lives
Shine on
Shine the light on me