

Walls of Red Wing

[Bob Dylan](#)

Oh, the age of the inmates, I remember quite freely
No younger than twelve, no older than seventeen
Thrown in like bandits and cast off like criminals
All inside the walls on the grounds of Red Wing
From the dirty old mess hall, you march to the brick wall
Too weary to talk and too tired to sing
And it's all afternoon you remember your home town
All inside the walls, the walls of Red Wing
Oh, the gates are cast iron and the walls are barbed wire
Stay far from the fence with electricity sting
And it's keep down your head and stay in your number
All inside the grounds of the walls of Red Wing
Oh, it's fare thee well to the deep hollow dungeon
Farewell to the boardwalk that takes you to the screen
Farewell to the minutes, they threaten you with it
All inside the grounds of the walls of Red Wing
It's many a guard that stands around smilin'
Holdin' his club like he was a king
Hopin' to get you behind the wood pilin'
All inside the grounds of the walls of Red Wing
The night aimed shadows through the crossbar windows
And the wind punched hard to make the wall-sidin' sing
It's many a night, I pretended to be a-sleepin'
All inside the grounds of the walls of Red Wing
As the rain rattled heavy on the bunk-house shingles
And the sounds of the night, they made my ears ring
'Til the keys of the guards clicked the tune of the mornin'
All inside the grounds of the walls of Red Wing
Oh, some of us will wind up in St. Cloud prison
And some of us'll end up to be lawyers and things
And some of us'll stand to meet you on your crossroads
From inside the grounds of the walls of Red Wing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>