

Prison Bound

Discipline

Well, Iâ€™m goinâ€™ to a place where the tough guys go.
And come out even tougher.
A place where a man donâ€™t show his feelings.
A place where a man donâ€™t cry.
Well they Iâ€™m being punished.
And say say I can be reformed.
But some day Iâ€™ll return.
Did they really think that this time it will work.
You knew all along it wouldnâ€™t.

Oh, Iâ€™m prison bound.
I did a crime too many times.
Itâ€™s on the outskirts of town, by the railroad tracks.
Where the country moon shines.
Oh, Iâ€™m prison bound.
Tell my girl Iâ€™ll be back one day.
Oh, Iâ€™m prison bound.
I may never know any other way.

Well, they take away my freedom of expression and action.
Johnny says Iâ€™ll walk the line.
With three hots and a cof, and a lot of talk.
With lock-up, concrete and steel.
Well itâ€™s cold and itâ€™s clammy.
Man, itâ€™s colder than a pimps heart.
But Iâ€™ve gotta do my time.
Thereâ€™s a lesson to learned here.
But what a price to pay.
You know, I may never learn

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