Prison Bound

Discipline

Well, IÂ´m goinÂ´ to a place where the touhg guys go.
And come out ven 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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