

# San Quentin

## Johnny Cash

I was thinking about you guy yesterday  
I've been here three times before, and  
I think I understand a little bit how you feel about some things  
It's none of my business how you feel about some other things  
And I don't give a damn about how you feel about some of the things But anyways  
I try to put myself in your place  
And I believe this is the way that I would feel about San Quentin San Quentin, you've been livin' hell to me  
You've hosted me since nineteen-sixty-three  
I've seen 'em come and go and I've seen 'em die  
And long ago I stopped askin' why San Quentin, I hate every inch of you  
You've cut me and have scarred me through and through  
And I'll walk out a wiser weaker man  
Mister Congressman, you can't understand (San Quentin) San Quentin, what good do you think you do?  
Do you think I'll be different when you're through?  
You bent my heart and mind and you warp my soul  
And your stone walls turn my blood a little cold San Quentin, may you rot and burn in hell  
May your walls fall down and may I live to tell  
May all the world forget you ever stood  
And may all the world regret you did no good San Quentin, I hate every inch of you Thank you very much  
(One more time) one more time?  
Hey, before we do it, if uh  
Any of the guards are still speaking to me, could I have a glass of water?

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