Prison Trilogy (billy Rose)

Joan Baez

Billy Rose was a low rider, Billy Rose was a night fighter Billy Rose knew trouble like the sound of his own name Busted on a drunken charge, driving someone else's car The local Midnight Sheriff's claim to fame In an Arizona jail, there are some who tell the tale How Billy fought the sergeant for some milk that he demanded Knowing they'd remain the boss, knowing he would pay the cost They saw he was severely reprimanded In the blackest cell on A block He hanged himself at dawn With a note stuck to the bunk head 'Don't mess with me, just take me home' Come and lay, help us lay, young Billy down Luna was a Mexican, the law calls an alien For coming across the border with a baby and a wife Though the clothes upon his back were wet, still he thought That he could get some money and things to start a life It hadn't been too very long, when it seemed like everything went wrong Didn't even have the time to find themselves a home When this foreigner, a brown-skin male thrown inside a Texas jail Left the wife and baby quite alone He eased the pain inside him With a needle in his arm But the dope just crucified him And he died to no one's great alarm Come and lay, help us lay, poor Luna down And we'll raze, raze the prisons to the ground Kilowatt was an aging con of 65 who stood a chance To stay alive and leave the joint and walk the streets again As the time he was to leave drew near, he suffered all the joy and fear Of leaving 35 years in the pen Then on the day of his release, he was approached by the police Who took him to the warden walking slowly by his side The warden said, "You won't remain here But it seems a state retainer claims another 10 years of your life" He stepped out in the Texas sunlight And the cops all stood around Old Kilowatt ran 50 yards

Then threw himself down on the ground

They might as well just have laid, that old man down But we're gonna raze, raze the prisons to the ground Help us raze, raze the prisons to the ground

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