Alcatraz

Buka

Now lay me down on market street
I'm lookin' for some spare change
Coast guard ship has been lookin' for me
And I might have to change my name
Here comes Uncle Sam again
With the same old bag of beans
The local chief's on the radio
He's got some hungry mouths to feed
Goin' back to AlcatrazIn the land of the great white father
My American blood runs cold
I left my home in Oklahoma
To the Everglades I go
It's just the wings on the silver cars
I'm allowed to plow field
That's not the life for a nineteen seventy
Indian boy to do
I'm goin' back to AlcatrazLay me down on market street
I'm lookin for some spare change
The coast guard ship has been lookin' for me
Might have to change my name
Here comes Uncle Sam again
With the same old bag of beans
Local chief's on the radio
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Goin' back to AlcatrazHere comes Uncle Sam again
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